WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13, 1927

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A Weekly for Everybody

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In this Issue **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SUMS UP LIFE**

also, **THE LADY MUST SQUEAL** *by* **HOMER CROY**

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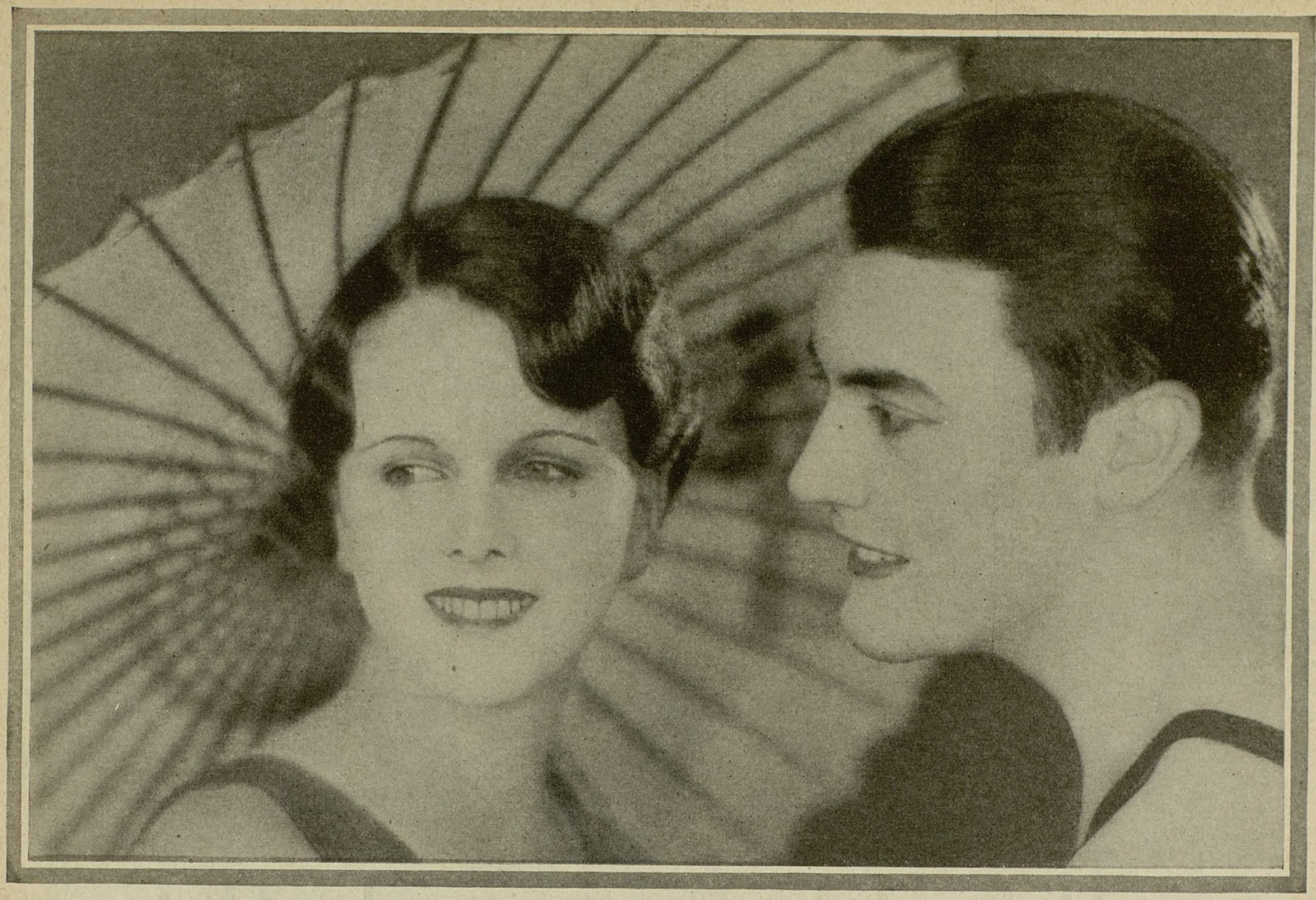

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AUGUST 13, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 15

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

GO TO COLLEGE IF YOU CAN

Yale, Harvard, Princeton—a score of other colleges—disturbed by the enormous increase in applications for admission, have adopted "selective" methods to exclude those they believe would not benefit either themselves or the schools, and to secure the most desirable men and women. Their methods of deciding who is and who is not fitted for college education vary. They have psychological, intelligence, social, and even financial tests to decide which students shall be admitted; and because of the immense increase in number of those who want, or think they want, a college education, they are in a position to pick and choose.

If their various tests show a boy to be mentally unfit, or that he wants to go to college with no object beyond spending four years in what he regards as a glorified country club, they are saving time for him and for themselves. As a general thing, however, an earnest, sincere desire for an education is the best test of fitness. It seems to us that the boy and his parents ought to decide the question of whether or not he should attend college. They know, probably better than the psychological experts, what motives impel him and whether or not he should spend four more years in school.

We believe every boy should go to college—if his circumstances permit. He should go as a purely commercial proposition, if for no other reason, since nothing pays so large financial returns as does education.

The average college man earns $150,000 during his lifetime of work. The boy with the high-school education earns $78,000. The untrained boy of the grammar schools earns $45,000. And the shop-trained boy who has not finished the grade schools sinks below $25,000.

The untrained worker, starting at fourteen years, earns less than $2,000 during the years he should be in high school. He reaches his peak earning of $2,200 a year at the age of thirty, holds that level till fifty, and then gradually loses his earning power. The high-school boy, starting work at eighteen, passes the untrained boy in earnings before he is twenty-two, reaches his peak ($4,000 a year) when he is forty, and holds that level till sixty. The college man, starting work at twenty-two, earns $1,000 a year at the start, and gradually increases his earnings up to the age of sixty, averaging about $6,000 a year.

In value to the nation and to the community, college training shows even larger returns. More than 60 per cent of those whose names are in Who's Who have had college training. This is not an exact estimate, but it is a fair one, since Who's Who is a tolerably good index of success. The chance of the average man to get into Who's Who is one in 12,000. The college man has a one-in-seventeen chance to get his name into that record, while his chance is one in six if he wins the Phi Beta Kappa key for scholarship.

Virtually all members of the United States Supreme Court have been college men. Nineteen of our Presidents have been college men, and eleven were not, although four of those eleven studied law, which is the equivalent of a college course. Ten of the Presidents have worn the Phi Beta Kappa key. When less than 4 per cent of the population supplies that proportion of men to the highest offices, the value of education in achieving eminence is plain.

We believe every boy whose ambition leads him upward in education, and who is willing to work and sacrifice to attain his ambition, should have his chance to get a college education. We are in sympathy with the effort of college leaders to secure a better type of students, but we would amend their scheme by making it: More and better students.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

SOME experts maintain that love is becoming a lost art; that the younger generation is traveling too swiftly for the grand old passion. But is this true? ROSITA FORBES gives the answer in LOVE—THE DISTURBER, next week.

It won't be long now until airplanes will be as plentiful as flivvers. Such is the prediction; hence everybody will be interested in CROSS COUNTRY. ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS tells how a pilot finds his way about.

P. G. WODEHOUSE hands you another big laugh in THE BISHOP'S MOVE. He relates the adventures of two elderly and dignified gentlemen who get tight on what he calls elephant's tonic. A drop or two of this, he says, will make an elephant lick his weight in tigers.

Recently MAE WEST, the Broadway star, was imprisoned for appearing in an allegedly indecent play called Sex. And now she has written a highly interesting and illuminating story of her experiences in jail. Be sure to read TEN DAYS AND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

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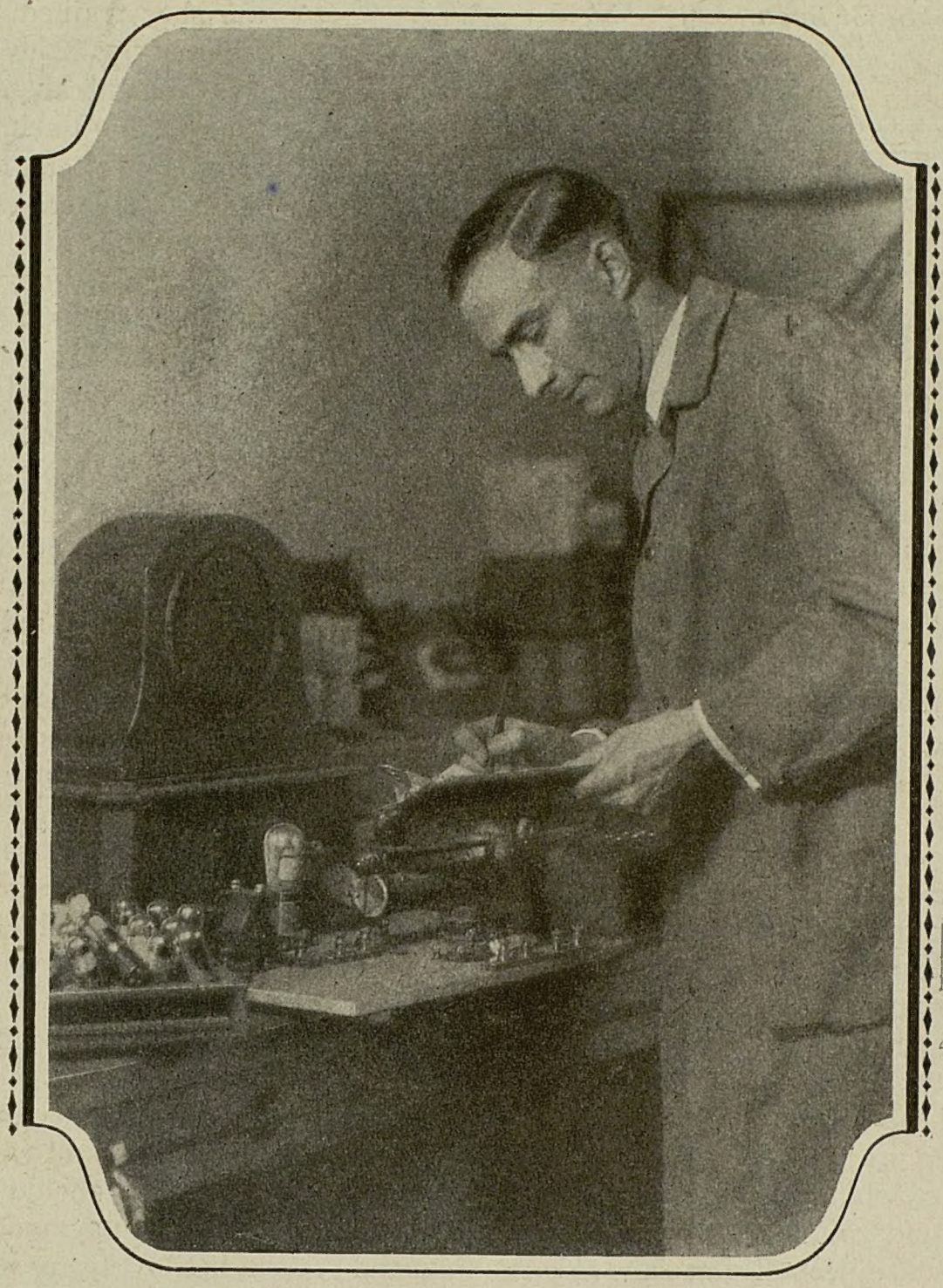

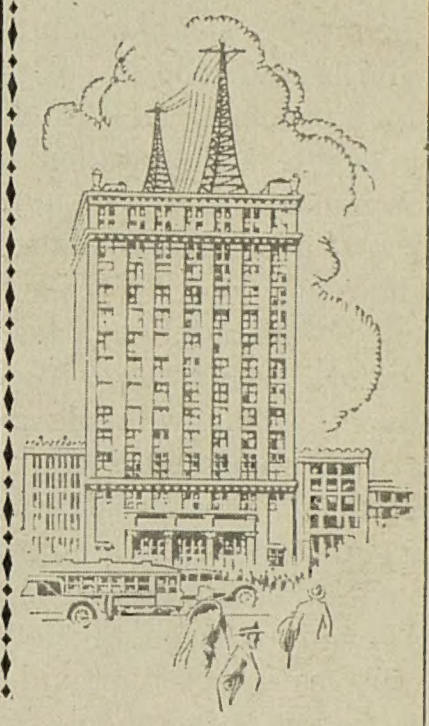

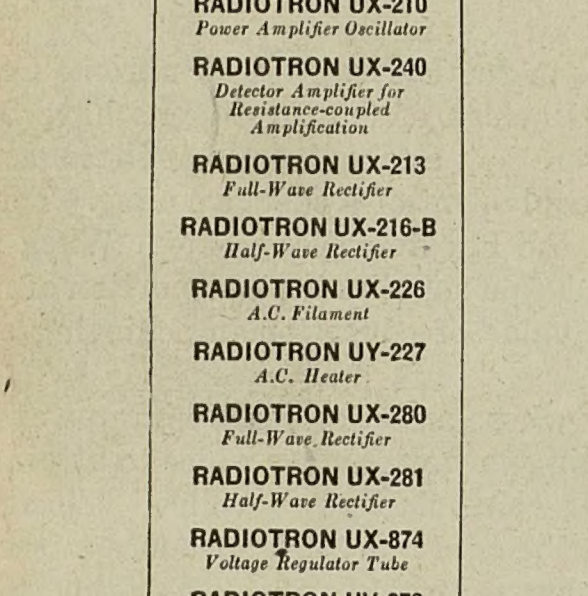

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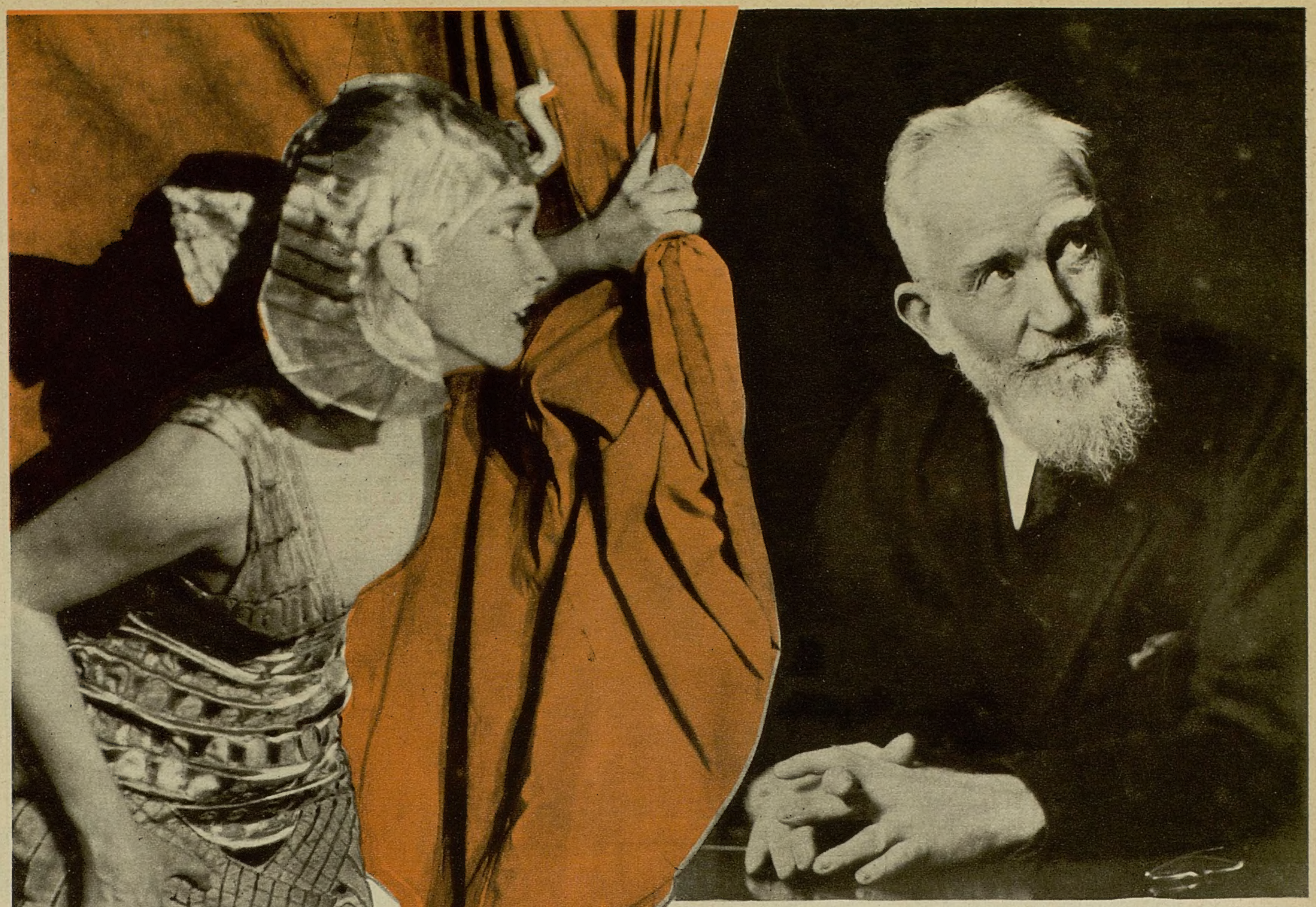


P. & A. photo

"THE preface to Cæsar and Cleopatra is my testament on genius."—Shaw. He is shown at the right. Above is Helen Westley as Flatateeta in the play.

Francis Bruguiere photo

SHAW looks at Life at Seventy

He Sums Up His Last Will and Testament to the World

An Interview by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 15 minutes 22 seconds.)

"THIS much I know, looking at life at seventy: men without religion are moral cowards, and mostly physical cowards too when they are sober.

"Civilization can not survive without religion. It matters not what name we bestow upon our divinity—Life Force, World Spirit, Elan Vital, Creative Evolution—without religion life becomes a meaningless concatenation of accidents. I can conceive of salvation without a god, but I can not conceive of it without a religion."

It was Bernard Shaw who spoke. I was seated between Mr. Shaw and his wife in his library on Adelphi Terrace, a stone's throw from Barrie's house and hardly a block from the Savoy. The black fog that had been lifted from London during the coal strike, revealing to its astonished inhabitants unexpected glimpses of loveliness, enveloped the city once more.

The room, the moment Shaw had entered, seemed more like an intellectual power house than like a library. His presence pervaded the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

G. B. S. TO GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Don't say I authorize the publication of this interview. I don't. If you get me into hot water, I can always say: "You know Viereck—he is a poet, endowed to a marvelous degree with the creative imagination."

However, you may say: "Bernard Shaw has read every word of this interview. He spent an entire Easter correcting it. It reflects his philosophy of life; it illuminates his last testament to mankind."

You may also add (if you wish): "I am terribly ashamed of the interview in its present shape; but it's more Shaw than mine."

G. Bernard Shaw

[SHAW LOOKS AT LIFE AT SEVENTY
Continued from Page Seven]

chamber like the hum of a dynamo. The noises of London died in the distance. Nothing seemed real, except the voice of George Bernard Shaw.

Francis Bruguiere photo

"THE preface to Androcles and the Lion—the preface, mind, not the play—is my testament on Christianity."—Shaw. Here are shown Henry Travers as Androcles, *Romney Brent as* The Lion, *and Edward G. Robinson as* Cæsar.

"The twentieth century," Mr. Shaw continued, dynamic, yet serene, "thinks itself a scientific century, God help it, because it sets up brazen images of Lister and fills its newspapers with a ludicrous string of lies about him. But it is right in thinking that it needs a scientific religion, though it does not know science from patent-medicine advertisements.

"Creative Evolution is such a religion. It is my religion. It is the religion of the twentieth century."

It was some time after Shaw's seventieth birthday. Snow was in his hair, in his beard, and in those bushy eyebrows. But his eyes did not lack fire. His voice was vibrant as of old.

I remembered my first visit to No. 10 Adelphi Terrace, nearly two decades ago. Shaw then, as now, occupied two floors in the building. An ingenious arrangement wrought in brass safeguards him from too offensive admirers.

The building has not changed, although during the war it was almost bombed by the Germans. Shaw's hair was a little whiter, the face a little more crisscrossed with lines; but his carriage was youthful and his smile was that of a boy.

Mrs. Shaw, too, seems to have escaped the years with impunity.

There was a time when Shaw seemed to talk with the gay irresponsibility of a faun. Even in the most serious moments, one heard or fancied the tinkle of an invisible cap and bells. But the cap and bells were assumed—maybe to hide a crown of sorrows! Maybe they were a contrivance to lure the crowds to his altar.

Shaw still has his old sense of humor; but the jester has disappeared in the prophet. Towering above all his literary contemporaries, Shaw no longer needs to pretend not to take himself seriously. He can afford to be humble.

A few years after the Great War, Shaw looked weary and disappointed. The misery of the world seemed to rest on his shoulders. The giant had not escaped war shock. His eyes had seen things that he could never forget. He was kindly, but disillusioned.

Shaw's kindliness is a strange foil to his wit. Wit and kindliness are qualities that are rarely found in one being. In Shaw both faculties are amazingly developed. His kindliness is even more fundamental than his wit. Wit is the armor, the protective shell, wherein he hides his heart.

But he could not hide his sadness. It seemed as if the divine fire had consumed itself, although the candle still flickered.

Then, like a last burst of flame, came Back to Methuselah. But after Back to Methuselah came another supreme achievement, Saint Joan.

Like the laughter of the gods, the divine spark in Shaw seems to be inextinguishable.

It seemed that Bernard Shaw had actually grown younger. Was he himself an example of the doctrine of the Creative Evolution expounded for five successive evenings in Back to Methuselah? Will Bernard Shaw be the first man to live 300 years, the age he predicts for man? Or is he merely the prophet of the new era of longevity?

Perhaps, I asked myself, Mr. Shaw has consulted Steinach or Voronoff? It is difficult to conceive of any life more worth prolonging.

"Are you interested in the attempts of Steinach and Voronoff to ward off old age?" I asked, putting forward a feeler. "You propose to restore man's life to the age of the patriarchs. To me, even 300 years seems hardly sufficient. Theoretically, it should be possible to prolong life almost indefinitely."

"HUMAN life will lengthen itself when the time comes," Shaw replied. "As for myself, I can imagine nothing more dreadful than an eternity of Bernard Shaw. It is like wearing the same hat forever. If I were *Ahasuerus* I could think of nothing else except my tragic fate."

"Steinach," I interjected, "does not promise longevity. He merely extends the period of human efficiency within the accepted limits. Would you, in those circumstances, refuse to be Steinached?"

Shaw smiled a very Shavian smile.

"I don't want to be rejuvenated," he replied. "I want, if anything, to be senilized.

"Doctors at various times have wanted to give me stimulants. I always told them: 'Don't! Give me sedatives.' I need no artificial stimulation at threescore and ten. Ask me again, if you must, in thirty or forty years."

"Do you feel that you can accomplish your mission in thirty or forty years?"

"Life is ever changing. It is never complete. However, my chief task is done."

"You mean your plays?"

"No; my prefaces."

"Certainly no man has been more successful in stimulating the thoughts of mankind—"

"I am not merely a gadfly that stirs men to think. My work, viewed as a whole, is constructive. I have laid a brick or two of the groundwork for a new gospel."

"You have preached many gospels. What is your special message?"

"Every play, every preface, I wrote conveys a message. I am the messenger boy of the new age. If you piece the various messages together, you will find an astonishing unity of endeavor—often, I admit, disguised and embroidered."

"WHICH of your books propound the Shaw doctrine most effectively?"

"The preface to Androcles and the Lion—the preface, mind, not the play—is my testament on Christianity. But my *magnum opus* in that line is my preface on the religion of Creative Evolution to Back to Methuselah. All my prefaces are important, especially the preface to Major Barbara. The preface to Major Barbara is my testament on poverty. The preface to Getting Married is my testament on marriage.

Francis Bruguiere photo

"MOST other writers made Joan an operatic heroine—a grand-opera stunt," says the patriarch. "What she really was did not interest them." In this scene from the New York Theater Guild production, Winifred Lenihan portrays Joan of Arc.

"The preface to Cæsar and Cleopatra is my testament on genius. Heartbreak House is my testament on the war. My social gospel is contained in my new book on Socialism."

"Posterity," I ventured, "will disagree with you, Mr. Shaw. It will consider your plays more important than your most elaborate essays. You will be remembered by your plays."

"The plays may be remembered when the prefaces are forgotten; but the prefaces are none the less important for the moment. All my prefaces are treatises of considerable length.

"It is a classical tradition in English literature to publish plays with prefaces that have nothing to do with them.

"But you really must read my works if you wish to write about me without making a hopeless mess of it. You will never get any real quality into articles written in the dark."

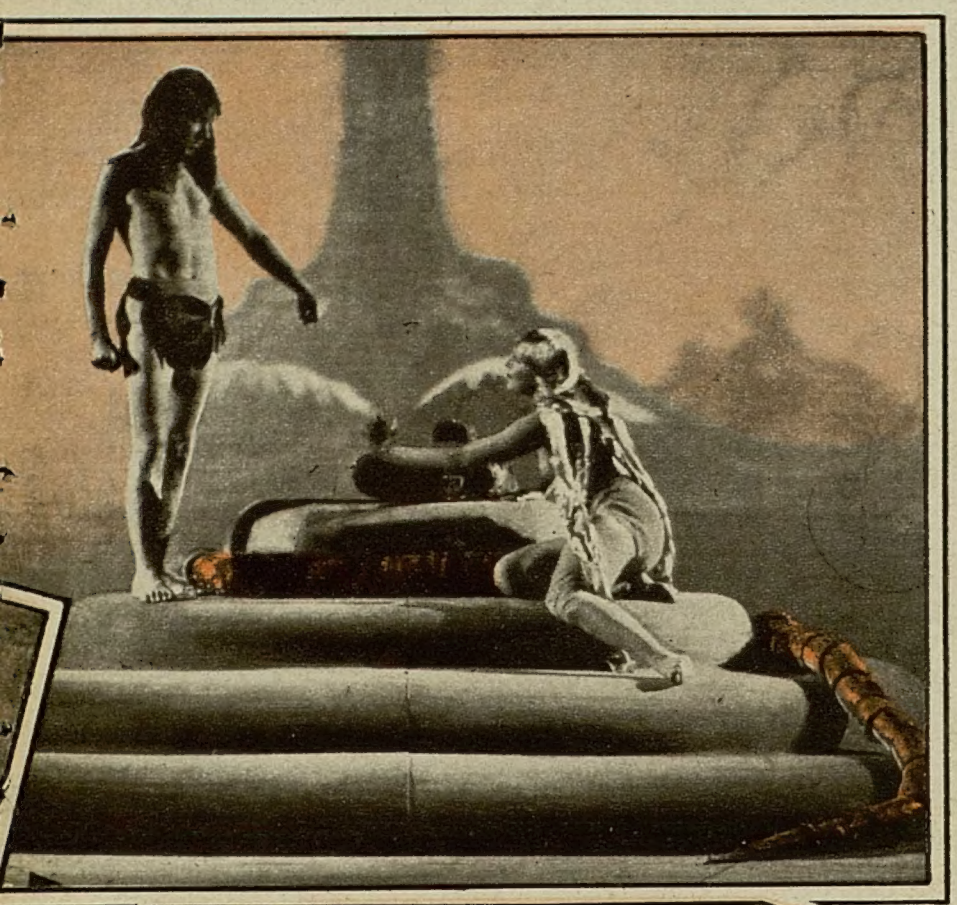
"In the brief survey of your plays you have not even mentioned Saint Joan."

"Saint Joan," Shaw replied, smiling tolerantly, "was easy to write. Most other writers made Joan an operatic heroine—a grand-opera

stunt. What she really was did not interest them. Schiller made Joan of Arc a German heroine of romance. Mark Twain made her a Virginian young lady in long skirts, surrounded by Babbitts."

"You are the only writer dealing with Joan of Arc who has dared to introduce Bluebeard Gilles de Rais. What a fantastic figure! A Marshal of France, a sorcerer, and a dandy, practising murder as a fine art!"

"Gilles," Shaw remarked, "was the richest man in France. If you destroy the social balance by making a man monstrously rich, you destroy that man's mental balance also. All rich men who are rich men and nothing else



Francis Bruguiere photo

"*BUT my magnum opus in that line [Christianity] is my preface on the religion of Creative Evolution to Back to Methuselah."—Shaw. George Gaul and Ernita Lascelles here portray* Adam *and* Eve. *(Left)*

are madmen. That is one of my reasons for being a Socialist and advocating equality of income."

"Would you say that power is dangerous, even if the person who wields it is civilized?"

"Nero," Shaw observed, "was a civilized person, endowed with remarkable talents. But the possession of supreme power made him crazy. If he had not gone crazy he would have made a name for himself as a violinist.

"Many of *Joan's* speeches are taken from the records of her trial and rehabilitation, which are the only documents we have about her. Everything written about her since has added nothing but the writers' inventions, conscious or unconscious."

"Do you mean to say that Joan really made the statements you attribute to her in the play?"

"Yes, several of them; and she would have said the others if the occasion had arisen."

Mr. Shaw walked up and down the room.

He stood still for a moment under the fireplace bearing the Scotch legend:

Thay haf said! What say Thay?
Let Thame say!

I did not ask him if this was his motto. I had asked the question on several previous occasions. Shaw is compelled to expend half of his time explaining to visitors that the inscription was there when he took the apartment. He considers the morality of the inscription very questionable.

The saying in question, by the way, is a favorite motto of William II, who wrote it out for me under a photograph of himself. When I mentioned the Master of Doorn, Shaw drew out of the bookcase a copy of his play, The Inca of Perusalem.

"In this skit," he said, "I present my compliments to the Kaiser. It was written before his fall. It was intended as a lampoon; but I think the *Allerhoechst* should forgive me for the sake of the concluding speech I put into his mouth—one of the finest in my plays. If that speech really fits him, then I understood him better than most contemporaries, including his own countrymen."

"What," I asked, "is your greatest play, in your estimation?"

"How can I tell? For some reason or other, I rather like Heartbreak House. My most significant play is Back to Methuselah."

THE storm scene in Heartbreak House, Shaw's "testament on war." The actors (left to right) are Erskine Sanford, Lucille Watson, Ralph Roeder, Fred Eric, Elisabeth Risdon, Effie Shannon, and Albert Perry.

"Some years ago you admitted a special liking for my own favorite, Cæsar and Cleopatra," I remarked. "I believe I shared this predilection with Mrs. Shaw."

I smiled at Mrs. Shaw. But she, ever alert and discreet, remained silent.

Shaw shrugged his shoulders.

"All this giving examination marks and prizes to my works is repugnant to me," he said. "The only one I concern myself about is the one I am actually at work on. When it is finished it is finished, and I go on to the next."

"Mr. Shaw," I remarked, "we have touched upon many topics. But we have not mentioned the greatest of all subjects—love. What, Mr. Shaw, is your testament on love?"

"Love," Shaw replied, somewhat contemptuously, "lacks personal interest. Love is the most impersonal of all passions. It is a vital experience in actual fact; but on paper it is redeemed from intolerable boresomeness only as a subject of biological science. Even Shakespeare could not make love interesting. Everybody yawns at Romeo and Juliet when *Mercutio* and the *Nurse* leave the stage.

"All the great love stories, like Francesca da Rimini, are equally tiresome. Every man is the same sort of idiot when he is in love."

I CONFESSED that I was working with Paul Eldridge on a novel dealing with the life story of The Wandering Jew.

"This," I explained, "gives us the opportunity to write the history of love."

"It is not worth writing," Shaw advised. "Eliminate the erotic element entirely from your novel."

He yawned, slightly bored by the thought of 2,000 years of love!

"How, by the way," he asked, "do you dispose of your hero?"

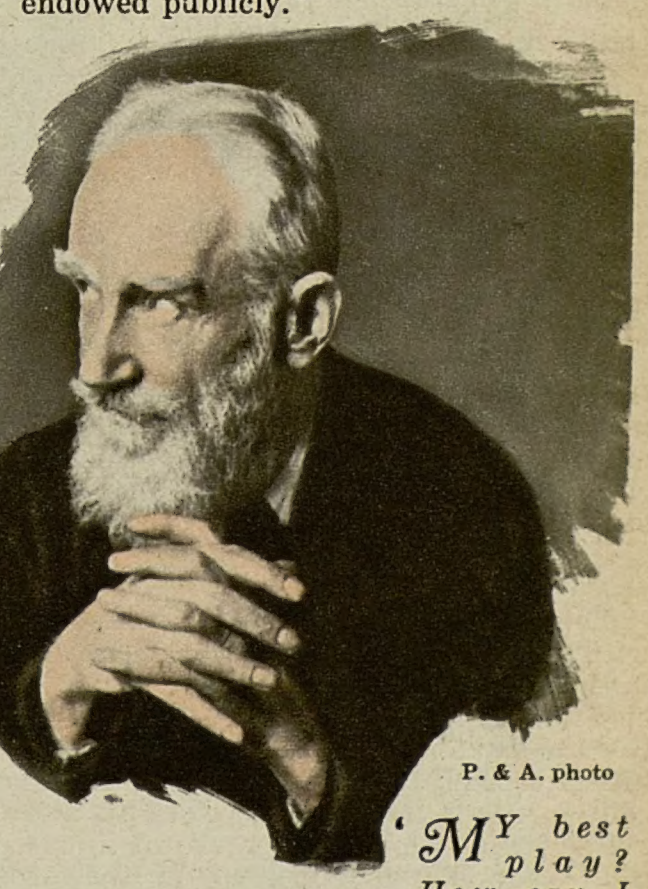
"His fate remains in doubt," I replied.

"Why don't you kill him by meeting that impressive intellectual vacuum, the late Mr. Bryan?"

After this blast at the chief protagonist of Fundamentalism in the United States, I reverted to the subject that bores Shaw so inexpressibly—love. I was unlucky enough to imply that he is an ascetic.

"I have never been an ascetic," he exclaimed vehemently. "I should be described as a voluptuary if people only knew what is really enjoyable. I have never refused any pleasure except the alleged pleasure of destroying myself. Everybody who does not live in a prostitute's bed on a diet of cocaine snow is called an ascetic nowadays. And don't forget that an author of my sort must keep in training, like an athlete. How else could he wrestle with God, as Jacob did with the angel?

"The biological function of love is not a romantic one. Motherhood is a socially vital profession and should be endowed publicly."



P. & A. photo

'*MY best play? How can I tell?" asks Shaw. "For some reason or other, I rather like Heartbreak House. My most significant play is Back to Methuselah."*

"Are you satisfied with the Russian experiment?"

"It is, as you yourself indicate, still an experiment. Besides, it has not been tried. A

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHAW LOOKS AT LIFE AT SEVENTY]
Continued from Page Nine

highly developed social structure, with a first-rate organized civil service, is the first requisite for practical Communism; and the Russians simply have not got either. It will take them many years to achieve it.

"Meanwhile, their intentions are good. We have much more of the necessary political and industrial machinery, and indeed much more Communism; but then, our intentions are bad. We rob the poor because we have the machinery; and the Russians have failed, so far, to abolish poverty, for want of it."

"DO you think marriage will develop along the revolutionary lines evolved by the Russians?"

"The Russians have not evolved any revolutionary lines, as far as I know. They have tightened up the Russian marriage law so as to force persons who live together to marry one another, even if they have to divorce their wives and husbands to make that possible. Instead of our tolerated polygamy whitewashed with sacramental monogamy, they have instituted dissoluble monogamy, but monogamy at all costs. Whether it really works I do not know.

"The relations of the sexes," Mr. Shaw insisted, "can never be really wholesome until woman achieves complete economic emancipation.

"Not merely the woman, but the man, must be emancipated from economic toils. Successful households are based on mutual liking and congeniality; but successful families in the eugenic sense may be the fruit of purely sexual and hideously unhappy unions.

"The sentimental fiction-mongers connive with the preachers to falsify the facts. The marriage ceremony effects no sudden change in the biology of two human beings.

"A happy marriage may last fifty years; a sex infatuation can not be depended on to last fifty minutes. But the infatuation may produce a first-rate baby.

"Until we free the marriage relation from economic entanglements and from sentimental hocus-pocus, the revolting custom of husband-hunting can not be eradicated. Suffrage, while giving political freedom to woman, does not break her economic chains.

"Until we sublimate the marriage relation, the difference between marriage and *Mrs. Warren's* profession remains the difference between union labor and scab labor."

"Do you advocate monogamy?"

"Monogamy," the gray poet-prophet continued, "is imposed by the economy of nature, which more or less equalizes the birth rate of the two sexes. If a war upset it, you would have polygamy without question in ten minutes. The Mormons were the most narrowly straitlaced monogamic moralists on earth; but when they had either to multiply rapidly or be wiped out by their persecutors in Missouri, they were almost instantaneously converted to polygamy, in spite of their horror when their prophet first broached it to them."

"What is your attitude toward the dissolution of marriage? Do you favor easy divorces?"

"I do not know what you mean by easy. Brieux has pointed out that it is sometimes harder to escape from an illicit alliance than from a legal marriage. But if you mean legally easy, I think divorces should be granted for the asking, without any further reason.

"The present legal reasons are ridiculous. Bad temper is a better ground for divorce than adultery. Even so tough a Conservative as Gladstone said that adultery was the worst reason for a divorce. As a matter of fact, it never operates when it is the sole reason.

"I can not conceive of anything more hideous than to compel two human beings to live together against their wills. If a woman can reject a suitor because she does not love him, why should she be forced to live with a man whom she no longer loves?"

"The children make a difficulty, don't they?"

"They do now," Shaw replied promptly. "But what about the death of one or both parents? Incidentally, the state sends men and women to jail without providing for their children! Yet they make shift somehow. But the ultimate solution of the problem is to make all children chargeable to the community."

"That is hardly possible this side of Utopia," I ventured.

"Why not?"

"There would not be enough wealth to go around, if you established a common pool. The world is too poor—"

Shaw smiled with good-natured tolerance.

"There is," I insisted, "always the problem of poverty."

Shaw's smile broadened.

"What," I asked, "would you do with poverty?"

"Prohibit it." Shaw's answer rang out like a shot.

"How?"

"In a variety of ways. If necessary, by putting to death every person earning less than three thousand dollars a year or asking for more. The suggestion is not new. I made it years ago. Poverty is a malignant and infectious disease; and idleness is the root form of the crime of theft.

"The most encouraging thing about American civilization is the universal desire for money. Unfortunately, as the accepted capitalistic method of acquiring it is to steal it, the United States is the poorest instead of the richest country in the world, except in paper dollars."

"Are you," I questioned, "sure your Socialist calculations will not miscarry?"

"It is possible," Shaw replied, "that the human animal may prove unable to solve the problems created by its aggregation. The World War and its aftermath justify the fear that man may be destroyed by the achievements of his own civilization."

"Then the Life Force can be defeated?"

"Not in the least. The Life Force snaps its fingers at such a trifle as scrapping a little experiment like mankind. What is to prevent it evolving another species? It is by no means unlikely that we may be remembered by future paleontologists only as one of its least successful experiments. That is, if we are remembered at all."

I changed the subject hastily to vegetarianism.

"Even King Nebuchadnezzar did not relish a diet of grass," I said. "Since that time—"

"Because," Shaw interrupted, "he could not chew the cud. I do not eat grass; and to the modern propaganda of salads and fruit I can only say that they do not agree with me—though I can digest anything—and produce in me the symptoms they are supposed to cure. But do not suppose that the world's edible stock consists solely of corpses and green stuff. If this is your belief, you are stupendously ignorant of the subject and had better not attempt to write about it."

"Your vegetables," I remarked, "are like Grant's whisky. Who would not be a vegetarian if he could write like you!"

Bernard Shaw almost lost his temper.

"I tell you," he said, "I don't eat more vegetables than you do. And I don't expect to live longer."

"Death," I objected, somewhat platitudinously, "is the common fate."

"On the contrary," Shaw remarked, "it is an acquired habit, forced on us by natural selection. We die because we know we must make room. The moment we know we must live longer, we shall live longer."

"By willing?"

"No. If willing could do it, we should all be Struldbrugs. Couéism is no use. Every fool would live forever if he could. It is a question of subconscious knowledge of necessity. When that comes, the thing will happen.

"Creative Evolution is religion; but, I repeat, it is also science, as every religion must become if it is to survive nowadays.

"Acquired characteristics are transmitted in tiny increments to one's progeny. The idiots who deny that acquired characteristics are transmitted forget that if there is such a thing as evolution all characteristics are acquired. If a man learns to ride a bicycle his son will not be a born rider, but he will find his bicycle balance a little—perhaps only a very little—more easily than his progenitor. Still, a little.

"The children of people with automobiles, like city cats, are born automobile-wise, although they are not born mechanics. Raphael, though descended from eight generations of painters, was not born with a brush in his hand. He was, nevertheless, a born painter!

"Raphael had to learn his art! But it requires no effort of the imagination to assume that nature, which already compels the embryo to recapitulate the entire history of the race in the period of gestation, may some day crowd a few million years more into nine months! Some day Raphael will be born a ready-made painter!

"EVOLUTION is a mystical process. Darwinism, a mechanical doctrine, destroyed religion, but gave us nothing in its place. It gave an air of science to moral and political opportunism and to struggle-for-life militarism. It engulfed Europe yesterday in the World War.

"Germany was not specially to blame for the great conflict. Compared to Weismann, the Kaiser was as innocent as a lamb. Even Poincaré was comparatively guiltless. The cause of Europe's miseries was its lack of religion.

"Even before Darwin, the old religion had lost its hold. Shakespeare had no religion. He believed in nothing. For that reason, he never took the trouble to write an original play. He had no message.

"The realization of this lack may be the motive that impelled *Prospero* to lay down his wand. The greatest of poets condemned himself to silence because, in the last analysis, he had nothing to say!

"Goethe, on the other hand, possessed a religious mind. Goethe's religious spirit enabled him to complete Faust in his old age."

"Do you reject Darwin entirely, like your friend Bryan?" I asked.

"By no means. Natural Selection must have played an immense part in adapting life to our planet; but it is Creative Evolution that adapts the planet to our continual aspiration to greater knowledge and greater power.

"Newton would not have discovered his law of gravitation if he had not been possessed by this divine curiosity. Nor would Einstein have slaved for less money than Mr. Rockefeller's valet to carry Newton's torch a stage farther, if he were nothing but a drifter in the wind of Natural Selection.

"But you need not come to me for the religion of the spirit. Ask the Christian Platonists. Ask Dean Inge. Ask any Quaker who knows his job."

Dusk had fallen. Outside the lights of the city shone through the mist like a thousand will-o'-the-wisps. In the darkening room gleamed the eyes of Bernard Shaw the evangelist, the whiteness of his beard and of his hair fashioning a fantastic aureole for his head.

THE END

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SHAW'S residence for many years, No. 10 Adelphi Terrace (at right), from which he recently moved to Whitehall Court when this building was sold.

A RIDE *in the* Country

Pictures by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

MASTERS was backing off, with his hands partly lifted—like a pet white rabbit sitting up.

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

By
GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

A New Serial

(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

"SPEED" THATCHER stole a neighbor's car. His father's obstinacy had driven him to it. Speed was nineteen, had a heavy date, and his dad wouldn't let him use the family bus to take Pats Schuyler to a dance. Speed felt he couldn't insult the girl! So he picked the lock of a neighbor's garage and eased the car out into the street.

For caution's sake he decided to change the number plates, appropriated a set from the garage of "Mike the Gyp," and made the substitution in the street.

He arrived at Pats' door, to find that she had gone to the dance with the rich "Pet" Masters. Worse than this, when he followed them to the Bal Tabarin, there was Pats, with Masters' frat pin shining forth, and his own stuck almost out of sight.

His second jolt was the discovery that Masters had seen him changing the number plates. Pats, demanding an explanation, got the astonishing truth that he had stolen a car for her sake. Only half believing, she gave him a snubbing, and returned his pin. This, coupled with a drink from some one's flask and the news that a cop had been looking for the stolen car, fired him to action. He walked up to Masters and Pats, repeated that he had swiped a car, gave Masters a shove, allowed him to get a glimpse of the revolver he carried, and said: "You get out. I'm taking Pats this dance."

PART TWO

MASTERS was backing off, with his hands partly lifted—like a pet white rabbit sitting up.

"Did you see what he did to me?" he was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Eleven]

asking the bunch beside him—almost weeping. "He drew a gun on me."

Thatcher turned away from him to Pats Schuyler, where she stood motionless, letting him take the play from her, for once in her life.

"This is the time you dance with me—and the last one," he said to her. "Don't worry. I won't hurt you."

"I don't know how the rest of you feel—but I won't stand for this!" he heard Pet Masters saying—and laughed heartily and started to dance with Pats Schuyler. She went with him speechless, more or less in a trance.

Masters disappeared.

"I won't hurt you," Speed told his partner as they danced away—leaving the crowd behind them staring. "All I want is to tell you what I think of you—all you wild, wild, baby-faced wild women. You and your frat pins hanging on your belts—like scalps. Like scalps—that's all!" he said—and stopped, his voice breaking.

She started to speak—"But, Speed, I didn't tell him one thing"—and stopped.

Somebody, one of the fellows, was touching Thatcher on the shoulder. He shook him off.

"Wait—just a minute," he said—and went on dancing and talking to Pats.

"Scalps, that's all. Scalps at your belt. I was crazy about you. I break with my father; I steal a car—for you. I get the police, the whole place after me—for you. And what do I—" he said, and stopped, his partner breaking in.

"Yes, you did!" she said a little shrilly. "I don't believe a word of it. It isn't true!"

She stopped there herself. For the man after Thatcher had him by the shoulder again.

"Listen," he asked. "Do you know what he's done?"

Speed shook him off again, but stopped dancing, and began the last remarks Pats would ever have from him.

"You've driven me out of town," he said. "I hope you're pleased with yourself. I'm going to hell—on your account. And I want to thank you personally," he said; and set her away from him—and bowed low, like a kid in dancing school.

SHE bowed back, mocking him, flushed, knowing that everybody was watching them, more or less openly. Her whole manner changed now. Better death than any public display of weakness or lack of poise, or laughter at her expense!

"Where did you say you were going?" she asked him now, smiling gaily.

He told her over again.

"How terrible. How perfectly thrilling. And all—all for me! Wait!"

She laughed gaily. But her voice grew shriller yet. She threw up her much braceleted right arm and hand.

"Listen. Rally round. For a most important public announcement."

They gathered in, with their balloons—their faces half expectant, half blank. When they were all set and silent, she took young Thatcher affectionately by the arm.

"Miss Pats Schuyler and Mr. Speed Thatcher announce their engagement—to go to hell together!" she said—and bowed deeply.

Her face was flushed, her voice very high. Her laughter was gay—almost too gay.

The crowd around them gave a somewhat feeble cheer—more or less baffled by the proceedings.

"Wish us joy," she told them.

But Speed Thatcher had dropped out of the merry scene before she said it. The other man was hauling at him from behind, whispering:

"Do you know what Pet Masters is doing?"

"No. What?"

"He's gone out after a cop!"

"He wouldn't do *that!*" said Speed Thatcher.

That was a little too low to believe—even of him.

"He certainly would. He certainly has."

"I'm going to hell—on your account," he said; and bowed,

"Oh, all right," said Speed Thatcher, then.

Up to that moment he hadn't believed he was going. It had been more or less unreal—a big, grand, desperate gesture—a kind of novel joke. But now it struck him, in between the eyes. He had to move—and move now. Or in five minutes—or two—be arrested, go to court, go to jail. Something went *click* in him as he got it. He was going to hell. The last door was closing after him. Well—that was that!

"By-by," he called, and turned—and turned back again.

He had seen Pats Schuyler standing by herself, staring, laughing shrilly, waving her balloon, with the rest all staring at him.

"Good-by," he said, and threw his toy balloon in her direction.

She laughed on, and waved a bare arm, with her bracelets and her swinging vanity bag and her toy balloon all gaily demonstrating joy.

"Good-by, darling. See you soon again," she called cheerfully.

When he reached the entrance, about to snatch his overcoat from the coatroom, he looked back one last time—and she apparently wasn't there.

II

SPEED drove on through the mist in his stolen car. It was five minutes since he had left the dance, and it seemed five years.

If he had been drunk at all when he left the Bal Tabarin, he certainly was no longer. He seemed cold sober, old—suddenly no longer a kid. He could see the whole thing calmly, clearly, a long way off. Well, it was too bad. But it was done.

"Here goes nothing!" he said to himself, and put his mind on the job before him.

He had the fog with him, the changed number plates, the fact that the car was one of a common make. That was all right; but he didn't rely on it entirely. They would probably be looking for him along the main streets, when they once were started. Later he might

like a kid in dancing school. She bowed back, mocking him.

have to go that way to get out of town. But for now he parked the car up a side street, behind a vacant house in another section not far from the Bal Tabarin, put out the lights, pulled up his coat collar, and started down a roundabout way to the one place he had to get to before he left the town—Mike the Gyp's—to see about working the idea he now had in mind, which had struck him as his best bet now.

HE went down the back road, and sneaked in through a hole in the rotten old high board fence, into the old Dead Yard, with its ruined cars, behind the garage. He worked his way to the black passageway alongside the garage, at the front end of which he knew Mike the Gyp would be standing.

Even the Gyp jumped when Speed came in on him from the back.

"What the hell!"

"I've pinched me a hot one," said Speed Thatcher—using one of the common names for a stolen car in the underworld on the rubber wheels.

"Well, whatcha telling me about it for?" the Gyp shot back in a hard, anxious voice.

"Why am I telling you? Haven't you been telling me for months I was a fool not to?" said Thatcher—staring hard at him through the dark, to get an idea whether or not he had heard yet about the police being out after him.

He hadn't—or he didn't say so, anyway.

"Whatcha talking about? I didn't tell you to lift one without orders, did I?" Mike asked.

These auto-stealing syndicates order what they want stolen in advance, as Speed Thatcher knew. But he kept right on:

"They'll handle this one."

"Why will they?"

Speed gave the name of the middle-priced car that is always popular in the stolen car trade.

"No. Nothing doing. Take it back."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"The police are after me," Speed told him.

A rich vocabulary opened up: Move on. Get out. Stay out. What was the grand idea? What did he know about who handled stolen cars?

"You'd better know," said Thatcher, pushing all this byplay aside, watching the Gyp through the dark—surprising himself by his own calm.

Was that so? How did he get that way? Why?

They stood facing each other in the dark—a couple of fighting animals in a cave, all ready to close in.

"Because if you don't you're going to get us both pinched!" Speed Thatcher said.

Mike stepped back. "Us? Me? Say, whatcha think you're talkin'?"

"I got your extra number plates on the car."

"My number plates!"

The Gyp started loose, cursing, trying to frighten the boy. But Speed didn't scare now.

"And you know what will happen," he said, when the Gyp was through, "if they once get this car with your plates on, after that last job."

The Gyp knew, all right. Any one in the place would. It had taken all the political pull he had to work himself loose from his last case. One more would be more than enough to land him. He started some more cursing—staging another bluff. All at once Thatcher touched him on the shoulder.

"Look!"

The stuff shut off, like the flow down a muddy gutter. They both stared at the one eye of a motorcycle down the street.

"Stand back," said Mike the Gyp. "It might be the cop."

IT was. From around the jut in the wall at the entrance, behind which he stood flattened, Thatcher listened.

"Hey—have you seen anything of young Speed Thatcher around here tonight?"

"I have not. Why?"

"Oh, nothing much. We just want to have a little talk with him at the office, that's all."

"Yes? Well, I haven't seen him here."

"If you do, you'll slip us word—if you're wise!" said the motorcycle cop, with a stare around; and went along out into the mist.

Thatcher watched him dash away up the street. The fog seemed to be lifting.

"Say, looka here," said the Gyp, stalling—thinking and hoping aloud. "What makes you do this, kid? Why not go back and get your Old Man to go to the front for you?"

"Nothing doing."

"Why not—huh?"

"Because he's already kicked me out of the house once tonight, before this happened."

The Gyp didn't say anything. He had seen too many like him before, probably—kicked out by the Old Man, outward bound down the midnight gasoline trail.

"And he certainly won't be all swelled up with joy and enthusiasm when he hears this thing," continued young Thatcher. "And you know what they're likely to do with the next case they get, after the line of cars that have been lifted out of this town lately."

The Gyp knew all right—nobody better.

"No; it's all done, for me," Thatcher told him. "They've pinned it on me. And if they get me they get you. So there's just one thing left to do."

"What's that?"

"You'll pass me along—on up the line!"

But the Gyp was still feeling around, all over, for a loophole to slip out of.

"Where is it now—the car?"

"Never mind where it is. I've got it parked, and it's got your number plates on. If you don't believe it, step back over in the office where you left them and take a look."

He took a look—and came back, silent.

"And they're going to stay on," continued Speed Thatcher, "till they find them on the car—unless you push me and the car up along the line."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The figure sat up. "Well, here I am!" announced Pats Schuyler shrilly.

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"Whatcha want me to do?" mumbled the Gyp.

"I want you to put me with a note to Beaut Thibaut," said Thatcher, showing the Gyp he was wise to the whole game, even the name of that boss thief—"loungers" they are called in the underworld—that the car-stealing syndicate had in charge of the car-lifting in that particular locality. "So he will send me up along the line."

"To do what?" inquired the Gyp, staring.

"To be a driver for them," said Thatcher—alluding to those drivers that these "big boys" in the game have to drive their cars through for them in the long-haul stolen automobile trade, as they call it.

"And they'll do it if you say so," said Thatcher, arguing on—seeing that he almost had him—"rather than have them pinch us both—and open up all this car-lifting that's been going on here lately."

So the Gyp cleared a space on the cluttered rolled-top desk, and had him sit down and write out this note he dictated:

DEAR BEAUT:

This grifter's on the rocks. He'll tell you. Pass him along, or we'll all be facing the wolf.

"That's enough, huh?" he said finally, walking up and down.

"Sure," Thatcher told him.

The Gyp sat down then, and plowed on his signature—just the capital letter M; and then put the thing into a plain envelope, and gave him the address on another slip, together with his instructions:

"Get this to him, himself, personally. And don't let your foot slip, neither. That baby's bad. He's a killer—him!"

"Sure," said Speed Thatcher, watching him. For he had heard that same line of talk before—about this man in particular and the game in general—those car-lifters and hi-jackers and stick-ups that run up and down the long concrete highways night after night.

The Gyp went on giving exact directions about how to get to this Thibaut's hangout in his rooming-place, and how to get to him when he got there. Then he took the envelope containing the message, and made three straight marks underneath its flap.

"Three marks, see? Because this syndicate, it works most in these three States around here," he explained, going on, now he was started, to open up the information generally on this auto-stealing game.

III

IT was 3 o'clock in the morning when Speed Thatcher finally got started.

He was off in his bender, or hot car, as the auto thieves call their stolen goods, bound out suddenly into the dark—like plenty of young explorers before him.

He had found his stolen car all right in back of the empty house, and with his eye out everywhere—except in the car itself—had switched on the power, since there was nothing alive to be seen, and then the light—and driven away.

He swung out around the main business section, along back residential streets. And finally, after a minute's hesitation, into his own home street, and stopped for a last look before the Old Man's place—his home up to that evening.

Above the stiff, thin-roofed piazza of the dull-blue frame house with white scroll trimmings, a white sash curtain blew back into an open window.

Speed could have tossed a stone into where his parents probably lay awake behind it. He was sorry for himself—and then disgusted.

"I guess the Old Man was right in his cracks at me. There was nothing there!" he said half aloud. And he thought, for a minute, of what he ought to have done—would do now, if he had the chance to; of the Old Man's idea that he ought to get out and go to work and take hold with him in his business. But what was the use? That was all over now.

"Come on. Let's go!" he said to himself, swallowing; and swung out into the dead bluish night.

He drove down the short street, still swallowing; turned left; and finally came out on the main automobile highway that led down to Bridgeton, where the boss thief had his hangout.

It was toward 4 o'clock now.

Thatcher drove slowly—with forty miles to go, and four or five hours to do it in, before his man, the Lounger, would probably be up.

Should he run up some side road, and draw up at the edge, and get a little sleep? Or would that be taking too much of a chance?

Thinking matters over, taking inventory, he plunged his hand into his pocket. What about money? He drew it out and counted it. Two dollars and seventy-three cents. His entire capital for his trip into the unknown! He shoved it back into his trousers pocket.

"And what about gasoline?" he thought now—for the first time in his excitement; for there was no gauge on the dash. He got out and lit a match and read the one on the rear. The tank was almost empty.

He got back into the front seat—with his next move settled for him. He would have to wait now until the filling stations opened. He watched, saw a promising side road, and, a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Aglow with true ambition.
I'm headed straight at lively gait
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

quarter of a mile or so up it, ran the car into the entrance of a road into the woods.

Thatcher looked at his wrist watch. It was four-twenty. If there were any sign of dawn, it was not yet visible to the naked eye. He turned out the headlights and sat still, alone in the darkness. If he had been two years younger he probably would have wept. As it was, he stared gloomily ahead down the half-seen wood road, and lighted a cigarette. He relaxed, giving himself up to it—relaxed—and started up!

Something had stirred in the back part of the car, on the floor behind his seat. His heart flopped up into his throat. He twisted his hand around for his father's old revolver in his hip pocket.

Before he could draw the gun, the figure sat up and threw aside the dark car robe that had covered it.

"Well, here I am!" announced Pats Schuyler shrilly.

Speed stared back at her, where she sat on the bottom of the car—dressed in her white coat with white fur on it, and the trivial rose-and-silver costume of the Bal Tabarin.

"You!" said Speed Thatcher.

She pushed her golden locks back from her eyes.

"Gosh!" she remarked. "I must have gone to sleep."

He still stared at her. "Where did you come from?"

"I beat you to it, when you went out behind the Bal Tabarin to get your car."

"My car! How did you know my car?"

"I watched you outside when you first parked it."

He groaned.

She rose farther—to her knees; put her hands upon his shoulders.

"What's the matter, old child? You don't seem overpleased to see me. Didn't you think I'd go through with it?"

Speed Thatcher felt his face go red with anger.

"Go through with what?"

"My sacred pledge to go to hell with you!"

THE humor of her remark was lost on him. He was silent for a minute—re-establishing his self-control.

She clambered into the front seat beside him.

"Give me a cigarette."

He did so, without speech.

"Light it."

He did that also.

"Now put your arm around me and I will tell you all. What I'm going to do—and everything!"

He obeyed without enthusiasm.

"Well, what are you?" he asked briefly.

"The first thing is to formally inaugurate our engagement—before we elope."

Speed Thatcher started to withdraw his arm.

"What do you think this is? A joke?" he asked her harshly.

"What languages—what languages—to a woman who has just risked her all for you," said his companion.

He did not answer.

"Where's your frat pin—our frat pin?"

He produced it.

"Pin it on me."

He did so, his pulse quickening—at his memory of what this stuff would have meant to him a few hours before.

She held her face up through the dark.

"Now kiss me. Tell me you're glad I'm here."

"But, good Lord, Pats!" he said—torn between two main emotions.

"Kiss me."

Overhead the wet leaves of the black woods whispered. Somewhere a small branch of a tree squeaked at intervals, rubbed against another by the wind.

Speed Thatcher spoke first.

"Good Lord, Pats! This won't do." His voice was thick and hoarse.

"What won't?" the girl said, her voice sharpening. "You don't think I'm going to welsh on my agreement to go along to hell with you—when you went—after all this!"

"Oh, shush!" said Speed Thatcher, growing angry again and uneasy. Her voice was flippant, but he knew the obstinacy that lay behind that tone. He had heard it there before.

"Listen," he said, diverting her for the moment. "Just how did you fix it to get here?"

"I told you once," she replied, eying him. "I just ran out before you did and curled up under the robes of the car."

SHE snuggled down beside him, holding just a little tightly for pure humor. He sat still, holding her—torn between emotion and returning reason.

"I must say you aren't very wildly enthusiastic now—at getting me."

He grabbed her by the shoulders and held her away from him.

"Good God, Pats—how can I have you?"

She answered with another question—her voice as sharp as his was hoarse:

"Don't you want me—is that the idea?"

"Want you!" he said, and clutched her slight arm till she flinched.

"You stole that car for me?" The lightness had left her voice temporarily.

"Well, yes; I suppose so," he stammered.

"And there's no way now to get it back?"

"Not a way. The police are after me."

"Then what's the question?"

He looked back into her eyes, which held his through the dark.

THE Gyp sat down then, and plowed on his signature, and gave him the address.

The rubbing branches squeaked twice before he could answer.

"The question?" he said.

"About my going with you. My solemn compact to go to hell—if you did. Our coming elopement." The humor was returning somewhat to her voice again.

Young Thatcher found his voice again.

"Our elopement is right," he said harshly. "In a stolen car, with three dollars in money. To hell! Sure. Here comes the bride!"

Pats Schuyler disengaged herself. Her slave bracelets tinkled faintly. Her voice came back, calm, as before the recent emotional storm.

"Suppose she prefers to go there—in the circumstances."

"Don't be a girlish goose."

"I mean it. Is it any worse for me to go bad—than for you?"

He gritted his teeth and clenched his hands.

"Especially when I'm responsible—I made you what you are today."

"Don't be a flop—don't be a petulant peahen!" said young Thatcher, his voice rising. "Of course it's worse."

"Why? Because I'm a girl?"

"Why, certainly," he said, more or less vaguely. "It's always worse. A woman can't do what a man can. You know that."

She persevered in her questioning:

"Why is it worse for a girl to go to hell than a man? Is her soul any more valuable?"

He had no answer—not having ever thought very deeply on the subject.

"Give me one reason, just one—if there is one—and I'll stop."

His only answer was a groan.

"Well, if you can't tell me, you can hardly expect me to give up my sacred pact."

"Oh, come to earth. Be yourself. You make me ill. You can't go with me. I won't let you. I'll take you home first—if I go to jail for it."

"You will not."

He held her by her shoulders.

"You can't go with me. It's impossible. Can't you see? Can't you understand—that a woman can't do that?"

"Can't I see? Can't I understand?" she mocked him. "Not from anything you said on the subject up to date."

YOUNG Thatcher went silent. There was no reasoning with her, in that frame of mind.

"All right," he said, and set his foot upon the starter. "Then I take you home."

He stopped suddenly—remembering.

"What is it, darling?" asked his companion sarcastically, as she puffed to start up her cigarette once more.

He only groaned.

"Do you see I'm right? Or is it a touch of shell shock?" she inquired easily.

He had to tell her the truth about the gasoline, finally.

"Well, that's that!" she remarked briefly, after a moment.

She opened the car door, threw out her cigarette, and settled down, in her white fluff of a coat, with her light head upon his shoulder.

"Now for a little well earned sleep," she remarked.

"But what about your mother?" Speed Thatcher asked.

She laughed, with sleepy but heartfelt amusement.

"Oh gosh, what a kick she'll get out of this! Poor mother, she needs it. Weeks go by when she practically gets no thrill at all," she remarked thoughtfully; and pulled his head down with a sudden gesture.

"Kiss me!" she said. "Kiss your child wife and let's go to sleep. We've got a long, hard day ahead of us tomorrow!"

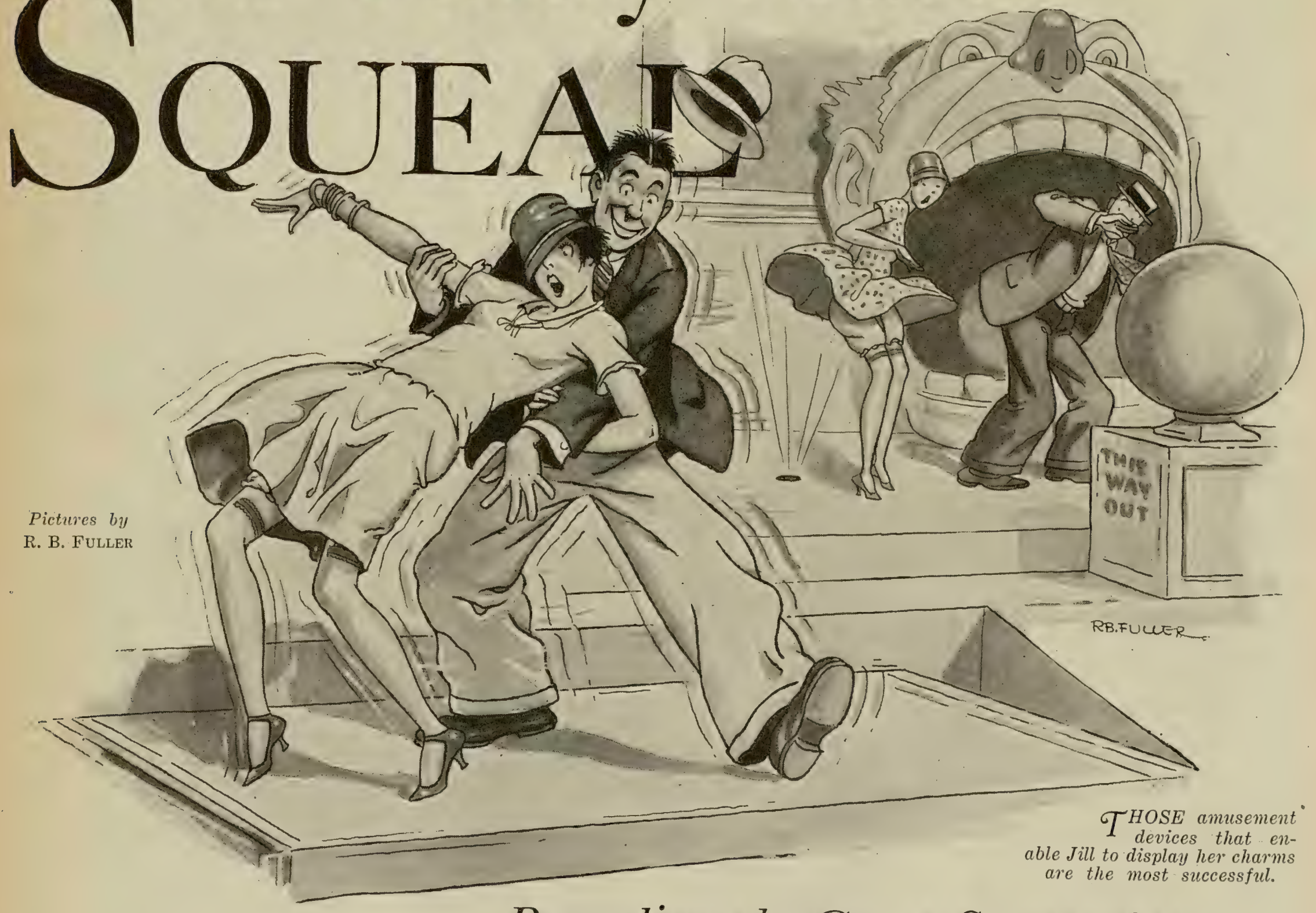
She relaxed upon his shoulder.

Speed Thatcher sat, staring ahead down the dim blue gap of the wood road through the darker woods, supporting her. Her breathing grew deeper, more regular. She was asleep.

His child wife. Good Lord! How many times he had dreamed this dream—night and a car; and Pats Schuyler, the one woman in the world, lying, her head upon his arm, his frat pin on her breast—his to have and to hold and take away—pledged to him for eternity! And now, having her, what could he do with her?

With a girl and a stolen car on his hands, Speed's wits are his only hope. For a smashing fight of two youngsters against heavy odds in the underworld, see next week's LIBERTY.

The Lady Must SQUEAL



Pictures by
R. B. FULLER

THOSE amusement devices that enable Jill to display her charms are the most successful.

Revealing the Great Secret of the Amusement Parks

An Article by HOMER CROY

(Reading time: 10 minutes 30 seconds.)

ABOUT steen million people go to the amusement parks of America these hot days, and when they come back they tell what a wonderful time they had.

"We just nearly laughed ourselves sick," they say.

But they don't know *why* they had such a good time. They shoot the chutes, they go over the bumps, the girl has her skirt blown up by a wicked puff of air, and they come back without knowing why they had such fun.

They think it just happened. They don't know that every laugh has been thought out. They don't know that a kiss is worth two dollars to an amusement park.

The thing that makes the amusement parks such a success—and they are growing almost as fast as the movies—is not the good honest burghers who get in their cars on a hot holiday and roll away to the park to cool off; it is not the overworked father and the kitchen-tied mother off for a holiday—but Jack and Jill out to have a good time.

What makes people go to an amusement park? What makes them have a good time?

I hear an answer: "The rides, the fun devices, and so on." But what makes *them* a success? Why does one ride make a million dollars and the next die quickly and quietly on a deserted concession?

Last year an old and tried inventor of amusement devices had something happen to him that he did not expect. He has more than fifty amusement-device patents. He is the Thomas A. Edison of the amusement parks.

An idea came to him one day, a beautiful idea. It came on the shimmering wings of inspiration and nestled in his lap like a long-lost child. Dropping everything else, he started to work on the idea. It would be the biggest thing he had ever put before the public.

At last his device was completed, and he got the best "talker" he could find and put him out in front. The man with the megaphone whooped up the crowds; he got them inside: but there were few or no "repeats."

The people went out again and hurried down the Midway to something better, leaving the inventor standing on the Midway pronouncing words that John Roach Straton never heard of.

After a time the inventor took the device off the market. It was a failure. And it failed because it had no Jack-and-Jill value, and no amusement device ever succeeds unless it appeals to Jack and Jill—especially Jill. (That is, disregarding attractions for children. The Kiddie Park has grown wonderfully in the last few years; there are children's sizes in airplane swings, roller coasters, fun houses, and so on.)

Jill did not ask for a second ride, and she didn't ask because she—if we must get down to the truth—didn't get a chance to display her charms. The ride was paced too slowly; it did not give her a chance to get jostled. And that's where the money is—in the jostles.

THE late Fredrick Thompson, the greatest genius Coney Island has ever known, used to say: "If they don't squeal, it's a failure."

You remember the old gag about the packing-houses using everything but the squeal? Well, that's where the amusement-park man begins.

How do they make 'em squeal? Ah, that is the question. That is where fortunes have been made and lost. That is where inventors have risen to fame and fortune—and where they

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Waida

Chosen by women of rank, they offer you wise lore for keeping all your loveliness

LOVELINESS and a way to make this loveliness endure! The shimmering beauty of firm, clear skin—rose-petals dipped in cream! How to keep this beauty undimmed for many years! Every woman longs for these—they are her heart's desire!

Everywhere lurk the enemies of a naturally lovely skin—sun that parches; wind that harshens; dust and soot that coarsen; late hours and just the years that etch implacable lines around eyes and mouth.

To be serene in all one's youth and loveliness, one must have a daily method that can be depended upon to counteract these foes. Women of rank and distinction everywhere—the leaders of the fashionable world who *must* be secure in beauty—have learned that Pond's Two Creams offer precisely the care their exquisite loveliness

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Duchess of Vendome
Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT
Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
Miss ANNE MORGAN
The DUQUESA *de* ALBA
The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT
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demands. Each day they give their skin this care:—

For a searching gentle cleansing that frees the pores, use Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it generously over face, throat, hands, during the day whenever your skin feels dusty, drawn or tired and always at night before retiring. Wipe off this cream and with it all deep lodged dust and powder. Repeat and finish with a dash of cold water. For a dry skin, leave some of the cream on overnight to restore suppleness while you sleep.

For a velvet flower-like finish, that delicate last touch of loveliness which you need, use Pond's Vanishing Cream after each cleansing except the bedtime one. Smooth it on lightly before you go out, especially for the evening. It gives you a new allure, holds your powder reassuringly, and protects the skin from all irritation by wind and sun.

FREE OFFER: Wouldn't you like to try these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's — for a gentle cleansing, for an exquisite finish? Mail the coupon and receive enough of each to acquaint you with their purity, delicate fragrance and smooth fine texture.

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Name _____ Street _____

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On the job for the Wabash every day

IN the past year the Wabash Railway has further improved its freight service by the installation of International Chain-Drive Trucks and a battery of All-Steel Semi-trailers.

This truck and trailer equipment is operated for the Wabash by the Arthur Dixon Transfer Company, one of the oldest in the country. These trucks and trailers are on the job ten hours every day and they are saving as high as 72 hours per shipment and replacing hundreds of trap cars and line cars every month.

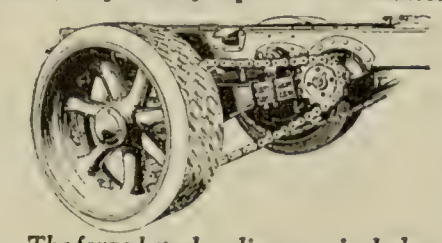
The Wabash is using International Trucks at many points in many capacities and so are all the larger railroads of the country. And that is easy to understand; International Trucks have been giving good service for twenty-three years just as other products of the Harvester Company have been giving good service for almost a century.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Ill.

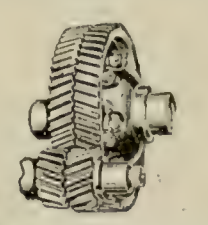
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½ to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches; and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Below are given a few points of superior International service and design. Write for folder on Internationals for your business.

International Trucks are served by 136 Company-owned branches in the United States, branches and dealers throughout Canada, and service facilities in foreign countries the world over. The branch illustrated is in Boston, Mass.

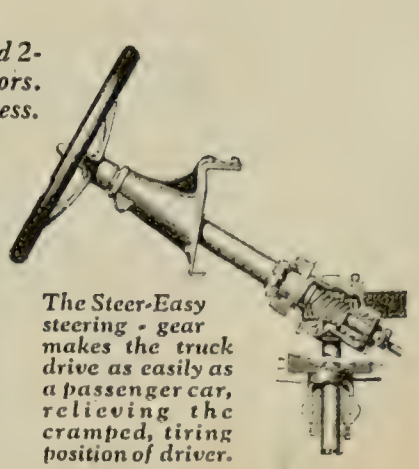


The forged steel radius arm includes a convenient chain adjustment. In the heavier models the live axle has a 2-speed range, assuring efficient power transmission in all going.



Herringbone Gears in double reduction drive models assure greater torque capacity and better all-around performance.

All International Trucks are provided with auxiliary rear springs. These springs come into action when needed and assure correct spring flexibility under varying loads. The type illustrated is provided for the double reduction drive Heavy-Duties. Another valuable International feature!



The Steer-Easy steering-gear makes the truck drive as easily as a passenger car, relieving the cramped, tiring position of driver.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

have gone down their own chutes to oblivion.

For instance, Jack and Jill are sauntering along the Midway, feeling a bit shy and timid toward each other. They come to what used to be called a scenic railway, but which is now a roller-coaster, a sky-chaser, the bobs, or what you wish. Behind the scenes it is simply called a "gravity ride."

A talker is out in front with a megaphone, filling the air with words. Jack and Jill hesitate a moment. The lights, the music, the sound of laughter, as the cars filled with shouting young people dash by, saturate them.

Jack looks longingly; Jill has already made up her mind; and then they start for the entrance. They are lost. Psychology has begun its work.

The next time you see a roller-coaster, notice that there are no steps leading up to the loading platform. Wise showmen have found that people will not go up even two or three steps. Unconsciously, people want to walk right off the street to the place where they get on.

If the construction of the riding devices is such that there have to be two or three steps for the people to go up, it knocks off about 20 per cent of the business.

Sometimes it is necessary to have a step, but this is got around by making a slanting rise. Notice this the next time you pass a gravity ride.

HERE are the brightly colored cars, all waiting, with seats so that two can sit side by side. The fun is about to begin.

The car is in front. Jack and Jill stand side by side—and then Jill gets in. This sounds simple, but the greater part of the success of the bobs is built up on that very point, which Jack and Jill don't know anything about.

The lady gets in first. If social etiquette changed suddenly and Jack got in first, every sky-chaser, roller-coaster, scenic railway, and Virginia Reel in the United States would have to be scrapped and rebuilt.

The cars are filled with happy, expectant humanity. The platform man signals the operator, the operator turns a switch, and slowly the little red cars move off.

But they don't immediately start up the long incline from which they go catapulting down. Instead, they start off very slowly. One reason, of course, is to make the fast part of the ride more thrilling by contrast. But there is another reason—romance.

The cars start off slowly and go through a dark tunnel—not a light; just obliging darkness—and, oh, how slowly and quietly the cars creep along! Some way or other, Jack's sturdy hand finds Jill's small, dainty one, and there is a squeeze.

Or, mayhap, something worse takes place: the bold boy may extend his arm along the back of the seat and gently draw her toward him. He thinks the idea is original with him. He doesn't know that he is just as sure to do that as the chicken is to cross the road.

They are in the fine thick darkness for a minute, gliding along like a dream, and then the car pops out and starts up the steep incline. Up, up, up! There is a moment's hesitation, and they go down; up and down. It is simply terrific.

"Why, we'll be killed any moment!"

That's what they think. If they didn't think that, the ride wouldn't be a success. As a matter of fact, the L. A. Thompson Scenic Railway Company, the oldest in the world, has been riding people for

AT the corners, the poor girl is flung into his arms.

forty-nine years and has never broken a bone.

But Jack and Jill mustn't know this; they must think that not only every bone in their bodies, but also their necks, are as good as done for.

And our Jack and Jill think the speed is frightful; the posts fly by at an amazing rate. Little do they know that right here psychology is at work.

Unconsciously, as the posts fly by, they compare them with the telephone poles along the railroad track; but these on the roller-coaster are very close together, hence the impression of speed is doubled.

As a matter of fact—but, for goodness' sake, don't tell this to Jack or Jill!—the speed is not so terrific as they think. There is one pitch (and only one) where the speed is forty-five miles an hour, but it lasts only about ten seconds. The rest of the time the speed is about thirty miles an hour.

As a matter of fact, Jack and Jill, if they came in an automobile, probably sped along at about the rate they now are going.

But, of course, they don't know it. They think they are going at a speed that would make Lindbergh want to climb off.

The car turns a corner—a "bank," as it is called in the business. Jack sits as steady and as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, while Jill is catapulted toward his protective masculine arms. Jill gives a scream and, in spite of all she can do, lands in his arms.

That is the reason that Jill, on the loading platform, was allowed to get into the car first. The banks are so placed that the man will sit firm and solid while the girl will be thrown into his arms whether she wants to or not.

Statisticians do not agree as to the percentage of those who want to be. Some say it is 90 per cent and some say 91¾ per cent.

The girl squeals; the boy assures her there is no danger, and that, no matter how terrible the danger is, he will protect her from it.

The ride seems to last about five minutes. In reality, it takes one minute and fifty seconds. But it has enough thrills to make five minutes seem a conservative estimate.

The car comes to the end of the ride.

"Want to go around again?" asks the platform man.

Jill thinks of the terrible danger—the car might have gone off the track; she might have been flung headlong from the highest point; she might have been ground to mincemeat in the flying machinery; she might have been flung into Kingdom Come on one of the banks—and then says, "Yes, one more, please."

That, in the profession, is called a "repeat." And the business depends on Jill for repeats.

Speed, thrills, going lickety-split—that is what the public wants. The world moves faster than it used to. What, ten years ago, would have been considered speed, is now considered an outing for grandmother.

Cars run faster, trains run faster, roller-coasters run faster, amusement devices are speeded up.

AND then one day a concessionaire rented a space of land and got his plans approved by the Safety Code Committee. Trucks began to appear with lumber.

"What are you making?" some one asked him.

"A coal mine," he answered.

They looked at him in astonishment, especially when he told them that he was going to have small cars drawn by burros through the ground.

Then they proceeded to give him good advice: America had long ago passed such a slow device.

He reminded them that at Luna Park, Coney Island, there was a coal mine with burros drawing coal cars; but they told him that it had been there for some time and was part of the whole scheme, and that it went in on a combination ticket. They warned him that if he went out and set up an independent coal mine they would have to get up a shower for him.

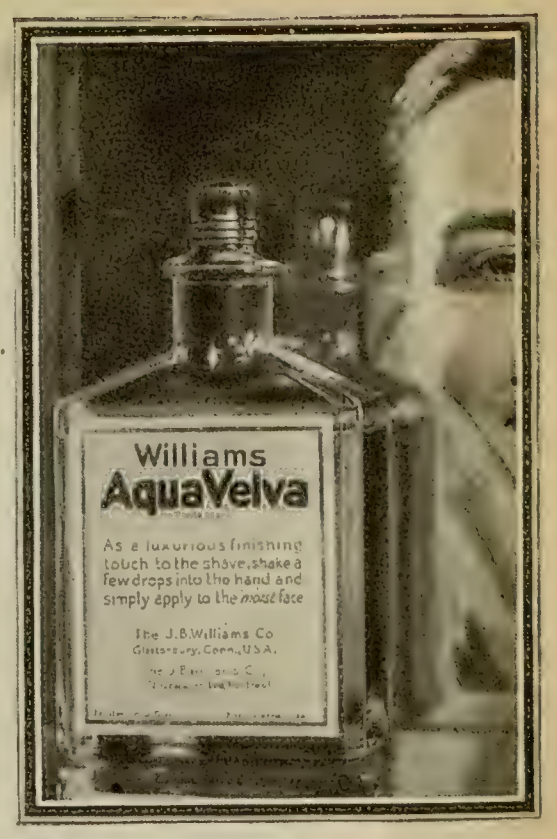
But he went ahead and put in his dark tunnels and dummy men in low lights picking out coal, and made a barrel of money.

The people who had given him the good advice had overlooked something—our friends Jack and Jill. The public at large might want speed, but to a lot of people in the world the shortest way home is the longest way round.

Jack and Jill, sitting in the rude little coal car, didn't care how the burro poked along. They had plenty of things to talk about, and there flitted back and forth across their lips a word that rhymes with dove, and which isn't shove.

In the profession these attractions are called "hand-holders." They get the Jack-and-Jill business, and the Jack-and-Jill business is the most profitable one in an amusement park.

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]



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GIVE your face the best possible care, a daily treatment with Aqua Velva after every shave. You'll look better, you'll feel better.

At the first touch of Aqua Velva's cool, sparkling drops, you can feel your skin wake up with new life. Any little nicks of the razor, seen or unseen, are quickly soothed, sterilized for easy healing.

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Aqua Velva is the scientific result of 87 years' study of what the skin requires to keep it in perfect condition. Its daily use is the finest possible protection against irritations caused by wind, sun and weather.

Large 5-ounce bottles, 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

Made by the Makers of Williams Shaving Cream

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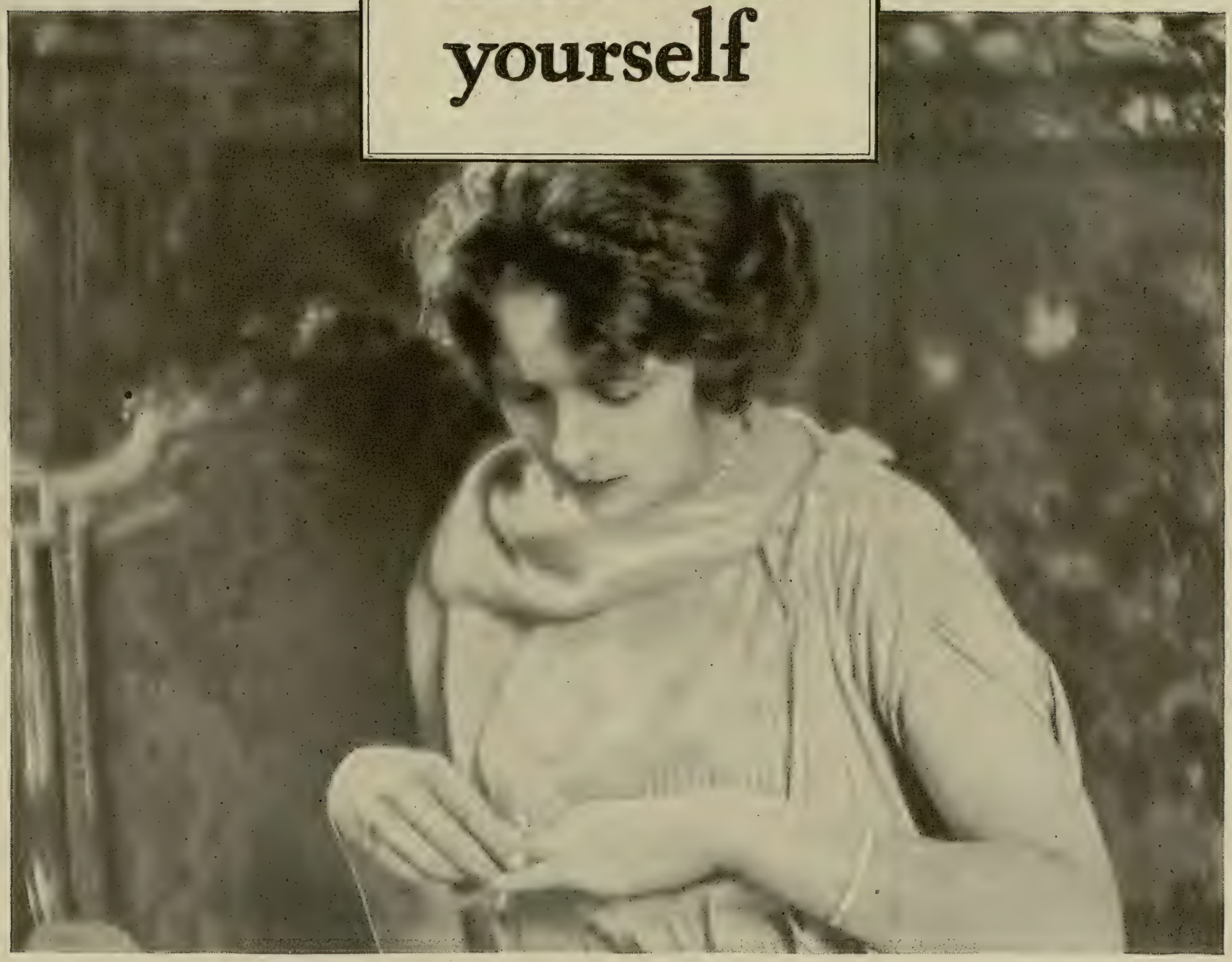
FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

FREE Trial Size. Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 68A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

don't fool yourself



Rings aren't binding

Nobody wants a life partner with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath). All too often, therefore, the ring is sent back, the engagement broken.

For nowadays halitosis is inexcusable — a deliberate offense. By simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, every trace of unpleasant odor is removed.

⅓ Had Halitosis

115 barbers say that about every third man that walks into the shop has halitosis. Who should know better than barbers?

Face to face evidence

Nice people—and successful people—take this precaution every day especially before meeting others. You owe it to yourself to do the same thing.

Why not put yourself on the safe and polite side? It's a good idea to keep a bottle handy in home and office for this purpose. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

IS THERE ANY?
What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25c for a large size tube?

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

But, of course, Jack and Jill—when they are riding through the dark tunnel and talking about relativity and Professor Millikan's theory of the cosmic ray—don't know this.

They just think they have found a wonderful, beautiful place, and let it go at that. They don't know that Psychology is sitting on the bust of Pallas above the chamber door and is softly sighing, "Evermore."

THE Whip is the most successful "round ride" ever put on the market. It came out in 1914 and has been going strong ever since. The royalties on it have totaled $300,000.

One of the devices was shipped to South Africa, and when it was set up and ready for business it had cost the owner $14,000. But it paid for itself in six weeks. Jack-and-Jill nature is the same the world around.

You've seen the Whip. It is a Jack-and-Jill invention. Jill gets in a car and sits on the left. Of course she doesn't notice it, but the starter notices it.

That's what he's there for, among other things.

Jack gets in and sits on her right, which puts him on the outside.

The minute the girl sits on the inside, Cupid's stock goes up 40 per cent.

The two start traveling quietly and pleasantly along, and then suddenly the car is whipped around a corner. Jack, on the outside, rides as steady as the Leviathan in dry dock, while poor, poor Jill is flung into his arms. It's simply terrible. It gets her all fussed up.

But she can't get out—the hateful platform man won't stop the car—and so she goes riding along, and shortly she is flung again into her escort's arms. And then she squeals, and the manager rubs his hands softly, and all three are happy.

One of the most popular riding devices at Luna Park is the Honeymoon Express. It is the lovers' special. The couples sit in cars; curtains hide them; and away they go.

Grandma doesn't think much of it. But Grandma doesn't repeat. If the managers had to depend on Grandma's riding the second time, the Salvation Army would have a flood of new cases on its hands.

Another popular device to be found at amusement parks is the Caterpillar. The people sit in seats in plain view of the public; the starter gives the signal; the switch is turned; and the whole thing begins to revolve.

The device wasn't much of a success at first; it was a Grandma ride. And then some genius came along and added the final touch. He arranged a canvas cover, so that when the device gets going good and fast the canvas rises slowly and covers the riders.

The canvas is painted to resemble a caterpillar. The cover stays up a few minutes, then comes down. Up and down it goes during the ride, and a pleasant time is had by all.

But the cover never stays up more than three minutes. All this is determined by the code to which all amusement parks subscribe.

All the world loves a lover—and especially does the amusement-park manager.

Every time he sees a pair of lovers come strolling in, he smiles as if he had just heard that the government had decided to return him something on his last income-tax payment. He knows that love carries an open pocketbook.

One of the things that Jack and Jill are going to head straight for is what is called in the profession a "walk-through" show. By this is meant the kind of show where a person starts in one place and keeps on walking till he comes out at another, such as the Mystic Maze, the Fun House, Over-the-Falls, and so on.

As Jack and Jill enter a walk-through, there is usually a dark tunnel—we already know what that is for—and then they come to the maze, the shaking platform, the air blast, or what not.

Jill steps on a platform. It begins to shake, and she has to seize Jack and hang on for dear life. She takes a few steps and the platform shakes in the opposite direction.

They see a seat and sit down, and the seat crumples under them, and Jack and Jill find themselves sitting on a strip of canvas that is shooting them downhill at a frightful pace, or so it seems.

Their feet are higher than their heads, and Jill makes a life-guard clutch at Jack, who is about as much use to her as a straw to a drowning man.

JACK and Jill start home. The day is done. The ice has been smashed to smithereens. Jill now has hold of Jack's arm and is looking up tenderly into his eyes.

Jack's pocketbook is empty, but his heart is full. Two hearts beat as one, and soon two incomes will beat as none.

"I had such a wonderful time," whispers Jill.

"Did you, darling?" whispers Jack as softly as a canary feather falling into a bowl of junket.

ALL the world loves a lover—and especially does the amusement-park manager.

LAST CHAPTER

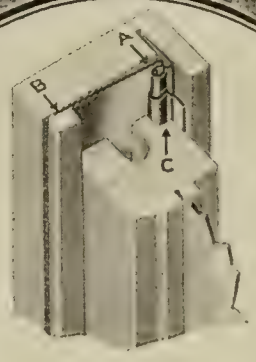
Here we leave them. They are engaged and, as they look deeply and longingly into each other's eyes, they think that it was ordained since the beginning of time.

It would be a shock to them to know that it happened only because the girl squealed.

THE END

The LANE Vatafend SYSTEM of MONARCH METAL WEATHERSTRIP

~Not an Expense but a dividend~ paying *Investment!*



The Famous *Two-member Self-adjusting* Principle

Automatically seals cracks between sash and frame. Windows can be opened and shut freely under all conditions.

One tube (a) on a floating seam which is fastened at (b) on the frame slides in a tube (c) which is fastened to the sash.

This exclusive patented *Two-member—Self-adjusting* Principle adjusts the floating seam to keep crack closed when wood shrinks or swells.

"Monarch *showed a fuel* Saving *of* $35.83 *the first year, which I consider a wonderful return on the investment"*

MR. OSCAR JENSEN, *Madison, Wisconsin.*

SUCH an experience is not unusual. Thousands of home-owners, builders, and architects have testified to actual savings of from one third to one half of their fuel bills *each year*, after installing Monarch.

Since Monarch is a lifetime investment — which pays for itself in from one to three years — it is not an expense, but an economy you cannot ignore. Its *guaranteed performance* record has been established in buildings of all types and sizes, from "the largest officebuilding in the world" to a three room home. Leading Architects specify Monarch because of this performance value.

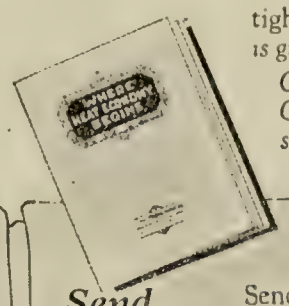
MONARCH METAL WEATHERSTRIP

in addition to the money-saving, gives you a clean, dry, warm home, forever free from soot, drafts, and leaky windows. Any wife and mother knows what this means to health, comfort and labor-saving.

Monarch efficiency is built into the product at the factory. The unique patented construction of the Two-member—Self-adjusting Principle permanently seals the window-cracks which admit the cold air that ordinarily wastes half your fuel. This principle has been proven, through tests, to be more than twice as efficient as any other weatherstrip principle. It will not wear, become loose or tight, or vary in the least from season to season. *Its performannce is guaranteed for the life of the building.*

Only licensed factory representatives sell and install Monarch. One is listed in your phone book under Monarch Metal Weatherstrip—call him and find out what Monarch can do for you, or

USE THIS COUPON NOW



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Poor Girl, *Rich Girl,* *Flapper and Vamp*

A Close-Up of Colleen Moore's Troubles and Triumphs

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Colleen Moore, the original screen flapper; "in person," and (right) as she appears in her latest film.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 4 seconds.)

COLLEEN MOORE recently was involved in a dispute with her boss, First National Pictures, over a million-dollar contract. So, Naughty but Nice, her latest film—and her last one made before abruptly quitting and as abruptly returning to her work—arrives at a timely moment.

Nine years ago Colleen was a minor player at the old Triangle-Fine Arts studio. She used to walk to work with Carmel Myers. Mildred Harris shared her little dressing-room and Bessie Love was one of her studio pals. Today Miss Moore earns $500,000 a year. The miracle is one of those quaint tricks of the movies.

Miss Moore, whose real name is Kathleen Morrison, was born at Port Huron, Michigan, twenty-five years ago. She went to school in Tampa, Florida, where she gained a local reputation at the age of ten with an impromptu neighborhood stock company. In fact, it was impossible to keep pins in any house in the district.

Colleen played everything, from heroines to villains, besides acting as prop boy.

Then the family moved to Chicago.

Miss Moore was briefly an extra at the old Essanay studio in Chicago. Then D. W. Griffith was introduced to Colleen—and, presto! she joined the famous company at Fine Arts, at that time numbering, besides the girls already enumerated, such now famous film folk as Constance Talmadge, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Richard Barthelmess.

Miss Moore's Triangle-Fine Arts début was in The Bad Boy, opposite ill-fated Bobby Harron. Colleen played the city vamp, while Mildred Harris was the simple country lass who won her hero. For this rôle she wore high heels for the first time in her life.

Colleen drifted along in pictures, attracting no particular attention. Once she played opposite John Barrymore in The Lotus-Eater. Later she joined First National, and in August, 1923, married John McCormick.

McCormick had been the company's press agent. Step by step, he had advanced to production manager.

Then Colleen appeared in Flaming Youth, the first of the flapper films. The picture was a box-office riot. Since that photoplay, Miss Moore has followed the flapper trail.

Once she stepped aside for an excellent characterization, that of *Salina,* the little vegetable gardener in Edna Ferber's So Big. That was a good piece of work, but, for the most part, Miss Moore's playing has seemed to me to be forced and calculated.

Neatly calculated, however, for her pictures, including Sally, Irene, Ella Cinders, and a dozen others, have been big hits. In fact, she has been rated as one of the half-dozen popular bets in pictures, being a particular small-town favorite.

Naturally, Husband John McCormick has received a lot of the credit for this success, but Miss Moore has worked hard at starring. Once she was badly hurt when she was thrown from a moving hand-car in a scene of a picture, but she returned to work after a few days in the hospital.

She has worked in and out of threatened nervous breakdowns. Once she took a "vacation" in England—and spent all her time making personal appearances at theaters and exhibitor gatherings. McCormick jockeyed his wife into the big celluloid salaries and manufactured her into a favorite after her first lucky break—in Flaming Youth.

The recent Colleen Moore difficulties at First National can be touched upon only briefly here. Watterson Rothacker was appointed studio head, overtopping the position held by McCormick. So McCormick and his wife quit work.

After a brief interval Colleen Moore resumed work for First National with McCormick as production manager for her pictures.

Naughty but Nice is pretty fair.

Berenice Summers comes to an Eastern finishing school. She is gangling, bespectacled, and drab, but she blossoms out into the school's orchid.

There are a lot of complications when *Berenice* says she is married to a stranger and then has to live up to the lie.

Just a manufactured story—with some lively bedroom comedy to give a slight kick to Will Hays' sheltered flocks. Naughty but Nice is not another Flaming Youth and it certainly is not another So Big.

Just one more word about Colleen: She has one blue eye and one brown one. Honest!

Do you know that—

With Lois Leeson, Jaime Martinez Del Rio, husband of Dolores Del Rio, has written a screen story for his wife? . . . It is called The Lady from Hell? . . . Gertrude Ederle has been signed to appear in Bebe Daniels' Catalina swim picture, Swim, Girl, Swim?

Paramount

the whole show!

Now, at all the best theatres, you see Paramount News, and Paramount *Short Features* as well as Paramount Feature Pictures — *two hours* of glorious entertainment — *all Paramount!*

Never before have Paramount fans had so much to look forward to! A *complete* Paramount program, and a bigger, better program of Paramount Pictures than ever before! 60 new features, with the greatest stars in the world! 20 long run specials—"Beau Geste", "The Rough Riders", "Metropolis", "Chang", "Underworld", "Beau Sabreur"—to name a few! Paramount News, "The Eyes of the World"! Paramount-Christie Comedies! Paramount Comedies starring Edward Everett Horton! Paramount Cartoons and Novelties!

Tell your Theatre Manager that you want to see Paramount Pictures —and you want them in the *whole show!* That's *two hours* of the best motion picture entertainment in the world. Paramount is the "whole show" in 1927-28! *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York

*Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp. Released by Paramount.

Bad Air Says
"NOW STAY OUT"

Frequency of Air Changes Necessary for Various Applications*

Offices	5 to 10 minutes
Toilets	3 to 5 minutes
Bakeries	3 minutes
Cabins	5 minutes
Tunnels	1 to 10 minutes
Projecting Booths	2 minutes
Laboratories	3 to 10 minutes
Conduits	1 to 10 minutes
Ship Holds	10 minutes
Kitchens (Home)	2 to 3 minutes
Laundries	5 minutes
Theatres	5 to 10 minutes
Assembly Halls	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
Machine Shops	15 minutes
Lodge Rooms	10 minutes
Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
Retail Stores	5 to 15 minutes

*This table based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

C O U P O N

AMERICAN BLOWER CO., DETROIT, MICH.
Send details relative to the application of American Blower Electric Ventilation to 8

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An angry feminine voice from Row H—"Will you *please* stop kicking my seat?" Subdued chuckles. A man coughs down in front. Twenty echoes reply. A shuffling of feet. A restless stir everywhere. Bad Air is at work.

A man here and a couple there rise in the darkness and stumble over their neighbors to the aisle. Angry mutterings. Bad Air pursues them as they saunter listlessly out. "Don't come back," is his parting admonition, "it's always the same."

Why submit tamely to this drain on your box office receipts when Bad Air can be corrected easily, quickly, economically? American Blower Electric Ventilation has cured the evil in hundreds of theatres and is today generally recognized as an essential part of good theatre equipment. It is applicable to the largest theatre or the small neighborhood house.

Ask your electrical dealer or heating and ventilating contractor—or mail the coupon below. A representative of one of America's largest and oldest manufacturers of ventilating equipment for 46 years will give you expert advice.

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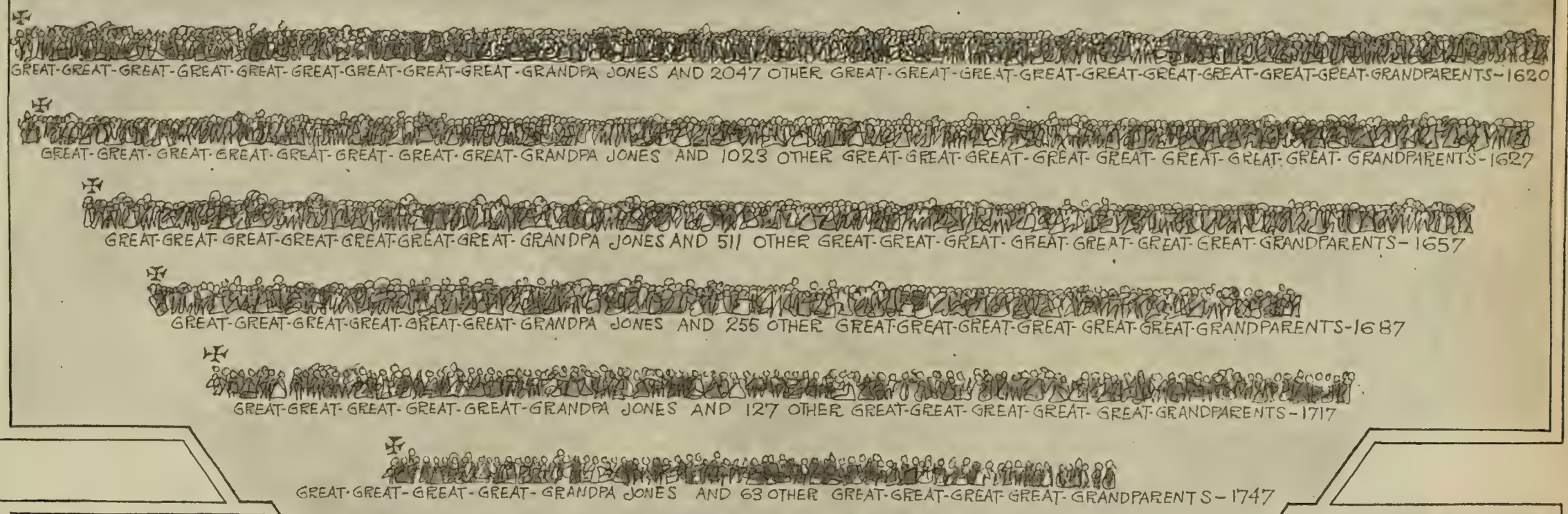
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

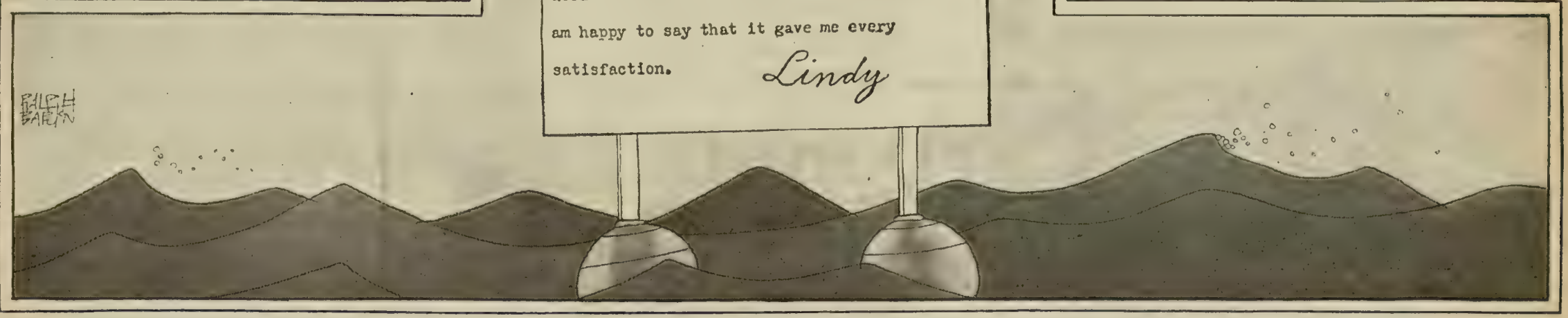
By RALPH BARTON



DIAGRAMMATICAL REPRESENTATION OF A FAMILY TREE, worked out to show the vast importance of such matters in our daily life. Granting that everybody has one father and one mother, and that every father and mother had each one father and one mother, *ad infinitum*, Mr. Jones of today, who boasts of his direct descent from a Mr. Jones who came over in the Mayflower, has 1–2048 of the Mayflower Jones' blood coursing proudly through his veins. (X marks the Mr. Jones in each generation in the above diagram.)

LATEST USES OF SNAKESKIN decreed by Fashion: Baby's teething-ring and rattle, dad's snake-bite cure, and grandfather's mustache cup.

LASKY STUDIOS lead in move to cut salaries, and many baby stars are forced to enter the get-rich-quicker, marriage-divorce-and-alimony industry.



COMBINED SHIPPING, FISHING, AND BATHING-BEACH industries adopt the latest mode of advertising.

BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES ARE GOOD *and* GOOD *for* YOU

BECAUSE

1. *"They are Pure, Wholesome and Delicious"*
2. *"They Have a Distinct Dietetic Value"*
3. *"They Quench Thirst and Restore Energy"*

Say Winners of Big $2,000 Essay Contest

MRS. GUARNER GRAY JONES
1722 Greenup Street, Covington, Ky.

Winner of Second Prize

$500

MRS. ELEANOR H. HILL
3135 Hazel St., Erie, Pa.

Wins First Prize of

$1,000

MRS. H. C. CREWS
804 First Ave., S. W., Moultrie, Ga.

Winner of Third Prize

$125

OUTSTANDING as a result of the Nation-wide Essay Contest on the subject, "Why Bottled Carbonated Beverages are Good and Good for You," was its revelation of the widespread interest in these wholesome, delicious drinks. Also the intimate knowledge of the thousands of contestants concerning the modern, sanitary methods of producing these taste-tempting, health-helping beverages.

All the essays submitted in this contest for $2,000 in cash prizes, sponsored by the American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, the national trade association of the industry, showed that the writers had given considerable study to the subject.

Essays were received from every State in the Union, from Canada and other countries—thousands of them. All were given careful consideration in connection with the rules for the contest which were published in Liberty for last April 16th.

The judges—Dr. Royal S. Copeland, U. S. Senator from New York; Dr. W. W. Skinner, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and Mr. A. H. Kirchhofer, former president of the National Press Club, Washington, D. C., award

FIRST PRIZE, $1,000 in cash to Mrs. Eleanor H. Hill, 3135 Hazel St., Erie, Pa., for her exceptionally well constructed and informative essay.

SECOND PRIZE, $500 in cash, to Mrs. Guarner Gray Jones, 1722 Greenup St., Covington, Ky.

THIRD PRIZE, $125 in cash, to Mrs. H. C. Crews, 804 First Ave., S. W., Moultrie, Ga.

Mrs. Hill, who was awarded first prize, wrote in part:

"No food product is more carefully prepared, nor more closely inspected. And, as a final precaution, the process of carbonation—charging the drink with health protecting carbonic gas—destroys lurking germs, and makes these delicious drinks doubly pure."

Mrs. Jones, second prize winner, offered seven vital reasons as to why bottled carbonated beverages "are good and good for you," stressing particularly their dietetic value and purity.

Mrs. Crews painted this attractive picture: "The tired housewife, exhausted from hours of daily duties, finds relief and buoyancy in a bottled drink. Lifting the lid of the ice box and uncapping the bottle is the only effort. This can be done in the midst of any task at as little cost as any home made drink, and it is much more satisfying."

Winners of the seven other major prizes are as follows:

FOURTH PRIZE, $75, Bernard Teran, 105 Sixteenth St., Fall River, Mass.; **FIFTH PRIZE, $50,** Marad Serriov, P. O. Box 766, Palo Alto, Calif.; **SIXTH PRIZE, $40,** Mrs. Frank J. Ryan, 749 S. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.; **SEVENTH PRIZE, $35,** F. P. Rizeman, 2201 East 85th St., Cleveland, Ohio; **EIGHTH PRIZE, $30,** Miss Muriel Meigs, 1820 N. Sixth Ave., Birmingham, Ala.; **NINTH PRIZE, $25,** Alma Boucher, Apt. 25, The Pershing, 1120 15th Ave., Seattle, Wash.; **TENTH PRIZE, $20,** Lucile Hays, 2306 Keyes Ave., Madison, Wisc.

Winners of the twenty $5 prizes are as follows:

Mrs. Catherine Huffman, 3 Stuart Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Ernest W. Tyler, Station W J A X, Mun. Radio Station, Jacksonville, Fla.; Sol Katz, 260 Convent Ave., New York, N.Y.; Marcia C. Smith, Taylor, Nebraska; Miss Bessie Kellerman, 1200 Downing St., Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Ruby Short McKim, 4975 Northland Place, St. Louis, Mo.; William S. McLeod, 242 Olivia St., Derby, Conn.; Mrs. J. Van T. Bruorton, Elm St., Concord, Mass.; Mrs. June C. Griffin, 1102 Elmhurst Place, Dallas, Texas; James Woodberry Fitts, Box 121, Luray, S. C.; Mrs. Helen R. Kerswill, 1604 E. Michigan Ave., Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. E. R. Brown, P. O. Box 238, Goldsboro, N. C.; Mrs. Beatrice Thompson, 3908 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Virginia R. Grundy, P. O. Box 718, Meridian, Miss.; Miss E. M. Gardner, 2107 Highland Ave., Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. Vera Mae Bruegger, 137 West Cedar, Missoula, Mont.; Miss Nell E. Merrill, 2117 Commonwealth Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. R. C. Bowden, Eudora, Arkansas; Mr. D. B. Horton, Coyle, Okla.; Grace E. Bobenhouse, 219 E. 13th St. Court, Des Moines, Iowa.

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

The EYE of God

The Story of a Scoundrel and the Skeleton of a Girl's Past

By MEIGS O. FROST

(Reading time: 19 minutes.)

THAT job was done, James Dinklyn told himself. He leaned back comfortably in his swivel chair, as behind the retiring form of George Briggs, his lawyer, the opaque glass door closed. The door lettered with the sign, "Private." The door through which so many entered hopefully into the presence of the president of the Bank of Leeboro. The door through which they departed with such diverse emotions.

That job was done. Outside, Leeboro continued to drowse in its perpetual bath of soft and golden Louisiana sunshine, sleeping within the curve of the great green-sodded rampart of the Mississippi River levee, as a child drowses with occasional tiny stirrings within the curve of a mother's arm.

But James Dinklyn didn't drowse. That was a habit the president of the Bank of Leeboro had never allowed himself to acquire.

Pictures by DALTON STEVENS

That job was done, he told himself again. In his privacy, he even chuckled a little. He looked back to his earlier qualms and misgivings with humorous tolerance.

Two hundred thousand dollars! Just the same as if the sacked coins, the sheaves of greenbacks, were in his own vaults.

CLAY had some corn liquor aboard. Smashed into another car, on one of those sharp turns where the levee bends.

For George Briggs had come pussyfooting in to report an elaborately casual chat with Judge Hatch of the District Court.

"The old woman [thus disrespectfully Briggs designated the occupant of the Bench before which he practised] doesn't find a flaw in the girl's papers," the lawyer reported. "The law is clear. He'll open the succession, and she'll get the money as a matter of form."

Even in the privacy of the private office, Briggs had almost whispered. And, as he rose to go, he had winked. James Dinklyn had not returned the wink. He stooped to nothing like that. The only emotion he ever showed was a buttery suavity and a hint of tears in his voice that made you think he was heartbroken when he foreclosed a mortgage or called a loan—or refused one.

He sat now, alone, leaning back in that swivel chair, fat elbows on its arms, fat fingers, spread wide, joined tip to tip before him. His head sank forward a little. The lids drooped half-way over his eyes. Step by step he went over this business of Grady Walker's es-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

THE ALL-AMERICAN SIX

Oakland Landau Sedan, Body by Fisher

Two Value Leaders

Not for years has automotive America been so deeply stirred. Here, there, everywhere—everyone is talking. About the Oakland All-American Six. About its famous companion car, the Pontiac Six, now offered at surprising price reductions!

Not a month has passed since this new All-American Oakland flashed into the field. Its truly American beauty has captured every eye. Its stamina has displayed itself on every type of American road. Its comfort, luxury and distinction have created new American standards. And everyone is saying, "That's the car!"

American beauty? Truly! Beauty revealed in longer, lower, more arresting lines and striking Duco colors. Beauty emphasized by higher radiator, smaller wheels and sweeping full-crown fenders. Beauty expressed in the best American tradition—and with a mastery which lends new luster to that famous emblem, *Body by Fisher*.

American stamina? No doubt! An engine of 212 cubic inches displacement. The largest used in a six of Oakland's price—an engine which left the General Motors Proving Ground with a golden reputation. This, plus a more rugged chassis and notable new features of design, gives power, smoothness, snap and silence hitherto undreamed-of.

An All-American car for all America! Bigger, better, brilliantly beautiful—offered at new low prices—and meeting every American demand for reliability, style and performance.

An impressive car, beyond all doubt! A notable value, too! A value no less outstanding in its

2-DOOR SEDAN

$1045

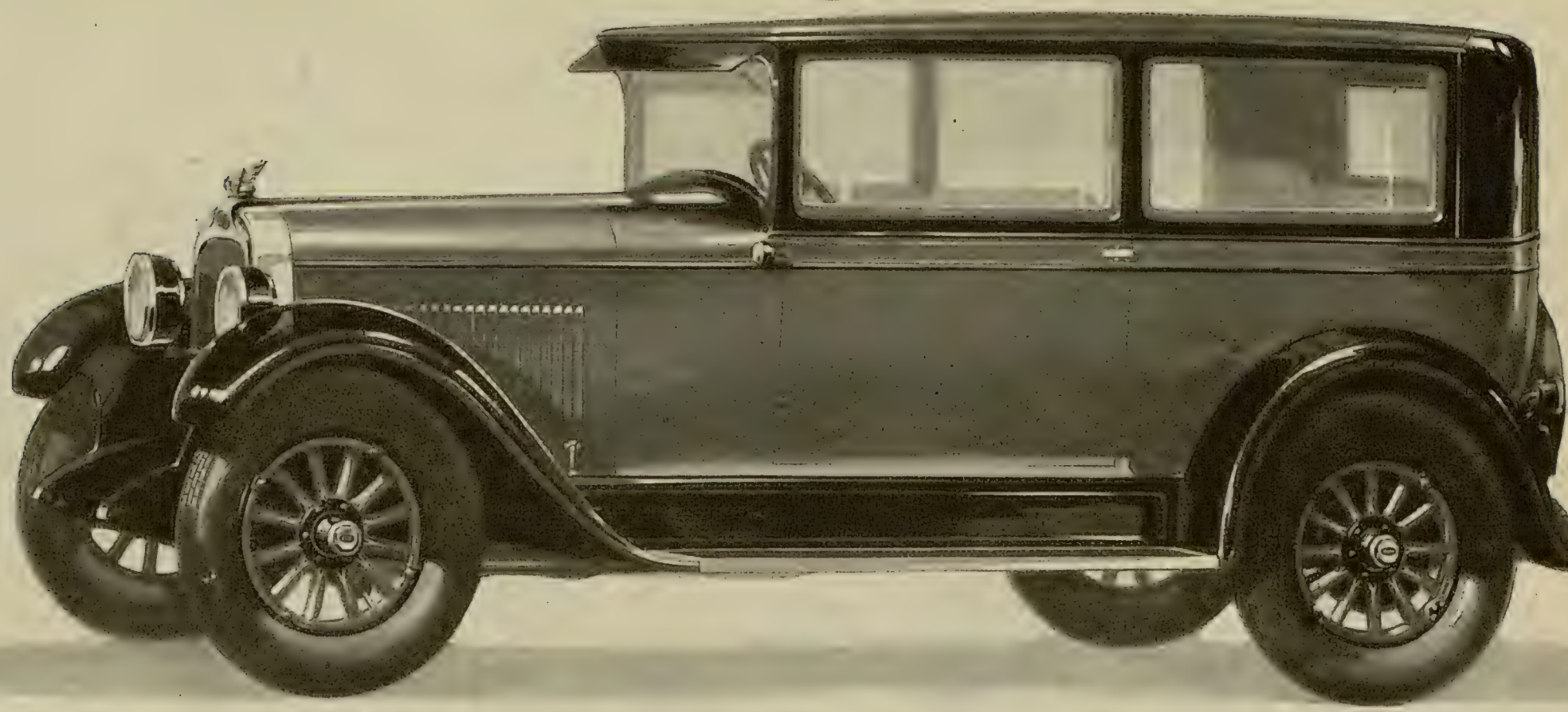
Landau Coupe	$1045	4-Door Sedan	$1145
Sport Roadster	$1075	Cabriolet	$1145
Landau Sedan	$1265		

All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

CHIEF OF THE SIXES



Pontiac Two-Door Sedan, Body by Fisher

New Low Prices!

field than that which made the Pontiac Six the most successful car of its type ever introduced.

And the Pontiac Six has won that success because it brought into the field of low-priced sixes, elements of beauty, endurance and comfort never before available at the price.

The Pontiac Six is the lowest priced six offering Bodies by Fisher.

The Pontiac Six is the lowest priced six combining the Fisher advantages in body styling and construction with those elements of staunchness which have won the Pontiac Six international renown.

The Pontiac Six is the lowest priced six which brings to buyers the protection of three years proving ground development, plus the assurance of millions of miles of supremely satisfactory service in the hands of almost 150,000 owners—

—a satisfaction based on such features as the largest engine used in any low-priced six, an oiling system which forces oil through the engine at the rate of 250 gallons per hour at 35 m.p.h. and numerous unusual convenience features.

Here truly are two value leaders—differing in size and detailed luxury—but one in fundamental goodness. Here truly is a range of models satisfying every motoring preference! See them at the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer—learn the significance of the new low prices—enjoy the revelation of a ride!

2-DOOR SEDAN

$745

Coupe	$745	Sport Cabriolet	$795
Sport Roadster	$745	Landau Sedan	$845
De Luxe Landau Sedan	$925		

Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC

ES

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"Hay Fever Vacation, Eh!"

{'Bosses, being human, don't talk to *you the way they talk* about *you.}*

DOES this business come to a dead stop, just because it's hay fever season?

Then what about Jackson? I don't want to seem brutal. I'm *not* brutal. But how does he get that way?

I know he's a wonder .... for ten months a year. Then count him out for eight weeks. After all, good as he is, he just about averages up to Smith or Peters. They're on the job *every* month.

What happens when he's away? Things go right on, don't they? Somehow we manage to wiggle along without him. Maybe we could keep on wiggling!

I know he suffers with his hay fever—*really suffers!* I know it's no joke. But by the Great Horn Spoon, this business isn't any joke either.

What does Jack do to *try* to keep himself on the job? *Run away.*

Here....I just saw this. It's guaranteed to stop hay fever .... *stop* it .... dry it up .... *guaranteed.*

All right. The least he can do is *try* it.

I've got a sneakin' idea he looks on that beak of his as a vacation passport! Let's find out.

I'll bet if we put it up to him *this* way we'll find out at least that he cares about his *job!*

Well That's The Way
It's Put Up To You—NOW!

Why don't you beat the gun? Send the coupon. We don't guarantee Rinex to hold in check *every* case of hay fever. All we say is, *Try it. If it doesn't work for you it costs you nothing.*

The boss *may* be talking about you this minute.

If you're in the middle of a hay fever puddle right now—don't bother with coupons, but go to your nearest druggist. If he's alive he will have Rinex. But if he's in the backwoods or mayhap a fossil he may be out of stock, in which case simply send your dollar direct to us. We will mail you, in plain wrapper, SPECIAL DELIVERY, a full size bottle of Rinex on this basis: Give it what you consider a fair trial—then if it doesn't help you, return the bottle with the unused Rinex and we will return you *all* your dollar. You *can't lose* on that basis, and what you probably will gain is of immeasurable value in good feeling and efficiency.

A Word To The Wives
Is Sufficient

Husbands, sons, brothers and fiances are too apt to accept hay fever complacently. Maybe it's male conceit, for surely no woman will let hay fever affect her man's business success. If he persists in his masculine stubbornness, get Rinex for him yourself and see that he takes the first dose. He will keep on, *gladly.*

* * * *

All sorts of sniffles—weepy eyes and inflamed nostrils, mild catarrh, chronic catarrh, head colds, ***rose fever, rose colds, summer colds, hay fever, hay asthma****—respond magically to Rinex. Try it! Sure, safe, easy to take—not habit-forming. No bad after effects.*

DR. PLATTS
Rinex
PRESCRIPTION

Snuffs out Sniffles *Helps Hay Fever*

At Druggists

The Clinical Laboratories Co.,
1200 West 9th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

I want to try Rinex on my hay fever, so send me (in plain wrapper) your three-dose free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[Your druggist sells the full-size $1.00 package of Rinex on a guarantee to refund your money if you are not pleased. He also stocks the $5.00 family package, which will snuff out the hay fever sniffles of a good size family over many months.]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

tate. There had been no misstep from the start, he told himself. There could not be. There must not be.

Yes, that job was done. The money was so nearly in his hands that he had ceased even to regret the rotten luck of that oil-land speculation that had made him, seeking desperately for desperate means to recoup before discovery, take the first step of his life that was not legally safe. Folks could say what they wanted to about him, he had always held in self-justification—always he had been within the law.

The fabric of the cloak of the law might have been badly stretched, now and then, to cover his operations. But always it had proved elastic enough.

THIS time? His second step outside the law—to be his last. Who could go behind that marriage certificate and birth certificate from the little country town 'way up amid the California redwoods? Bought and paid for. The needy official who had issued them would send himself to the penitentiary if ever he said a word about it to a living soul. And the girl herself. She was a marvel!

How the devil a chorus girl who could stage an act like that—pass for an innocent country child of sixteen—could be bought body and soul for twenty-five thousand dollars—well, that was his luck, plus George Briggs' shrewd connection with that sharp and crooked New York lawyer who delivered the goods, no matter what they might be, as long as he got his price in advance. A fine package of goods he had delivered this time. Dinklyn permitted himself another chuckle.

What fools some folks were! They didn't keep, card-indexed in their minds, little facts that might some day have enormous value. Like that two-year period, sixteen years ago, when Grady Walker had vanished from Leeboro after a youthful career of corn liquor and back-room poker and general hell-raising. Two years in which all that Leeboro knew was vaguely that he had gone West somewhere.

Then Grady Walker had returned. Close-mouthed and saturnine as ever. Presently he had buried his father, who left behind nothing but debts, a house mortgaged for all it would carry, and Grady's sister, Nan Walker, twenty years younger than Grady, the child of Morton Walker's old age. The child whose mother had died when she was born.

Curious, how some obscure and hitherto hidden trading instinct seemed to have awakened within Grady Walker after his father's death. When he bought he seemed always to buy at the bottom of the market. When he sold, the market seemed always at its top.

Then, with a little stake, he had gone up over the Arkansas line in the early days of the Smackover oil boom. As a lease-hound he had been shot with luck. And he came home before they took it away from him. Came home to pay his father's debts and take the mortgage off the Walker home, and trade in everything from cotton and cane and corn to horses and hogs and cattle and mortgages. Many a financial piece of fat meat that James Dinklyn had marked for his own had found its way into Grady Walker's hands—and had been banked at Dinklyn's bank!

But now he was dead, stricken

SHE was a marvel—a chorus girl who could stage an act like that!

down by that sudden attack of pneumonia. Dead, without even leaving a will behind him. Dead, with an estate of more than a quarter of a million. And they all thought that Nan Walker was going to inherit her brother's property. Wasn't she his sister? The only surviving kin? Who else could have any rights, save a widow or child? And didn't all Leeboro know that Grady Walker was a confirmed bachelor?

IT had been only the first day after Grady Walker's death that a thought had come to James Dinklyn. A worried James Dinklyn, with the results of his only rash speculation—his first crooked step—looming in the offing.

He had played with that thought, casually, for a day or two. Then it began to fascinate him. And then he had summoned George Briggs. There was little need of reticence between those two. And Briggs had departed "on a law case in St. Louis," Leeboro heard, on the very day when Dinklyn had called on bewildered little Nan Walker and lent a generous advance on her inheritance "until things got straightened out." He had thought that a master stroke.

Thereafter, while the red tape of the law of inheritance unrolled slowly toward the opening of the succession, other matters had moved far more swiftly.

Again Dinklyn chuckled as he recalled the day when the pretty, simply clad, blonde and blue-eyed girl had stepped from the train at the little Leeboro wooden depot and asked to be taken to the home of a minister—any minister. That, too, he told himself, was a splendid touch. And the tale she had presently told to the sympathetic ear of the venerable, white-haired Parson Giddings—the tale all Leeboro presently knew.

And the Rev. Dr. Giddings, when she had suggested that maybe, though she didn't know much about these things, she might need a lawyer, had of course sent her to George Briggs as the leading lawyer of the little town—George Briggs, who, despite his polished pomposity, for years had been Dinklyn's jackal.

HE ought to write fiction, Dinklyn told himself jocularly, as he thought back to that story the girl, who said her name was Leona Walker, had told. It beat many a fiction yarn these writing fellows did.

Grady Walker, it seemed, had married during those two years in the West. Married, but quarreled so bitterly that he had deserted his wife when he came back home to Leeboro. And she in turn was so bitter that she had never even told him of the birth of their daughter, born long months after he had left her; a daughter whose very existence he had never suspected.

She had not known that he had grown rich. But in the days of his last illness, before influenza grew into pneumonia, it seemed that Grady had relented. He had written his wife, not knowing that she had died in that obscure little town in northern California. And her daughter had got the letter. She had taken the first train to Leeboro.

The letter had been easy. Grady Walker's signature card was on file at the bank. George Briggs had attended to all that and to the three certificates, too: the marriage and death certificates of the mother; the birth certificate of the daughter. It had cost money. But they could have the small change of that quarter million and more, Dinklyn chuckled. There would be two hundred thousand left for him when it was over. And not a single comeback.

"If the baby broad tries to make a peep, I can put her in Sing Sing for life," the New York lawyer had assured George Briggs. Smart man, that lawyer. But not half smart enough, Dinklyn reflected. He had done for twenty-five thousand dollars what he would have charged a hundred thousand for if he had known the size of the stake.

Smoothly handled, the whole business.

Dinklyn rose and stretched. Must be getting along toward closing time.

A clerk knocked at the door.

"Dr. Tarleton wants to see you, Mr. Dinklyn," he said.

"Tell him to come in," said Dinklyn.

A moment later his flabby, buttery handshake had answered the grip of the young man who stood before him.

"Hello, John," said the banker. "Sit down. Come to take up another of those notes, I hope. Last one's some days overdue."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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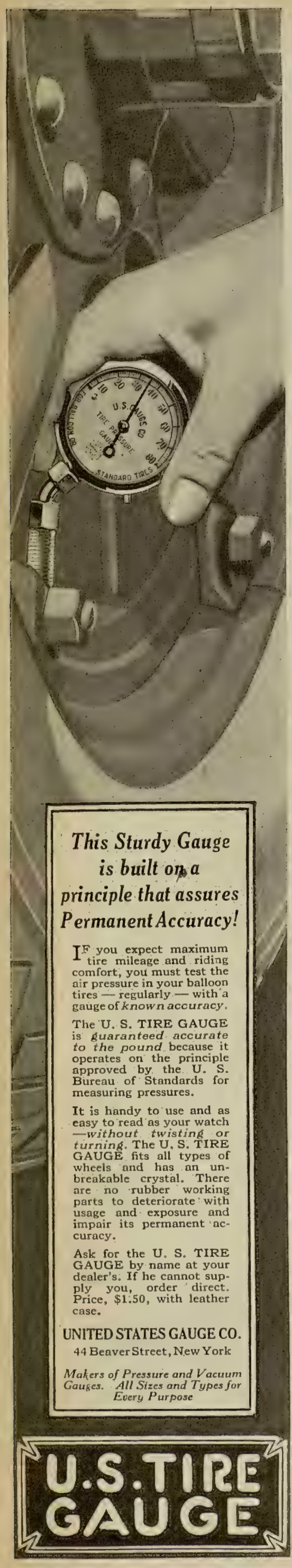

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[THE EYE OF GOD
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

Young Dr. John Tarleton sat down. He *had* come to take up one of his notes. He was straining himself until his meager income cracked, to meet them. For those notes had supplemented a small and unexpected inheritance to purchase the X-ray outfit that was his pride. Not merely the only X-ray equipment in Leeboro—the only one for miles around.

Fifty-two hundred dollars it had cost him. He held it money well spent. For he had seen the marvels of diagnosis it had wrought while he was a medical student down at Tulane University in New Orleans; at Touro Infirmary there, during his interneship. His patients needed it. Already it had proved its value scores of times.

"Yes, I'm taking up that note," he said. "But I dropped in to see you about something else, too."

The automatic smile on Dinklyn's face at the news that here was paper turned into cash, continued as he seated himself with a cordial, "Go ahead, John."

A GOOD youngster, this young doctor, but with limitations, he thought. A dreamer. A touch of the impractical about him.

Had there not been the old Tarleton homestead to stand as actual security for that loan, he doubted if he would have given it. Fifty-two hundred dollars for a damned newfangled whim of a young doctor. And the way the youngster had talked about it to him, presenting his case when he sought the loan:

"Why, it's like the Eye of God looking down inside of people and showing what's wrong with them!"

Actually he had said that, talkink to a banker, asking for a loan! James Dinklyn smothered a chuckle now, as he recalled it. But what was that the youngster was saying?

"I came to see you about old Miss Angèle Bergeron. She's getting pretty old, Mr. Dinklyn. Been my patient for two years now. I knew something was worrying her, but I didn't know what. She's been living in deadly fear of that mortgage you hold. Told me today you had notified her you were going to foreclose.

"See here, isn't there any way you can hold off? The old lady hasn't much longer to live, under the best circumstances. If she has to leave the old Bergeron place, I give you my professional word it will shorten her life. These old French families get their roots mighty deep in the soil, Mr. Dinklyn. Uproot them at her age, and they don't survive long."

"My dear boy"—there was a slightly acid tinge to Dinklyn's buttery suavity—"however much I may be tempted, I shall refrain from comment on the propriety of outsiders intruding into the affairs of the bank. But I shall ask you to get your facts straight.

"You speak of the mortgage *I* hold. You speak of *me* foreclosing. Of *my* notifying Miss Bergeron. May I point out—since you seem unversed in the A-B-C of banking organizations—that I am merely the president of this bank? That I have a board of directors? That I take orders from them? Personally, I am only one voice and one vote in the affairs of the bank.

"But I will tell you what I will do. I will be glad, unprecedented as the case is, to take up the matter with my board. And I am glad you are able to take up that note of yours today. Mr. Timpson will take care of that detail for you in the outside office. Glad to have seen you, John. Good day."

It was dismissal. Absolute, of course. Young Dr. Tarleton cursed softly to himself as he walked into the outer office, made a deposit, wrote a check, and took up his note.

One voice and one vote! All Leeboro knew how much that voice and vote counted in the affairs of the Bank of Leeboro. That dummy board of directors! His indignation seethed as he drove his rattling coupé home to dinner.

There his young wife met him with news.

"Poor little Nan Walker is going to get something out of the wreckage, anyhow," said Alice Tarleton. "Her engagement is just announced. Yes, Russell Clark. He has adored her ever since they were kids. But he felt that a penniless lawyer just out of law school had no right to try to marry the girl who was going to inherit all Grady Walker's money. And now that she's lost it, he walked right up and proposed. They're going to be married right away. I've just spent twelve dollars on a half dozen white Wedgwood service plates for a wedding present. I wish we could give them a check for a thousand dollars instead."

"I wish we could," said young Dr. Tarleton soberly. "And another thousand to old Miss Angèle. Being a poor country doctor is just plain hell, sometimes, Alice."

"It has its compensations, my dearest." She laughed gaily. He needed cheering up, she saw. "For example: I've got the country doctor, and he has me, and we both have the finest dinner tonight you ever tasted. Aunt Pearl has made a shortcake."

SO they sat down to a dinner that black Aunt Pearl's shortcake crowned with glory, and he told her about his call on Dinklyn on behalf of Miss Angèle. Of the buttery way he had been eased out of the office.

Alice Dabney Tarleton had, with her beauty, the noble temper of the Dabneys. She raged.

"That pompous old hypocrite! That fatheaded stuffed sausage! I'd like to tell him what he is, right square to his face! The vaselined old sacred cow! The cheap glory-grabber! I'll bet, if he does make it easier for old Miss Angèle, there'll be a piece in the Leeboro *Gazette*, calling him a prominent capitalist and a noble-hearted philanthropist! Remember, when you borrowed that money to buy your X-ray outfit, how he hinted around to you hoping you'd call it the Dinklyn Clinic?"

Yes, young Dr. Tarleton remembered.

"I wish there was some way of handling him. He's everything you called him, and more. But I guess it's hopeless," he said somberly.

It still looked hopeless as they went up to bed.

IT was in his private office next morning that the news hit James Dinklyn like a blow. Briggs was the bearer.

"The little she-devil broke her leg last night," he said, without preliminaries.

"How?" Dinklyn asked, leaning forward tensely in his swivel chair. His mind was aswirl with sudden suspicious thoughts. That girl had been under orders to remain quiet. To stay holed up at the home of Parson Giddings, whose wife had given her a room.

Leeboro had gossiped enough about the case. The quicker that case died down in public interest, the better.

"I went over to her room," said Briggs. "Took some flowers for an excuse. Got a few minutes with her alone. She's a little spitfire. Hard little devil behind that baby-face camouflage. Said she'd got sick of being the little Sunday-school girl around this lousy hick town. Hadn't had a drink or seen a show or stepped out for so long, she was going nutty, she said.

"Seems she was talking with Clay Treadwell down by his garage while she was taking a walk the other day, and he dated her up for a ride. She slipped out of the house after the Giddingses were asleep, and she and Clay went driving down the river road. Clay had some corn liquor aboard. Smashed into another car on one of those sharp turns where the levee bends. Clay's cut up a little from flying glass, and her right leg is broken."

"Who's taking care of her?"

"Young Dr. Tarleton," said Briggs. "He says it's a compound comminuted fracture. Lay her up for several weeks. Put her in temporary splints last night. Going to X-ray her this morning so he can set it right and put on a plaster cast. Says it's a bad fracture."

"Uh, huh," grunted Dinklyn. "Busy now."

Briggs departed. Dinklyn sat silent, alone, thinking hard. He was a little at a loss, when he came to analyze it, at the sudden surge of cold fear that flooded over him.

All his life he had lived behind the Mississippi River levee. Curiously, now, in his mind's eye he saw that levee; with the river, high with swollen, muddy water, racing past. He knew how the river in floodtime clawed and clutched at the sodden rampart of the levee with fingers searching—searching. And how, when those fingers of chill water found one crack, one burrowed crayfish hole, they dug and dug until sometimes they dug far enough—and the

crevasse came crashing through with ruin in its train.

He shook his head angrily. This was childish. How the devil could even the little crook, breaking her leg, really hurt the case, after all? But that strange cold fear stayed with him throughout the morning. Stayed with him throughout the heavy luncheon with which he gorged himself at home that noon. Stayed with him as he drove back to the bank. Stood beside him like an accusing ghost as he resumed his seat behind his desk.

IT was there still, that fear, when in mid-afternoon the clerk knocked and entered with the news that Dr. John Tarleton was outside and wished to see him.

What the devil did the young fool want, Dinklyn asked himself testily. His first impulse was to say he was busy. But then, he thought, the young doctor might have some news of the girl's condition that would come out in the course of whatever he had to say.

"Send him in," he said bruskly.

There was something curiously disconcerting in the level gaze the young doctor turned upon the fat banker, as he took a seat. Dinklyn sensed it. Foolishness, he told himself. He essayed a heavy humor.

"Made a sudden clean-up and come to pay some more of those notes on that Eye-of-God machine of yours?" he laughed.

"No," said Dr. Tarleton slowly. "No, Dinklyn. I came to see you again about Miss Angèle Bergeron. I think I didn't make it quite clear to you yesterday how important it is not to foreclose that mortgage and put her off the old place."

So that was it. A sudden surge of relief swept through Dinklyn's whole being. He felt relaxed and happy. The damned young fool! Trying to argue with him! And calling him "Dinklyn"! Where had that "Mister" vanished to since yesterday?

"I said my last word on that matter yesterday," he said. Evidently the young fool needed a lesson. So Dinklyn went on: "I'm not accustomed to interference in my affairs or the affairs of this bank. Nor am I accustomed to being addressed as 'Dinklyn' by younger men. I have nothing more to say to you this morning, Tarleton."

Young Dr. Tarleton's eyes still held level with his own. Young Dr. Tarleton's face still was sober, unchanged. Young Dr. Tarleton's voice still was even. He showed no deference. He made no move toward apology.

"You may not now be accustomed to being addressed as 'Dinklyn'"—he stressed the word with infinite scorn—"but I believe the time is coming soon when you are going to be grateful to any decent man who addresses you at all, if he doesn't curse you," he said.

"What!"

Dinklyn rose up out of his swivel chair. His fat fist thudded on the top of his desk.

"Get out of here before I have you put out, you impudent young puppy!" he roared.

Dr. Tarleton did not move from his chair.

"Sit down before I put you in the penitentiary where you belong," he said quietly. "Personally, I think I'm a damned fool that I didn't have you arrested without even bothering to come to see you."

James Dinklyn sat down.

The even, quiet voice went on, infinite loathing in its tones:

"I have the signed confession of that girl you brought to Leeboro as Grady Walker's daughter. You made a bad mistake, Dinklyn. You brought her here as a girl of sixteen. Actually she is between eighteen and nineteen. I learned this morning that her birth certificate is a forgery, before she confessed the whole affair, and I learned that her 'mother's'"—the voice took on an even keener edge of scorn and loathing—"marriage and death certificates are forgeries, too.

"I may be compounding a felony by not turning you over to the sheriff. But here is what you are going to do:

"I want Miss Angèle Bergeron's mortgage turned over to me, now. There are some half-dozen other affairs of that sort I want remedied the same way. Now."

He named them.

There was that in his voice which forbade argument; which drove conviction home that this man was talking of what he knew.

Dinklyn's lips suddenly were loose and wavering. His breath was coming stertorously. He fought for control.

"Do you mind telling me what's at the bottom of these astounding statements?" he gasped.

"Not at all," said the voice, even, incisive. "You financed it yourself. You called it my Eye-of-God machine a moment ago. You thought it a good joke, didn't you? You told more truth than you knew.

"Listen, Dinklyn. Up to the age of twenty-one, the X-ray can determine within six months the age of any one, with certain specific exceptions, which are not present in this case. If the technical details interest you"—young Dr. Tarleton smiled grimly—"at the ends of the long bones of the body, such as shin and thigh, forearm and upper arm, are small caps of bone that are separate from the long shaft of the bone at birth, and that gradually join with the shaft as the child grows older. Thousands of X-ray negatives have developed the fact that the size of the space between the caps and the shafts shows the age unfailingly within a leeway of six months.

"But we don't have to argue that out in court. The little impostor you brought to Leeboro confessed when I confronted her with the truth about her age. And I have that confession, signed and witnessed. Needless to say, she will withdraw her claim and leave town. Now—about those mortgages?"

"I have your promise not to make this public?" James Dinklyn's voice was high and shaking and strange to his own ears.

"I feel soiled to give it, but you have it—if that girl's claim is withdrawn, and those mortgages are in my pocket in five minutes."

In less than five minutes Dr. Tarleton was out on the sidewalk in the Louisiana sun, a sheaf of papers in the inside breast pocket of his coat—papers that had a definite face value in human happiness.

His heart was singing as he thought of old Miss Angèle, who would die in peace in the house of her fathers. Of those half-dozen other cases of human woe that now would vanish. Of little Nan Walker's joy at what she would be able to do to help her young husband. Of the light that would come into his wife's face when she learned of the outcome of that confession she and his nurse had witnessed.

Dear Alice—with her worry at the twelve-dollar wedding present that had been all they could afford. Such a sport!

"By George," he said to himself suddenly, "it's a quarter of a million dollars we're giving Nan for a wedding present, if she only knew it."

Alice was right. There *were* compensations in being a country doctor.

DINKLYN'S fat fist thudded on the desk. "Get out of here before I have you put out, you young puppy!" he roared.

BACK in his private office, James Dinklyn had slumped in his swivel chair.

Gone the relief at the sudden realization that Tarleton would not turn that confession over to the sheriff. For suddenly new realization had loomed—that only a little longer could be staved off the results of that oil-land speculation, now that the loot of Grady Walker's estate was wrested from his hands.

Only a little while before the bank examiners would know of the worthless paper in his bank vaults; paper that had supplanted the sound securities when, in a desperate effort to recoup, he had thrown good money after bad—good money not his own.

His thoughts were whirling. Strange pictures came before his eyes. The Mississippi River levee, with the cold, vicious fingers of the flooded river, searching, reaching, clawing a gateway for the crevasse that bore ruin in its train. And the crevasse had come crashing through.

Then the picture changed. The Eye of God. It seemed an actual eye, unrelenting, boring into his inmost soul. He shrank before it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wherever Summer touches pleasure—

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That's Ansco Speedex percentage — in any well handled camera. It fits the light, dull or bright. A size for every camera regardless of make.

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ANSCO

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BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Ansco Cameras — Cyko & Noko Paper — Ansco Speedex Film

[THE EYE OF GOD Continued from Page Thirty-five]

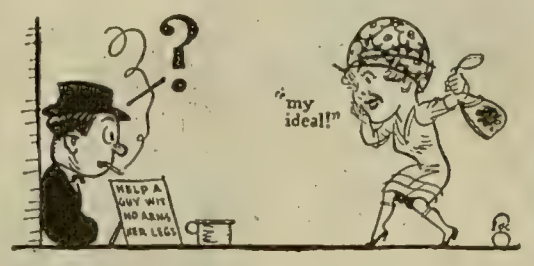
Slowly, hypnotically almost, as a man might advance his hand against his will toward the weaving head of a coiled and venomous snake, he opened the top drawer of his desk and reached for something that lay within.

From the outer office they came rushing in at the muffled sound of the shot.

THE END

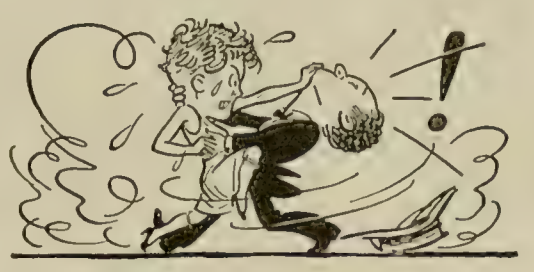
Gertie Is Done With the Maulers

By GORDON SEAGROVE



TAKE it from me, Pearl, that used to be trusting,
I'm done with the men—sick of 'em!—weary!—
Rich ones an' poor ones—so fresh it's disgusting!
Dogs!—Nothin' diff'rent. Why, honestly, dearie,
A girl's gotta be a kind of Houdini
To bust passion's bonds that's supposed to enthrall me.
Pearl, if you'd keep me from goin' plain beany,
Show me a guy that don't wanna maul me!

They ain't no more said "I'm happy to know you"
Than, woppo! — You're grabbed like they grab a piana!
If you think love is blind—sweet poppa!—they'll show you!
I'm 3 times as bruised as a sample banana.
They get the ideer that you're dyin' for neckin'.
Pardon my laugh—an' say, does it gall me?
You hear me? I'm through! But I'd waver, I reckon,
If I'd meet with a guy that don't wanna maul me!



I'm worn to a shadow from fightin' them cusses—
Beatin' off males that is wild and romantic,
Wardin' off eggs that woo on the busses.
Honestly, Pearl, it drives a girl frantic!
Ain't there no men with a spirit upliftin'?
Gentle and *backward?* If so, honey, call me.
Whither, I ask, is the male species driftin'?
Bring me a guy that don't wanna maul me!

Send now--for this--

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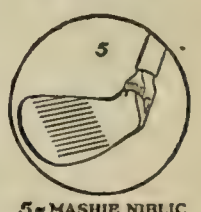

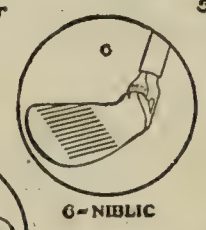

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"HE flew at full speed into a block of houses," was Richthofen's own account of his thirty-second victory.

The Red Knight of Germany

Picture by Clayton Knight

Richthofen Begins His "Bloody April"— A Survivor Tells How He Was Shot Down by the Great Ace, and the Baron Describes the Same Fight

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 20 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen's books with death balanced well in his favor at the close of March, 1917. He had killed thirty-three enemies, and wounded or captured thirteen more. An appalling but satisfying record for one man. But his carnage in the air had not yet reached its zenith. "Bloody April" was to follow.]

PART NINE

TO kill, to wound, or to capture an average of a man a day for a month is the unprecedented war record which young Von Richthofen wrote in blood during the thirty days of April, 1917.

It was the month America entered the war.

The appearance of this new and formidable ally in the ranks of Germany's foes added fresh fuel to the killer spirit that dominated the uhlan of the skies.

With renewed energy and determination, with increased ferocity and aggressiveness, he applied himself and his fighting pilots to the ambitious task of forcing a conclusion at arms before the weight of American force could be brought to the fighting lines.

At the head of his pursuit group, he coursed the skies daily in search of fresh adversaries. Plane after plane he shot down in flames, finding new and keener exultation in following his disabled prey to the ground.

He produced results and demanded increased production from the members of his unit. He kept careful books on their killings and became intolerant of those who lagged on the record. His own bag increased almost daily.

Individual, almost personal-contact killing on such a scale was beyond even the imagination of Prussia's ruthless war lords. It became the boast at German headquarters that Richthofen's appearance on any new sector was sufficient to cause extensive troop movements on the part of the enemy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Thirty-seven

The flying uhlan gloried in his success. On his closely cropped blond hair rested a grisly crown that distinguished him above all others as the foremost killer in the ranks of his militant people.

He made Bloody April a month of death and carnage in the air. In the number of casualties inflicted, the German air service at that period achieved the zenith of its power.

Reorganized under a general air commander, and greatly re-enforced, it was able to take from the Allies the aerial supremacy that the latter had achieved so decisively in 1916.

During the period from March 31 to May 11, 1917, the Germans claimed to have shot down four British planes for each German plane that was lost, and they placed the British losses at 120 planes as against thirty German planes.

It would seem that the Germans understated the losses of their enemies, because the records of the Royal Flying Corps show that during the month of April, 151 British planes were ominously missing.

German technical genius and industrial efficiency were responsible in no small degree for the April successes of her flying forces. They brought out their new spring model planes at least six weeks before the British could deliver theirs at the front.

For this failure on the part of home production in England, scores of young British fliers paid with their lives. Their old last-year machines—slow, cumbersome B. E's. and F. E's. and De Haviland pusher scouts—were hopelessly outclassed by the new Halberstadt and Albatross scouts.

The German machines could literally fly circles around their adversaries; could outclimb and outmaneuver any British plane in the air.

BUT, in spite of this mechanical superiority, the British, with characteristic tenacity, refused to change their offensive policy and continued to carry the war in the air to the enemy's side of the line.

During the British ascendancy in 1916, the German air force had been completely swept from the skies, but the turning of the tables did not bring the same results in 1917.

The severity of the British losses broke all existing records, but they were not allowed to interfere with the orders to carry on as usual. There were still plenty of last year's machines, and there was never a dearth of young Englishmen from the army and navy eager to escape the monotony of trench and sea and to fight it out in the clouds.

There are few greater examples of sterling courage than that shown by these cavaliers of the air. Even the most expert and courageous flier in one of the old British machines was an almost certain victim to any novice who flew one of the new German models. But, in spite of the inequality of the contests, the English knights of the blue went up day after day to almost certain death. It was like sending butterflies out to sting wasps.

Although the English planes might conduct offensive observation and bombing patrols in the air over the enemy lines, they were forced to rely solely upon defensive measures when they were attacked by the new German air fighters.

It was a game of trying to ward off the other fellow's blows and seldom being able to deliver one at him. The price of the game was death. Two defensive measures were created by the hard-pressed Englishmen.

First, they learned to play "ring-around-a-rosy," or "tail-chasing," as it became known later. An English unit, when attacked, would close its formation and start flying in a circle, with each plane chasing the tail of the plane in front of him. To a degree this made it possible for each plane to protect the tail of the preceding plane.

When flying alone, and attacked by one of the new German models, the trapped butterfly could depend only upon diving to within 400 or 500 feet of the ground and then streaking for home by zigzagging and hedge-hopping.

This method was adopted when it was found that the new German planes were sometimes unable to pull out of a dive as low as 500 feet and, in consequence, their pilots were loath to follow their quarry to such a low level.

But, even with the best of luck, it was a game in which the odds were greatly against the English. Few flights were completed without losses, and among these losses were experienced men who were sorely needed later. Sometimes an entire formation would be annihilated in one flight.

IT was not until the middle of the following May that the lagging British supply department was able to equalize matters by delivering numbers of the new English models—the two-seater Bristol fighters, the S. E.-5 single-seater fighting planes, and the De Haviland-4 two-seater fighting and bombing planes.

By April 5 the Germans had completed their retreat to the Hindenburg Line, and four days later the Allies opened their spring offensive of 1917 with the attack on Vimy Ridge and the first Battle of the Scarpe.

The conflict waged unremittingly night and day throughout the month, and the activity of both sides in the air reached a peak never before touched in the war.

Some idea of these busy days may be gained from the weekly reports of the flying units that participated in the fray. Jagdstaffel 11 (in its abbreviated form it was called jasta), under command of Richthofen, was in the air seventy-eight hours during the six flying days of March 29 to April 4. The report of the unit adjutant reads as follows:

JASTA 11

O. U., April 4, 1917.

Weekly Report of Activities from March 29 to April 4, 1917

1. Changes in Personnel: None.
2. General State of Weather: Two fine days, otherwise clouds, rain, and, on two days, snow.
3. Enemy Flying Activities: Repeated squad flying up to our airdrome.
4. Our Flying Activities: Six flying days; ninety-five flights; seventy-eight flying hours.

Air Fights:

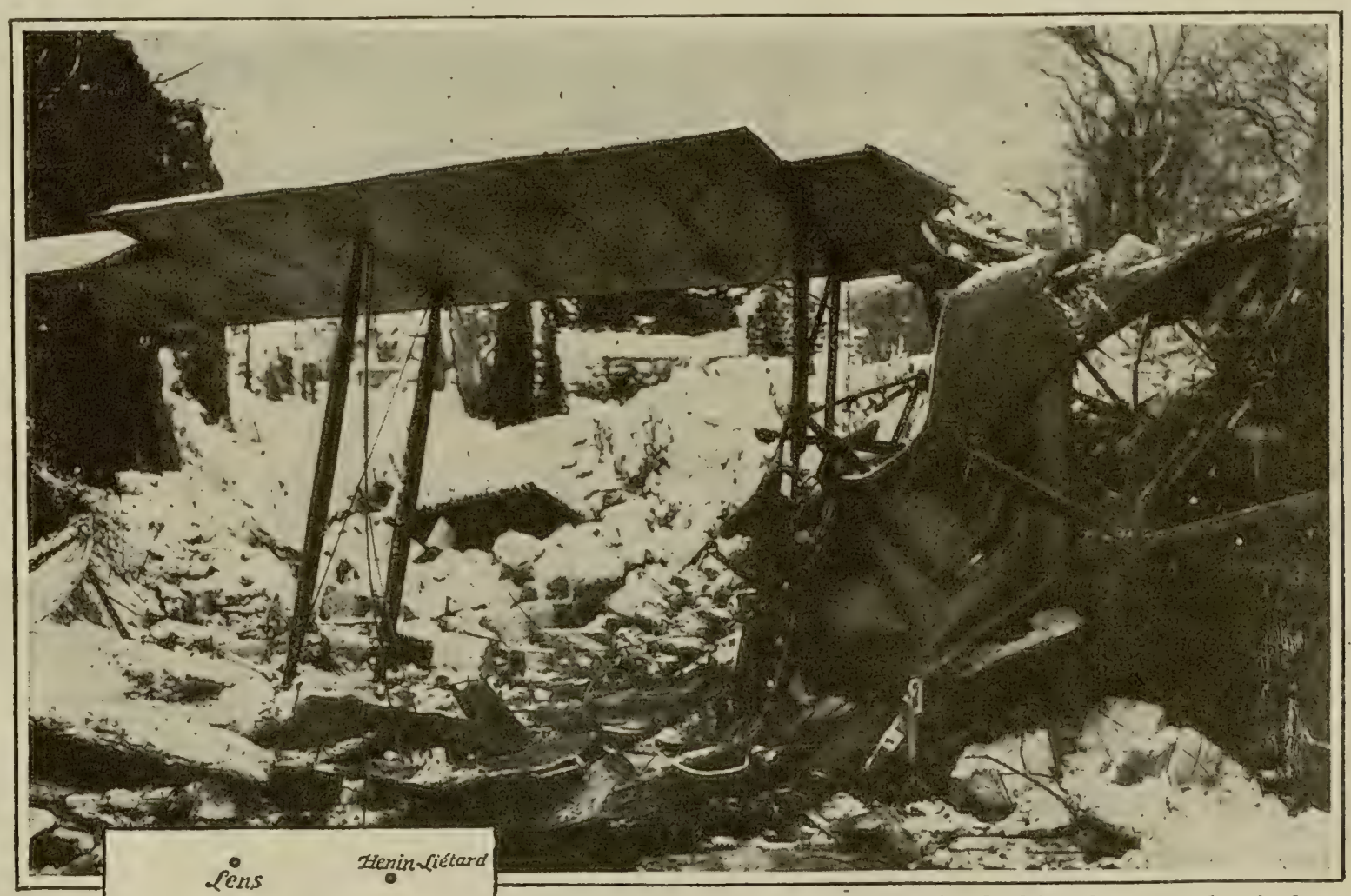
March 30. One fight, Lieutenant Wolff, successful, 11:45 A. M., near Fouquières, this side of lines, Nieuport DD. one-seater. Occupant: Lieutenant Garnett; killed.
One fight, Lieutenant Lubbert, near Bailleul, killed, 2:15 P. M.; plane smashed.
One fight, Lieutenant Almenroeder, successful, 2:15 P. M., near Bois-Bernard, this side, Nieuport one-seater. Occupant: Douglas M. F. Sinclair; killed.

March 31. One fight, Lieutenant Wolff, successful, 7:40-7:45 A. M., between Bailleul and Gavrelle, this side, FE. DD. two-seater. Fifth victory. Occupants: Lieutenants Clifton and Strange.
One fight, Lieutenant Almenroeder, 7:35 A. M., near Arras, unsuccessful.

April 1. Sergeant Festner, 3 P. M., near Neuville, unsuccessful.

April 2. First Lieutenant Baron von Richthofen, successful, 8:35 A. M., near Farbus, this side, BE. DD. two-seater. Thirty-second victory. Occupants: Lieutenant Powell (?); both killed.
One fight, Lieutenant Krefft, successful, 9:50 A. M., near Courcelles, this side, FE. DD. 2. Third victory. Occupants: Captain Tomlinson and Lieutenant Lenison; both wounded.
One fight, Lieutenant Kleinhenz, unsuccessful, 9:50 A. M., near Courcelles.
One fight, Sergeant Festner, successful, 10:50 A. M., near Auby, this side, FE. DD. two-seater. Third victory. Occupants: Lieutenant Menghirth and Lieutenant Sworder; both killed.
One fight, Lieutenant Schaeffer, unsuccessful, 10:45 A. M., near Souchez.
One fight, Lieutenant Almenroeder, unsuccessful, 9:50 A. M., near Douai.
One fight, Lieutenant Almenroeder, successful, 10:35 A. M., near Angres, other side, BE. DD. two-seater. Sixth victory. Occupants unknown.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]



THE ace's scrap-book contained this photograph of the plane flown by Powell and Bonner, whom he killed at Farbus. The map shows the scene of the fight.

It keeps you fit for *any* work or play

NO JOB'S TOO TOUGH when your brain is clear and keen. No sport too strenuous when your body is a-tingle with energy. .

Yet how to manage it—early mornings at work . . . . late nights dancing . . . . and still feel fit for both? Your sportsman, your business man, both find the answer in a daily Borden's Malted Milk.

Every delicious drop brimful of rich nourishment . . . . quick energy . . . . yet so light it doesn't drag the body or slow up the brain.

Visit a Diamond Sign fountain every day and order yourself a tall Borden's Malted Milk. And you'll hold your own with the best of them.

Equally good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages, 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

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THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All Flavors Delicious

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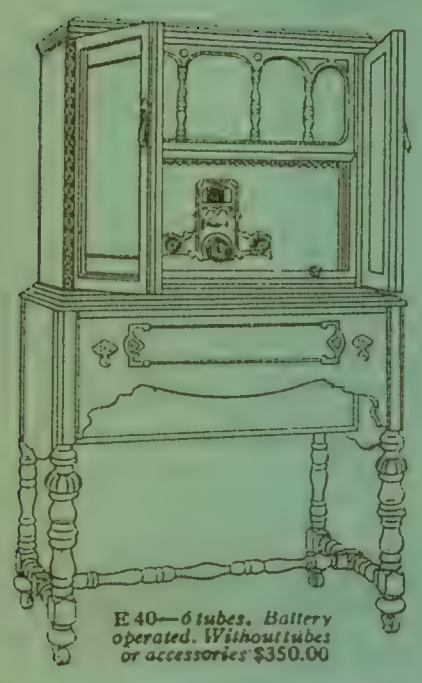

E 40—6 tubes. Battery operated. Without tubes or accessories $350.00

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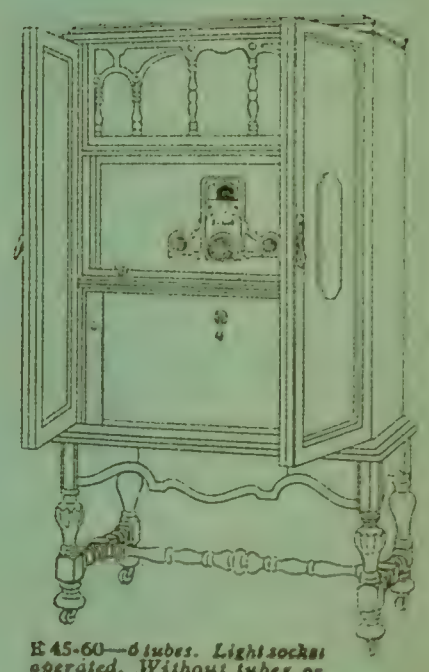

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

F40—7 tubes. Battery powered. Loop operated. Without tubes or accessories (but including loop) $450.00

Splendid new radio creations with full operation from light socket

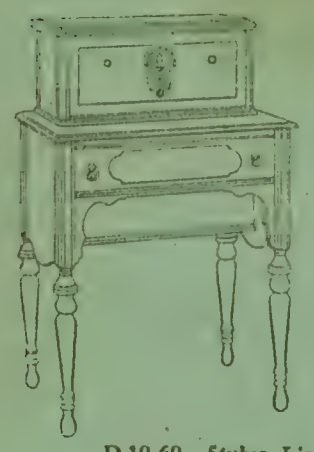
YOU can now obtain beautiful new Federal Ortho-sonic Radio Sets with the most advanced type of operation. Just plug into your light socket. Snap on the switch in the front of the set. And you are ready for your program—brought in with single control, and with those so exquisite and unerringly natural tones made possible only by the Ortho-sonic method of sound reproduction. Need of "A," "B" and "C" batteries is completely done away with.

A more regular supply of electric current than otherwise obtainable; smoother, more silent, more efficient operation with all objectionable *hum* wiped out; better adaptability to varying voltages; radio in its simplest, most exalted form—

Such is this new offering of Federal radio engineers whose years of supremacy in the electric communication field now culminate in sets more beautiful, more refined, more incomparable, than ever.

If you want radio distinctive in its tonal excellence, unlike anything you have ever before heard in radio—that is highly selective—that is so durably built it will last for years and so attractive in its design and finish that you and your friends will never tire of looking at it, you will need go no further than your Federal *Retailer*. And should you desire an Ortho-sonic set operated by *battery*, you will find that, *too*—as indicated by the illustrations on this page. Go at once. Get a demonstration. *Listen with closed eyes.*

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of The Federal Telephone Manufacturing Corp.)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo



FEDERAL'S 14 POINTS

1. Tone quality—rivaled only by reality
2. Cabinet beauty—original designs and selected woods
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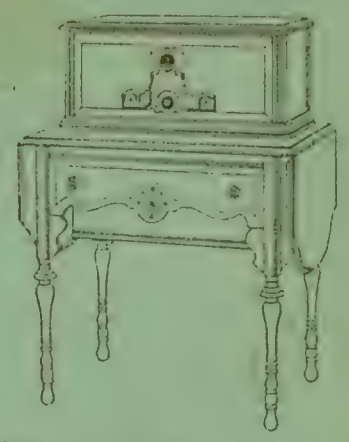
11. Precision instruments made by electrical communication pioneers
12. Single control—operating simplicity
13. Complete price range—model for every home.
14. Permanency guaranteed—backed by a solid, substantial company



D 10-60—*5 tubes. Light socket operated. Without tubes or accessories* $185.00
D 10—*5-tube. Battery operated. Without tubes or accessories* $100.00
D 5—*Console* $30.00

★ The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

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FEDERAL RADIO

Use Cold Cream?

Then, Please Accept 7-Day Supply To Try This NEW Way of Removing It

NOW REDUCED IN PRICE

There are now one-third more 'Kerchiefs in the large package at 50c than formerly at 65c, a saving due to quantity production. Dealers now also have the new introductory 25c package for those who have not tried Kleenex

INTRODUCTORY PKG. (Generous Supply) . 25c
Big Box (230 Sheets) . 50c
'Kerchiefs in Both Pkgs., 90 sq. inches

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up. That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. *That Costs Less to Use Than Spoiling and Laundering Towels.*

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and germ-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin.

MODERN beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

It will cost you less to use than soiling and often ruining towels.

Just send the coupon. A 7-day supply will be given you without charge.

Ends two beauty mistakes

It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus *rub dirty cold cream back into the skin.* That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it *all* from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper substitutes, etc., won't do it.

It ends, too, the mistaken use of too harsh paper makeshifts; not sufficiently absorbent to thoroughly cleanse, too harsh for delicate skin fabric.

End those mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.

Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchief beyond all question or doubt. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

Ends

—Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.
—The expense of ruining and laundering towels.

Keeps

—Make-up fresh hours longer than before.
—Lightens skin several shades — quickly.

KLEENEX

ABSORBENT

'KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream — Sanitary

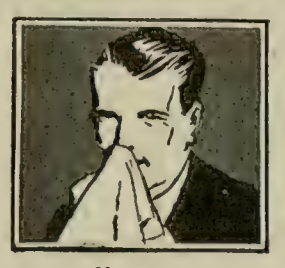
Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer:

In 2 size packages—
(Sheets 90 sq. inches)
Introductory . 25c
(Generous supply)
Regular size . 50c
(230 sheets)

For COLDS

Never Again Use Handkerchiefs

They Re-infect—Spread Germ Contagion



LARGELY on medical advice, thousands now use Kleenex 'Kerchiefs for colds. *For thus one discards at once the excretions that spread — that re-infect as well.*

Soiled, damp handkerchiefs are bad. They carry possible contagion — *re-infection*—with you. Remember this when you or your children have a cold.

Damp handkerchiefs, too, tend to chap and irritate the nostrils. Kleenex 'Kerchiefs are dry, fully absorbent and fresh every time you use them. Thus no chapping or skin irritation. You discard like paper. Next cold, try them.

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., LIB-8
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Big Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

FIVE of the six aces in Richthofen's famous jagdstaffel. They were, left to right, with their scores: Festner, twenty; Schaeffer, thirty; Manfred von Richthofen, eighty; Lothar von Richthofen, forty; Wolff, thirty-four. Almenroeder, the sixth ace, accounted for thirty planes.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

One fight, Lieutenant Wolff, 9:50 A. M., unsuccessful.

One fight, First Lieutenant Baron von Richthofen, successful, 11 A. M., near Givenchy, this side of lines, Sopwith two-seater. Thirty-third victory. Occupants: Sergeant Dunn and Lieutenant Warren; one killed.

April 3. One fight, Lieutenant Baron von Richthofen [Lothar], unsuccessful, 4.15 P.M., near Givenchy.

One fight, Lieutenant Schaeffer, successful, 4:15 P. M., near Givenchy, FE. DD. two-seater. Ninth victory. Occupants: Lieutenants Dodson and Richards; both killed.

One fight, First Lieutenant Baron von Richthofen, successful, 4:15 P. M., near Hénin-Liétard, FE. DD. two-seater. Thirty-fourth victory. Occupants: Lieutenant O'Beirne, killed; Lieutenant McDonald, prisoner.

One fight, Sergeant Festner, successful, 5:15 P. M., near Hendecourt, full-body DD. one-seater. Fourth victory. Occupant: Lieutenant Heyworth; wounded.

One fight, Sergeant Festner, unsuccessful, 6:20 P. M., near Neuville, above Siegfried position, against 4 FE. DD.

Special Report:

On April 4, Lieutenant Schaeffer crashed his machine when landing on airdrome. Lieutenant Schaeffer slightly wounded.

HARTMANN,
Lieutenant and
Staffel Adjutant.

Richthofen's first successful fight in April is perhaps the best-documented combat of his career.

The flying uhlan took a photograph of the wrecked plane in which he killed Lieutenant J. C. Powell and Air Gunner P. Bonner. It remains today, with his notations on the back, in one of his several scrap-books in his mother's home at Schweidnitz.

Further documentation comes in a detailed account of the fight that Richthofen wrote for publication. Another account of it was written by his younger brother, Lothar, who was now a full-fledged member of the jasta. In addition to the above, Richthofen's official report on the combat has been found in the German Reichs archives in Berlin.

Jasta 11, composed of eight pilots, was divided into two groups of four planes each. Richthofen flew alternately with each group. Lubbert, the "bullet-catcher," had been shot down and killed March 30, and the second group now consisted of Lothar and Lieutenants Wolff and Almenroeder, all of whom were decorated with the *Pour le Mérite* before they were killed.

On this day [April 2, Lothar wrote], our group had been assigned to an early-morning start. Our duty began between 4 and 5 o'clock. We had just got up and were sitting in the starting house, when the telephone rang.

"Six Bristols coming across from Arras in the direction of Douai," was the message.

We jumped into our planes and started. High up above us, at about 9,000 feet, there was a broken cover of clouds. We could see the English planes below the clouds, not far from our airdrome. My brother's red-bird was standing ready at the doors of its hangar, but my brother was not to be seen.

We came into contact with the enemy, but the Englishmen were too clever with their machines and we could not bring any of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You can stop thinning hair!

Worrying—a little—about your hair?

Yet thinning hair can be restored to thickness and vigor—hair loss can be checked—with this simple, daily care:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

The tonic effect of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine starts swifter scalp circulation! The hair roots receive *extra* nourishment—new life.

Notice how quickly the dandruff disappears—Pinaud's actually destroys the dandruff germ.

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at your drug store today. Be sure to look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle.

Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. In Canada, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Get more Snap in every shot!

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Bristol Steel Shafts

THE HORTON MFG. CO. "Bristol" STEEL GOLF SHAFT PAT'D NOV. 22, 1910 PAT'D JUNE 23, 1925 BRISTOL, CONN. GOLD LABEL

This label on the shaft itself indicates a true Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shaft—the original "steel shaft," the finest money will buy.

Is there a snap to your shots? Does the ball click satisfyingly off the heads of your clubs to rise like a humming projectile out over the fairway? Or do you "bob" it along in pretty but comparatively brief arcs? In golf, as in boxing, mere "push" won't achieve a "knockout." It is achieved by "snap"—the application of maximum force at exactly the right instant. And the golfer must depend to a great extent, on the shaft of his club for that. A shaft that fails to recover quickly can never gain you the snap that a lively, finely tempered shaft yields.

There is no other golf shaft made today that possesses as much snap as the Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Golf Shaft. Its fine quality of steel, containing a very high carbon content, is full of the pep that gives sweet, clean delivery. You need but to feel it click against the ball once to appreciate its added power.

No matter who is the maker of the golf club, look for the Bristol label on every shaft—you will then know you are getting the genuine "steel shaft."

THE HORTON MFG. CO. "Bristol" SEAMLESS STEEL GOLF SHAFT PAT'D NOV. 22 1910 BRISTOL CONN MADE IN U.S.A.

This silver label indicates the Bristol SEAMLESS Steel Shaft—a new steel shaft that is meeting with much favor.

Write for our new and very interesting golf booklet. Will give you many valuable hints to better your game.

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Steel Golf Shaft
Patented Nov. 22, 1910

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Forty-three

them down. After flying around for an hour, we flew back and landed.

My brother's red plane was still in the open hangar door, but any one could see, from the activity of the mechanics working on it, that it had been up in the air. We asked the mechanics.

They told us the lieutenant had left the ground five minutes after we had started and that he had returned twenty minutes later, after having brought down an English plane. We found that my brother had gone back to bed, and was sleeping as though nothing had happened.

Only a few bullet holes in his machine and the report of his having shot down another Englishman indicated that he had been flying. We were a little bit ashamed of ourselves. We had been three, we had started earlier and landed later than my brother, and we could show no results.

While we were getting ready for our next start, my brother turned up, and it seemed to me that he was cross with the English who had interrupted his sleep.

Richthofen himself described the fight as follows:

April 2, 1917, was a very warm day for my jagdstaffel. I was still in bed when my orderly rushed into the room and exclaimed: "Sir, the English are here!"

I jumped out of bed and into my clothes in a jiffy. My redbird had been pulled out of the hangar and was ready for starting. I snatched up my furs and went up. My comrades had started earlier and were much nearer to the enemy. I feared that my prey would escape me and that I would have to look on from a distance while the others were fighting.

Suddenly one of the impertinent Englishmen tried to drop down upon me. I allowed him to approach quite near and then we started a merry quadrille. Sometimes my opponent flew on his back and sometimes he did other tricks. He was flying a two-seater fighter. I realized very soon that he could not escape me.

During an interval in the fighting I assured myself that we were alone. Soon I had got him beneath me without having seriously hurt him with my gun. I thought he intended to land, but there I made a mistake. Suddenly, when he was only a few yards above the ground, he once more went off on a straight course.

I attacked him again, and to do so I had to go so low that I was afraid of touching the roofs of the houses in the village beneath me. The Englishman defended himself up to the last moment. At the very end I felt that my engine had been hit. Still I did not let go. He had to fall. He flew at full speed into a block of houses.

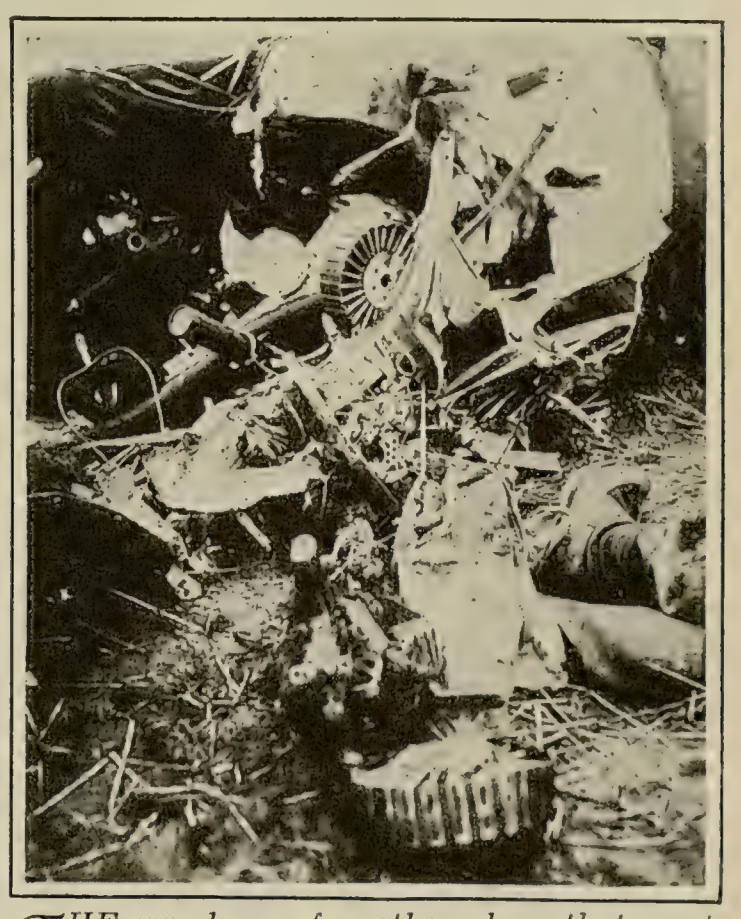
There is little left to be said. The man had defended himself to the last. However, in my opinion, he showed more stupid foolhardiness than courage. He had to come down in any case, but he paid for his stupidity with his life.

I was delighted with the performance of my red machine and returned to the airdrome.

In his official report on the fight, Richthofen wrote:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-second Victory.
Date: April 2, 1917.
Time: 8:35 A. M.
Place: Farbus (village).
Type of Plane: B. E. two-seater, No. 5841; motor P. D. 1345/80.
Occupants: Both killed. Name of one, Lieutenant Powell. Other occupant had no documents of identification.

I attacked an enemy artillery flier. After a long fight I managed to force the adversary nearly to the ground, but without being able to put him out of control.



THE wreckage of another plane that went on Richthofen's red score for "Bloody April." The legs of the dead English flier are seen at the right.

The strong and lusty wind had driven the enemy plane over our lines. My adversary tried, by jumping over trees and other objects, to escape. Then I forced him to land in the village of Farbus, where the machine was smashed against a block of houses.

The observer kept on shooting until the machine touched the ground.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Powell and Bonner were from the Thirteenth Squadron, Royal Flying Corps. They had left their

airdrome a few minutes before 8 o'clock to photograph German artillery positions, and their comrades heard nothing more of them until the Germans dropped a message announcing that they had been killed.

Richthofen learned the identity of his victims in the late afternoon of the same day. With Lothar, he motored over to Farbus village and examined the wreck of the English machine crumpled up against the wall of a house.

A slight snow had fallen, effacing the dark-red stains left by the life blood of the two English war birds. The uhlan of the sky did not see the bodies of his victims.

Powell's father, who lived on Tudor Road in Upper Norwood, London, learned of his son's death two days later. Bonner's parents, living at Guildford, Surrey, received a similar notice from the War Office.

Before noon of that same day, Richthofen had gone aloft again and brought down another plane.

There are three accounts of this fight, which took place more than two miles above the earth. Two of them are by Richthofen and they contradict each other vitally. The third account is by the only living survivor of the combat, and it differs from the other two.

IN the wartime account that Richthofen wrote for publication, and that has every appearance of careful editing by the military censor, the flying uhlan takes credit for having spared the lives of his adversaries.

In his military report of the affair he wrote that he deliberately killed one of the English fliers after the plane had landed behind the German lines.

The Prussian was in gay spirits after his early-morning kill. Visiting him at the airdrome was Lieutenant Werner Voss, an old comrade from Boelke Squadron.

Of all the German aces, Voss was closest to Richthofen in planes downed. On the previous day he had been accredited with his twenty-third victory and was only nine behind the Baron.

The weather had turned out badly, with a strong wind and frequent flurries of snow and hail. Richthofen went aloft with Voss to accompany him to his airdrome. They flew about the clouds in the direction of Arras, over which place they were joined by Lothar, who had recognized his brother's red machine from afar.

> Suddenly we saw an English air patrol approaching from the other side [Richthofen later wrote]. Immediately the thought occurred to me, "Now comes Number Thirty-three."
>
> Although there were nine Englishmen and although they were on their own territory, they preferred to avoid battle. I began to think that it might be better for me to repaint my machine. Nevertheless, we caught up with them.
>
> I was nearest to the enemy and attacked the man at the rear of the formation. He accepted battle and my pleasure increased when I discovered that his comrades deserted him, so I had once more a single fight.
>
> It was a fight similar to the one I had had several hours earlier. My opponent knew the fight business, and it was particularly awkward for me that he was a good shot.
>
> A favorable wind came to my aid and drove both of us over the German lines. My opponent discovered that the matter was not so simple as he had imagined. So he plunged into a cloud.
>
> I plunged after him and dropped out of the cloud, and, as luck would have it, found myself quite close behind him. I fired and he fired without any tangible result. At last I hit him. I noticed a ribbon of white gasoline vapor. He must land, for his engine had stopped.
>
> But he was a stubborn fellow. He would not recognize that he was bound to lose the game. Meanwhile, we had dropped to an altitude of about 900 feet.
>
> However, the Englishman continued to defend himself by shooting at me exactly as his countryman had done in the morning. He fought on until he landed.
>
> When he had come to the ground, I flew over him at an altitude of about thirty feet, in order to ascertain whether or not I had killed him. And what did the rascal do? He leveled his machine gun and shot holes in my machine.
>
> Afterward Voss told me that if that had happened to him he would have shot the aviator on the ground. As a matter of fact, I ought to have done so, for he had not surrendered.

That was the account of the fight that admiring millions read in Germany during the war. But read Richthofen's official report of the same combat and it will appear that somebody is lying somewhere. Here it is:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-third Victory.
> Date: April 2, 1917.
> Time: 11:15 A. M.
> Place: Givenchy.
> Plane: English Sopwith two-seater, Clerget Blin motor, type two, without number.
> Occupants: Sergeant Dunn and Lieutenant Warren.
>
> Together with Lieutenants Voss and Lothar von Richthofen, I attacked an enemy squadron of eight Sopwiths above a closed cover of clouds on the enemy's side of the lines.
>
> The plane I had singled out was driven away from its formation and tried to escape me by hiding in the clouds after I had put holes in its gasoline tanks.
>
> Below the clouds I immediately attacked him again, thereby forcing him to land 300 yards east of Givenchy. But as yet my adversary would not surrender, and even as his machine was on the ground, he kept shooting at me, thereby hitting my machine very severely when I was only five yards off the ground.
>
> Consequently, I once more attacked him and killed one of the occupants.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

From my study of Richthofen's character, I don't believe he would have shrunk from publishing the statement that he killed one of his victims on the ground. Military ethics gave the captor a perfect right to kill a prisoner that resisted.

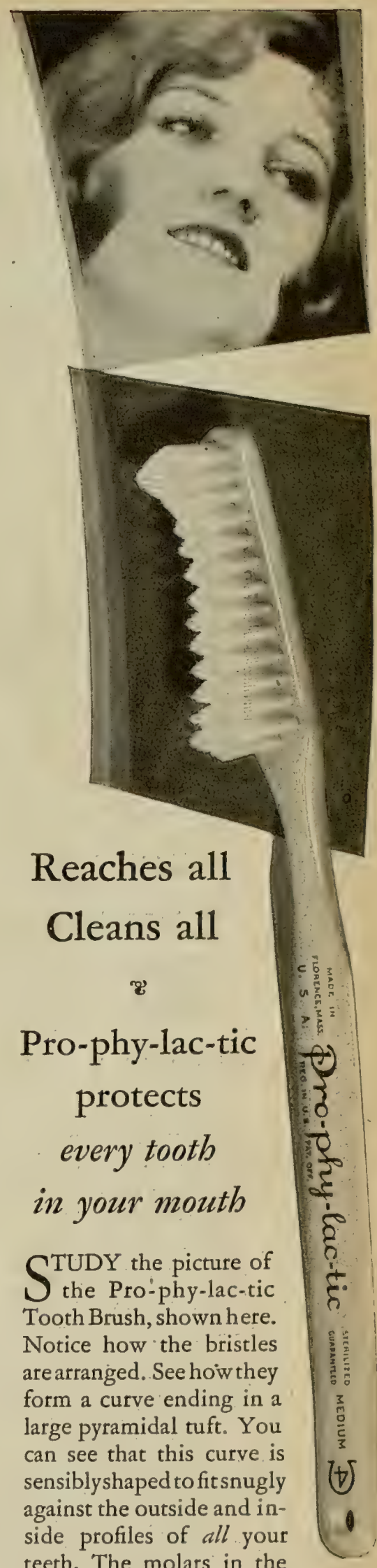
If Richthofen's official report to his superiors is the true account, according to his belief, then it is my opinion that the change in the published account was made by the German censor for the purpose of destroying any possible

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RICHTHOFEN'S thirty-third victory resulted in the death of Sergeant R. Dunn.

DUNN'S companion, Lieutenant Peter Warren, was taken prisoner.

THIS map shows Givenchy, over which the air battle occurred.



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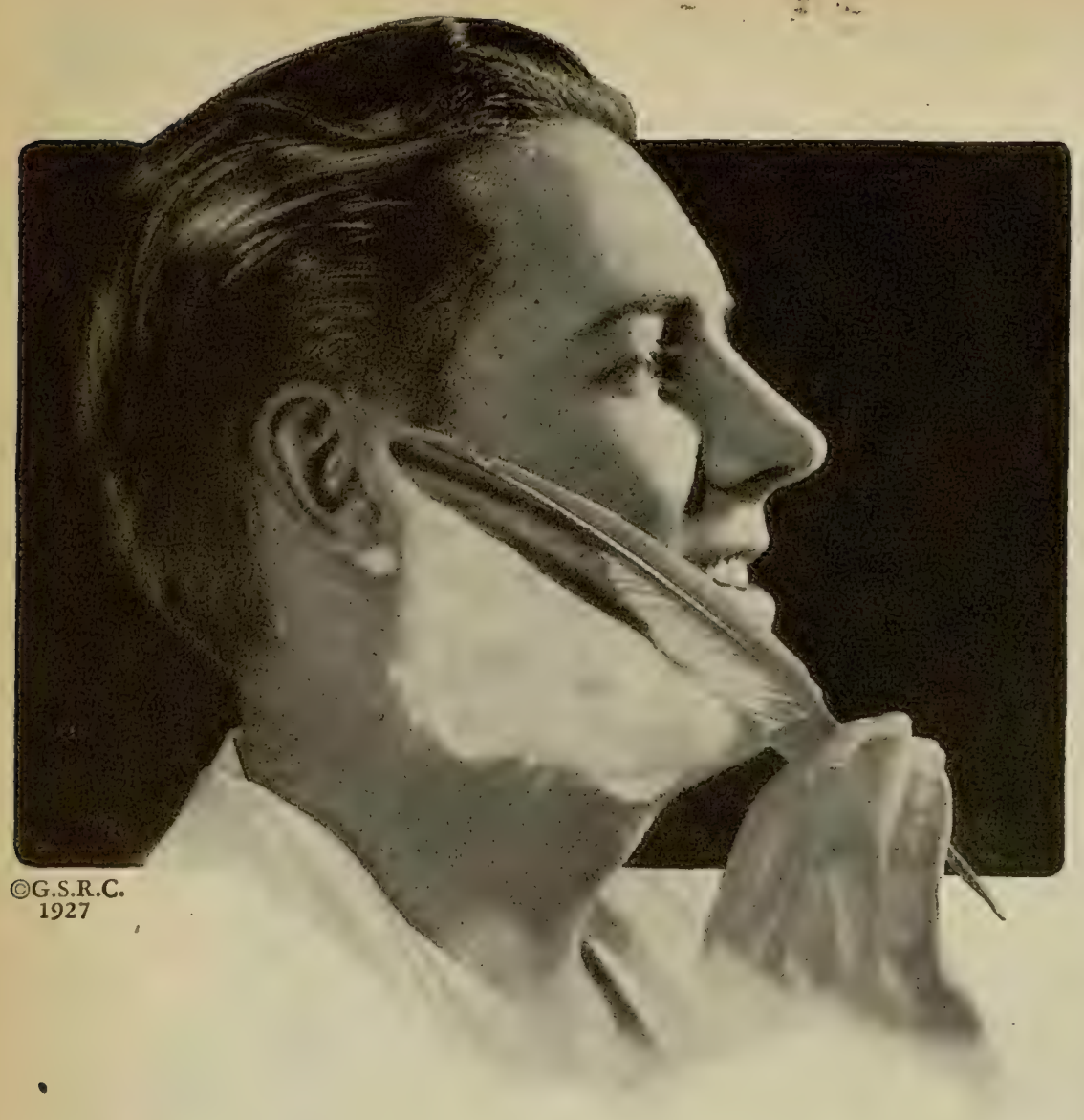

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Forty-five

material for a Hun-atrocity story.

But now comes the third account of the affair, and this one is from Lieutenant Peter Warren, pilot of the plane that Richthofen shot down.

His observer was Sergeant R. Dunn, who died shortly after the plane landed. Death came as the result of a bullet through his abdomen, but it was a bullet that he received at 12,000 feet in the air and not after he was on the ground.

Dunn was a marine architect at Newcastle and enlisted in 1916. After service in the motor transport corps, he had transferred to the flying corps and was twenty-four years old at the time of his death.

Warren was nineteen years old at the time of the fight. He had left Oxford for the flying corps and had been in the air almost a year when he bumped into Richthofen. He is an architect today and lives with his parents in London.

"REALLY, I am afraid Richthofen in his report on his fight with Dunn and me must have mixed us up with somebody else," says Peter Warren. "I certainly wish Dunn and I had been able to put up as much resistance as the Baron credits us with, but actually the fight was almost entirely in Richthofen's favor. Poor Dunn was hit early in the fight and was unconscious through most of it.

"It was the first time I had ever taken Dunn up, although he was a veteran observer with, I believe, three Hun machines to his credit. The fact that we had never flown together before was a disadvantage.

"We left the airdrome at ten-thirty o'clock in the morning. The weather was bad—rain and hail, with almost a gale blowing in the direction of the German lines.

"Our flight consisted of six Sopwith two-seaters armed with Lewis and Vickers machine guns. Our job was to photograph a section of the Second Hindenburg Line, east of Vimy Ridge. My plane and one other carried the cameras. The other four were escort.

"We were flying at about twelve thousand feet and our direction was northerly. I was at the end of the V in the last position, which made me the highest.

"Richthofen took Dunn by surprise. The first notice I had of the attack was when I heard Dunn shouting from his seat behind me, and at the same time a spray of bullets went over my shoulder from behind and splintered the dashboard almost in front of my face.

"I kicked over the rudder and dived instantly, and got a glance at the red machine passing under me to the rear. I did not know it was Richthofen's. I looked back over my shoulder and Dunn was not in sight.

"I realized that he was out of action and that I was quite defenseless from the rear. I endeavored to get my forward ma-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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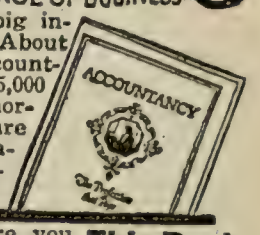

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

chine gun on the red plane, but Richthofen was too wise a pilot and his machine was too speedy.

"He zoomed up again and was on my tail in less than half a minute. Another burst of lead came over my shoulder and the glass fronts of the instruments on the dashboard popped up into my face. I dived again, but he followed my every move.

"I had lost several thousand feet, but below me, at about nine thousand feet, was a layer of clouds. I dove for it, hoping to shake him off in the vapor. The clouds were only a thin layer and, instead of remaining in them, I went completely through. The red Albatross came through with me.

"Another burst of lead from behind and the bullets spattered on the breech of my own machine gun, cutting the cartridge belt. At the same time my engine stopped and I knew that the fuel tanks had been hit.

"There were more clouds below me at about six thousand feet. I dived for them and tried to pull up as soon as I reached them. No luck! The control wires had been shot away.

"There was nothing to do but go down and hope to keep out of a spin. I side-slipped and went into a dive, which fast became a spiral. I don't know how I got out of it.

"I WAS busy with the useless controls all the time and going down at a frightful speed, but the red machine seemed to be able to keep itself poised just above and behind me and its machine guns were working every minute. I found later that bullets had gone through both of my sleeves and both of my boot legs, but not one of them touched me.

"I managed to flatten out somehow in the landing and piled up with an awful crash. As I hit the ground the red machine swooped over me, but I don't remember him firing on me.

"I looked into what was left of the observer's cockpit and saw poor old Dunn crumpled up on the bottom. I had some difficulty in lifting him out. He had been plugged through the stomach, apparently from the back.

"I lifted his head and spoke to him.

"'Think I'm done,' he mumbled.

"German infantry rushed out and we carried Dunn to a dressing station in a stone hut. The doctor told me that Dunn would not last much longer. He died six hours afterward.

"I was put into a car and taken to Douai. There I was placed in a room in the old French military barracks. I sat on a wooden stool and felt pretty miserable. I couldn't get my mind off poor old Dunn.

"About six o'clock in the evening I heard some one unlocking the door. An enormous Great Dane—biggest one I ever saw—walked into the room.

"The electric light flashed on and I saw the dog's master standing in the doorway, smiling at me. He was a dark man of medium height—thin, intelligent face—pince-nez—well trimmed mustache. He wore a very smart and dapper uniform with highly polished boots, and looked to be about fifty years of age.

"'Good evening,' he said, in flawless English. 'I am Captain Baron von Karg Bebenburg. It is needless to tell you that I am from the Intelligence Section. I have come to ask you if there is anything I can do for you.'

"I told him that I could make good use of some soap and water and a towel. He sent them up that night, together with a packet of cigarettes and a French novel.

"Of course, I would answer none of his questions about my squadron.

"'I appreciate your reticence,' he said, 'but, as a matter of fact, we have most of that information. Our intelligence system is working quite well on this front. Your flying corps operates so closely on schedule and with such regularity that we are now able to recognize your intentions before you have time to execute them.'

"HE told me that he was a Bavarian and had been a professor of history in the University of Munich. He was a most interesting talker, and conversation with him became almost a temptation.

"'What the world needs today,' he said, 'is two good strong nations to divide it and run it as it should be run. Germany and Great Britain are the only nations that could do this. France—Paris—they should be just a common playground for all of us. What do you think?'

"I told him I had never thought of it.

"'How do you think the war is going?' he asked.

"'Very favorably for the Allies,' I replied. 'It seems almost certain that America is coming in with us.'

"It seems strange, as I recall that conversation today, to realize that America did enter the war just four days afterward.

"'Yes,' said my interrogator, 'we recognize such an eventuality, and have made our dispositions accordingly. Our intensive submarine campaign will neutralize any effect the United States might have.'

"He left me and I never saw him again. I was moved the next day to the prison camp at Karlsruhe and later to Schwarmstadt, where I attempted an escape, but was caught. I spent the rest of the war caged up."

THE mother of Dunn lives today at Workington, England, and has never heard an account of her son's fatal combat with the flying uhlan. Dunn's comrades who survived the war recall with great vividness the wonderful fight that Dunn put up on March 4, when he was flying as an observer with Second Lieutenant C. D. Thompson.

Attacked by two hostile planes, Dunn, by expert manipulation of the after machine gun, was able to shoot one of them down in flames and drive the other one off.

In the fight on April 2, Lieutenant E. E. T. de Berigny, one of Warren's squadron mates, saw Richthofen's persistent attack on the disabled plane and was able to get a burst of machine-gun bullets into Richthofen's machine, though without effect.

His interference in the fight might account for some of the divergence in the three accounts of the combat. All fliers realize that impressions are but instantaneous flashes during a death duel in the clouds.

The official British communiqué for that day acknowledged the loss of six British planes. Richthofen personally had accounted for two of them, and the remaining four went to the rest of the German flying corps.

"Get Richthofen!" became the battle cry of the Allied airmen. His wholesale slaughter of their comrades, even though it were in fair combat, had spurred them to a frenzy of action. One night thirty-six young English fliers set out in eighteen planes loaded with bombs. Their main objective was to "get Richthofen." The next instalment tells of this thrilling raid.

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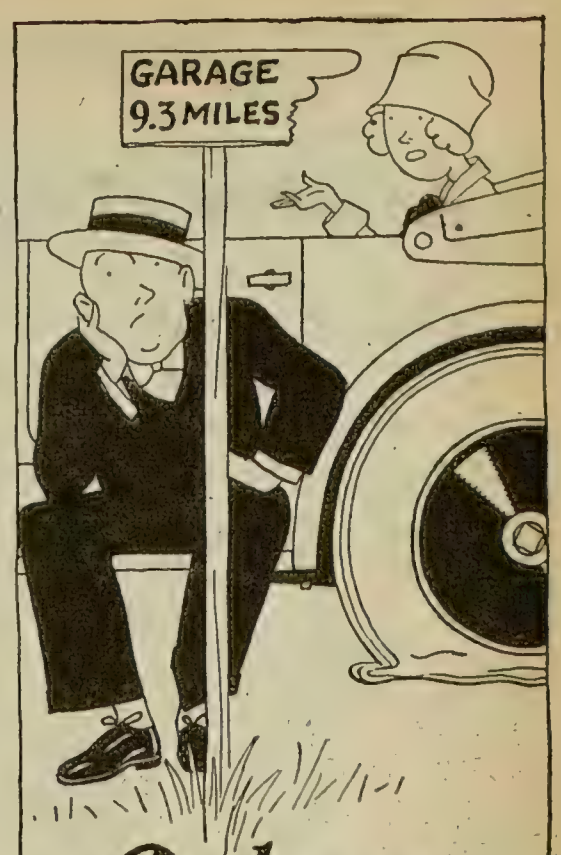
By P. G. Wodehouse

In Next Week's LIBERTY



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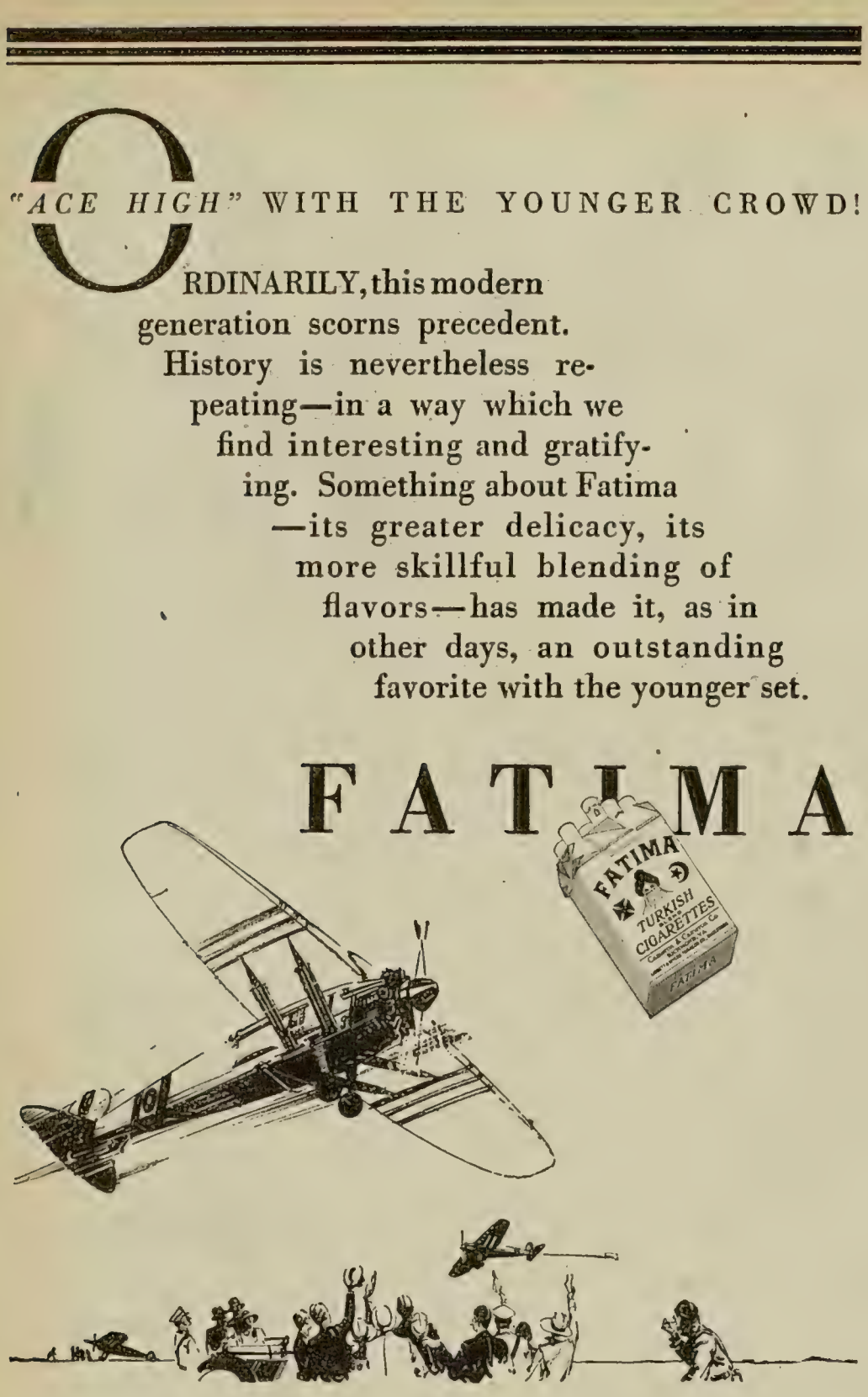

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What is the origin of the word "Anzac"?

2—What is the highest point on the continent of North America? The lowest?

3—Who was the oldest signer of the Declaration of Independence?

4—What State has the largest proportion of women workers? What State has the smallest proportion?

5—What was the Gadsden Purchase?

6—What famous American flier is also widely known as an inventor of airplane appliances?

7—What letter in the English language is used more often than any other?

8—What proportion of Americans have life insurance?

9—How many eggs does a hen lay in a year?

10—To how many different tastes is the human tongue susceptible?

11—What is the largest circulation ever reached by a newspaper?

12—What are the recognized divisions of singing voices?

13—What is the longest railroad tunnel in the world?

14—From what States does the United States peanut crop mainly come?

15—What was the origin of the dollar sign—$?

16—Whence came the ordinary numerals we use today?

17—What was the date of the first issue of LIBERTY WEEKLY?

18—What people first wore undershirts?

19—What proportion of people are "left-handers"?

20—What is glass made of?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What national President has the longest term of office?
A.—The President of Czechoslovakia, whose term is for life.

2—How are Pullman cars named?
A.—By a committee of Pullman Company officers, the practise being to give one group of cars the names of lakes, another of rivers, another of mountains, and another of men who have become famous.

3—What is the largest member of the cat family found in the Western Hemisphere?
A.—The jaguar, of South America.

4—What country is maintained without taxes, and how is this done?
A.—The Principality of Monaco, supported by the revenue from the gambling casino at Monte Carlo.

5—Why was Ottawa selected as the capital of Canada?
A.—In 1858 Queen Victoria, closing her eyes, decreed that wherever her finger fell upon the map of Canada, there the capital should be established. She indicated the present site of Ottawa.

6—Has a man of Catholic faith ever been the Presidential candidate of a major political party in the United States?
A.—Yes. In 1872, as an opponent to U. S. Grant, the Democratic party nominated Charles O'Conor, prominent New York lawyer and a Catholic. He declined to run, but his name was left upon the ballot and he received about 30,000 votes.

7—What is the greatest steel-exporting nation?
A.—Germany, in 1926, regained her prewar status as the leading exporter of steel. She exported 4,824,000 gross tons, to 3,000,000 and 2,000,000 tons respectively by Great Britain and the United States.

8—When was the first air flight made by man across the English Channel?
A.—On January 7, 1785, Vincent Blanchard and Dr. John Jeffries, an American, flew from Calais to Dover in a hydrogen-filled balloon.

9—What common animal absorbs its supply of water through its skin?
A.—The toad. It seldom, if ever, drinks the water through its mouth.

10—What is believed to be the longest foot race on record?
A.—A race from San Francisco to Grant's Pass, Oregon, a distance of 480 miles, was held early this summer. It was won by Mad Bull, an Indian youth, in seven days twelve hours thirty-four minutes.

11—What mountain is named for President Calvin Coolidge?
A.—By recent action of the South Dakota Legislature, Sheep or Lookout Mountain in the Black Hills, 6,000 feet high, has been changed to Mount Coolidge.

12—What is the origin of the character ℞ that appears on physicians' prescription blanks?
A.—It is reputed to have been originally the same as the symbol of Jupiter, which was placed at the top of a formula to propitiate the king of the gods, that the compound might act favorably.

13—How did the word "pajamas" originate?
A.—It is a combination of the Hindu word *pae*, meaning leg, and *jama*, meaning garment.

14—How fast do glaciers move?
A.—Their speed varies from about an inch a day to several feet a day. A few move 100 feet a day.

15—What is the fastest moving living creature?
A.—The deer or bot fly of North America and Europe. According to scientists, this insect can fly at the rate of 815 miles an hour.

16—What was the first record for traveling around the world, and what is the present record?
A.—The first record was that of Magellan, who encircled the globe between September 20, 1519, and September 8, 1522. The present record is 28 days 14 hours 36 minutes 5 seconds.

17—Where did the expression "Lo! the poor Indian," originate?
A.—It occurs in the Essay on Man by Alexander Pope, an eighteenth-century English poet.

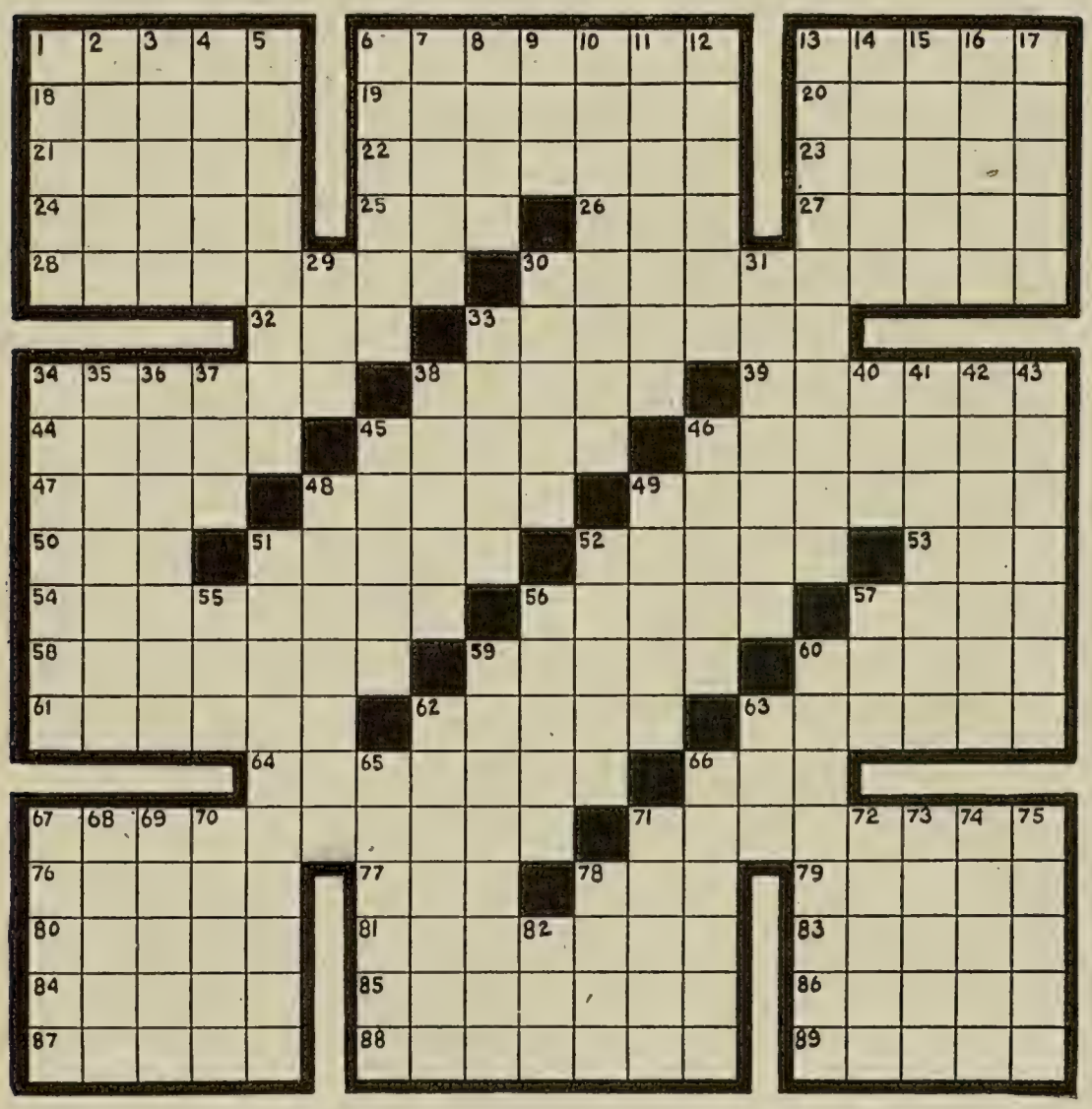
18—From what well known phenomenon of animal behavior was the word "coward" derived?
A.—From the habit of dropping the tail between the legs when frightened. "Coward" is derived from the old French *coe*, meaning tail, derived from the Latin *caudis*.

19—What important North American seaport is nearest to Europe?
A.—Montreal, which is approximately 2,769 miles from Liverpool, or 284 miles nearer than New York, which is 3,053 miles from Liverpool.

20—What State had the largest number of casualties during the World War?
A.—New York State, whose killed totaled 9,196.

Follow These Rules for the $25 Prize

LIBERTY is not awarding $25 weekly for solutions to cross-word puzzles. The prize is offered for the best original puzzle design, made with the following rules in mind: It should not be more than twenty-one or less than fifteen squares in breadth or in height. Approximately one-sixth of the squares may be black and one-tenth of the letters unkeyed. The number of unkeyed letters, however, should be kept as low as possible. Abbreviations, initials, prefixes, suffixes, and obsolete and foreign-language words should be used sparingly and employed only when they have dictionary authority. Trade names and possessive forms of nouns are not sanctioned. Puzzles will be returned and inquiries answered only when accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 49

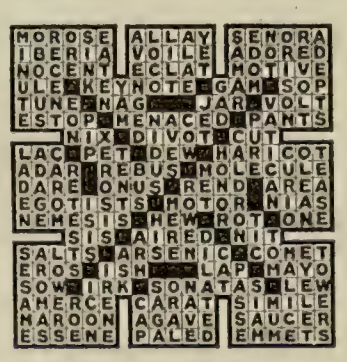
By HENRY L. ROYCE, Chicago, Illinois

HORIZONTAL

1 Heavy cords
6 Pried into the affairs of others
13 Perplexity
18 Turn inside out
19 Excuse
20 Interior
21 Fury; rage
22 Rises
23 To move sidewise
24 To strike out
25 Female of the ruff
26 A mound
27 Fresh-water catfishes
28 Liberates
30 Grossness
32 Rabid
33 Less tall
34 Supplied with heat-producing substance
38 Money
39 To desire with eagerness
44 Unconducted
45 Grazing land for sheep
46 To make pleasant to the senses
47 Bamboolike grass
48 Abhors
49 Mortuary chapels
50 Loose end or tatter
51 Of smaller number
52 Floats aloft
53 Conducted, as a business
54 Natives of a European country
56 Fragment of a brittle substance
57 Granted facts
58 Overlays
59 Complete
60 Shrewder
61 Penetrates
62 A kind of fishing-boat (plural)
63 Consolidated curd of milk
64 A yielding up
66 Regret
67 An opposer
71 The chief of a sacred order
76 Bird of the crow kind
77 Moses' repository for the Commandments
78 Had being
79 Musical drama
80 Silly
81 Cultivated land
83 Fertile spot
84 Glances amorously
85 Not anxious
86 One of the best suit in cards
87 Desists from exertion
88 Makes sorrowful
89 Walks

VERTICAL

1 To allude
2 Seed germ
3 Jeopardy
4 To eat away
5 Poured forth
6 Alarmed
7 Part of the head (plural)
8 On an occasion
9 A poem
10 Floats for bridge-building
11 Makes beloved
12 Abandon
13 Scatterers
14 A vegetable
15 Improper
16 Girdles
17 A lock of hair
29 Sorrowful
30 Point of the under jaw (plural)
31 Toward the ocean
33 Planter
34 Stealthy
35 Not consumed
36 Richly ornamental
37 Preceded
38 Sheepfolds
40 An inclosure
41 Repeat
42 Recounts
43 Trap
45 Begins to appear
46 A portion
48 Funeral vehicles
49 Embers
51 Ferocity
52 Exhibited
55 An American general
56 A young branch
57 Fitting
59 Creased
60 Kind of cigar (plural)
62 An empress
63 A hint
65 Condition
66 Parts of stairs
67 Previously
68 Space covered
69 Ellipses
70 Doctrine
71 A town in Prussia
72 Separate
73 To petition again
74 To give a wavy appearance to
75 Clasps
78 To carry on, as a war
82 Youth



Answer to Puzzle No. 48

Listen, Men!

You shave, don't you? Don't like to, do you? The process always hurts, and the results are often not so good, eh?

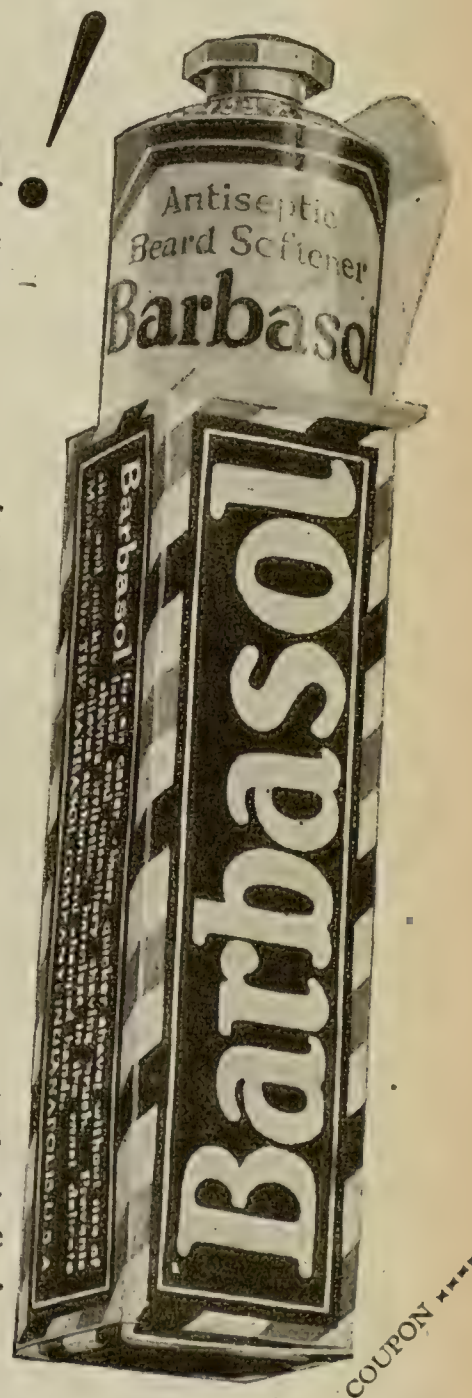
You should try Barbasol!

Barbasol is The Modern Way of Shaving. It puts a smile in every razor stroke. Cuts minutes off your shaving time. And leaves your face looking and feeling like Happiness itself. Here's how:

1. Wash the face
(but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol
(but don't rub in)
3. Shave

That's all. No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers. Great for chap and ingrowing hairs.

Mister, you're next! Try Barbasol 3 times, according to directions.



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

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I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

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Address.....

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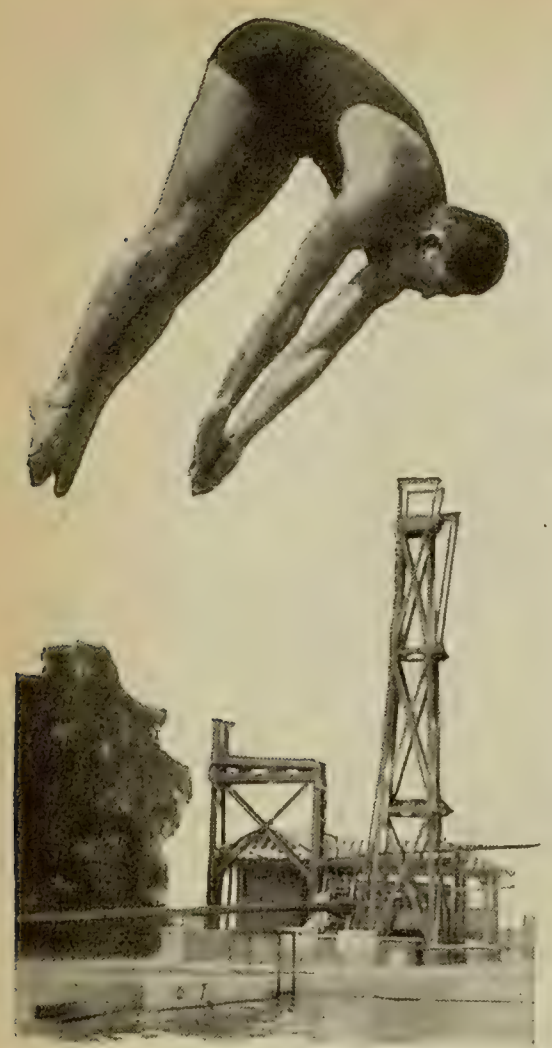


Sunburn

—scorches
—sickens

Conquer It Instantly

BLUE-GREEN water—sky all blue—silver sand: by lake, by sea or by stream, these are days to remember when winter comes.

Need there be sunburn—skin flaming red—sleepless nights—the sting of a thousand needles at every move?

Not today! For sunburn as for any burn, you can use the same dressing hospitals use. Ease the smart *at once*, repair the wounded tissues: the way is easy—*Unguentine.*

Spread Unguentine on liberally: relief is instantaneous. But more: you are guarded against the depressing toxic poisons that can form in any burn. Outdoors is yours again.

Even better, put Unguentine on before exposure. You will tan quickly, normally, but burning is prevented. For your outing kit, at your druggist's, 50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y.

Don't suffer with sunburn today

FUN ON THE FARM

Vacation Antics of Lil's Kid Brother

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

MRS. MORSE'S sister Annie was sitting wearily rocking on her side porch, fanning herself with a copy of LIBERTY. She had turned on the radio, hoping to dim the racket of her nephew, Junior, and all the neighbors' children—who were making uncouth inroads into a watermelon near the barn.

"Once my mother asked me for some butter to put on a sweet potato," she heard her own son announce, "an' I cut a little square hunk from another sweet potato, an' she thought it was butter—an' never knew the dif!"

This brought a hilarious laugh at his mother's expense.

Mrs. Ingalls muttered the word "imp" several times.

She had married Mr. Ingalls when he was a talcum-powder salesman taking a course in practical farming (including carnation-raising). After the honeymoon at Atlantic City, he gave up proving his devotion to his wife with talcum powder; he built two greenhouses behind his house and began to say things with flowers.

"We'll grow the Famous Ingalls Giant Carnation," he had told her, indicating the circumference of a Merry Widow hat.

His wife had held her poise—and tongue, merely asking, "How large did you say they'd grow?" He indicated a six-inch spread.

"Take up insurance and farming as side lines," she had suggested, and these, to her surprise, turned out profitably! So, the Ingallses had gone to Bermuda once, had bought a radio, and Mrs. Ingalls formed the Roseville Literary Club, which hired a speaker once a month and held teas every Tuesday at 2 P. M.

Life went along smoothly, the only dread being their nephew's annual August visit. He became the leader of a crowd of village boys whose latest idea was to "wait for something to turn up." They were a motley crew, specializing in skinned knees, postage stamps, and poison-ivy rash—symbolic of *Tom Sawyer, Buster Brown,* and *Penrod* rolled into one.

"Nit-wit! You nit-wit! Oh, you NIT-WIT!"

Mrs. Ingalls jumped, wondering if she were being addressed.

But it was only Junior speaking to the neighbor's goat, Lucy. The boys, now munching on raw carrots, had formed an admiring circle around this amiable creature.

"Can goats swim?" Charlie Ingalls asked.

"Good as you," Junior said, and he executed a frog kick.

"Don't get funny," Charlie went on. "I'm goin' to build a raft an' go bummin' down the Mississippi. I'll take Lucy and charge admission at different places so people can see her kick."

Silence. The boys disappeared one by one, Junior bringing up the rear with Lucy. Mrs. Ingalls thought of the Arabs silently folding their tents, and wondered what would happen next. And just as she thought she had Cuba on the radio there was a roar, a crunching of wheels on the gravel path, and the sharp bark of a dog.

Junior came around the corner with poor Lucy hitched to a wagon. Scared, wild-eyed, he watched the animal prance on two legs to lunge at his yapping hound!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Obvious, Wasn't It?

Paul's father was the proprietor of a hotel. Paul, who was between four and five years old, went to meet the trains with his father, taking a hand cart to haul the travelers' grips. One morning his father was ready to start, and Paul was running around, frantically looking for his cap. His father, getting impatient, said sharply: "Where did you leave it?"

The little chap answered, quick as a flash: "I don't know till I find it."
—C. J. L., Ericson, Neb.

A Sympathetic Young Man

The children were lined up one afternoon in our hospital, apprehensively waiting their turn for adenoid and tonsil operations. I stopped to speak to them.

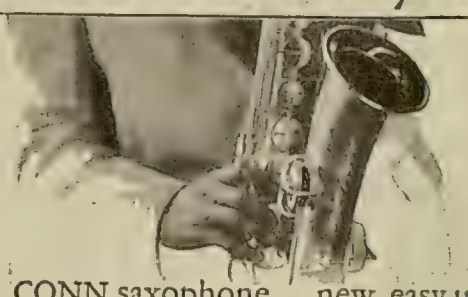
Seeing one small boy weeping, I said cheerfully:

"What do I see, son, tears?"

His reply was:

"Yes, but I'm not crying for myself, I'm crying for all the others."—
Sarah R. Clark, R. N.,
Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

You Can Play It



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A BREAK for Cinderella

The Story of a Lonely Woman

By

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

Pictures by KATHARINE STURGES

"DISCOVERED!" rumbled Sir Henry. "A woman, by gad, who isn't afraid of eating hollandaise!"

(Reading time: 11 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHEN Miss Sally Venable came back to her tiny Georgetown flat that gray January afternoon, there was a message under her door: a note by hand from Mrs. William Sturgis. Would Miss Sally communicate with her at once? It was urgent.

All of which sounded exciting to poor Miss Sally, fifty, and at a loose end that Washington winter. Usually she "filled in" with débutante chaperonage. The best people knew her and appreciated the solid value of her supervision, and she was not obtrusive enough to irritate the girls themselves.

Though chaperons had gone into the discard, she was still valuable as temporary mentor, in the absence of some Brahmin parent who held out for at least the semblance of authority.

She had "seen to" the Sturgis household in Chevy Chase the previous summer, when Mrs. Sturgis had been abroad; had kept the servants peaceful, and presided over Barbara and the beautiful Richardine. After her winter of discouragement, she hastened to renew the connection.

Almost any one, observing Miss Sally scurrying in the direction of the trolley car that day, would have said sapiently: Poor relation. And with reason.

Her lightish tan caracal coat, of a cut three seasons gone, was obviously a hand-me-down from some frivolous client. It sat at odds with the dour brown velvet hat, a towering structure, plainly culled from another wardrobe.

Miss Sally knew the fur coat was an incongruous covering for her thickening figure, but it had been a godsend in Cousin May's box that autumn, and she had not the heart to lay it by in favor of her more sedate black cloth. Washington winters were bitter.

She almost wished, as she tripped up the Sturgis driveway, that she had worn the black cloth. Mrs. Sturgis' mercilessly appraising eyes, kind and sharp, were certain to pick out any flaws in her appearance. Perhaps the urgency, whatever it might be, would vanish into thin mist if Mrs. Sturgis decided Miss Venable looked unsuitable.

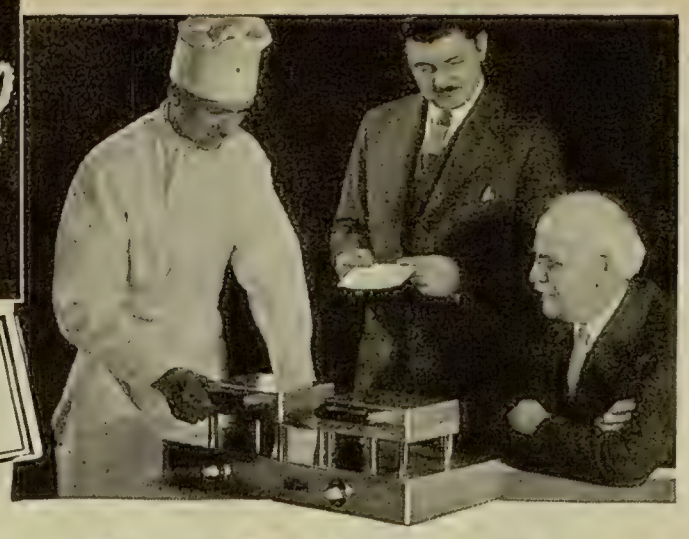
But Mrs. Sturgis, shorn of most of the intimidating symbols of her type—lorgnette, hauteur, even the exquisite hand-tinted complexion her pensioner had come to expect—lay wrecked and lamenting on a chaise longue of bottle green.

A sick-headache, her maid explained in an undertone, as she bore away Miss Venable's offensively youthful wrap. But she was waiting for Miss Venable. Would she go right in?

It was, explained the recumbent lady, between gusty sighs of anguish, about Richardine. Could Miss Venable drop everything—whatever she happened to be doing—and leave for Bermuda with Richardine on Friday? She was going to her aunt, Lady Tyler, for a month.

She, Mrs. Sturgis, had meant to accompany her, but now she had this wrecking neuralgia, and was taking special treatment. The doctor thought a sea voyage might increase the trouble. And it was absurd of Richardine to propose going alone. These modern girls! And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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A REMARKABLE NEW FOOD

The greaseless doughnut is an entirely new food. Not a drop of oil or grease is used. It is a crispy, delicious, fragrant, appetizing doughnut cooked by electricity. More captivating than old-style doughnuts ever were—rich as pie or cake—yet easily digested as bread.

People literally fall over one another to buy these new dainties. That's why Minch made $3,000 in 3 months. Costopolis, Illinois, takes in $6 to $7 an hour in the evening. Mrs. Jane Statts, Chicago, becomes the owner of a big shop in less than 2 months. Druggists, bakers, department stores—men and women at home, or in tiny corners of floor space rented in shops—all kinds of people get into this amazing new business and immediately start to coin money.

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Mrs. Sturgis lay wrecked and lamenting on a chaise longue

[A BREAK FOR CINDERELLA Continued from Page Fifty-one]

here a sigh of quite another quality escaped her.

Miss Venable had never felt, before, so humanly close to Mrs. Sturgis, who murmured figures and dates with a hand clapped agonizingly to a brow bedewed with cologne.

She tried not to seem too eager. But, really, God was very good to her, she murmured, later, sliding insecurely home across the icy pavements. (Mrs. Sturgis had not thought to order the car around.)

Poor soul, thought Miss Sally charitably (again thanking a divine Providence that had given her such excellent nerves and unspoiled digestion), she had indeed been suffering.

Riches, concluded Miss Sally in all piety, were certainly *not* everything.

These reflections brought her to the door of her own humble flat, where she dined on salted crackers and cream cheese, drinking cup after cup of tea by way of celebration.

IT was on a day even more brilliantly blue than ordinary that Miss Sally Venable turned dazzled eyes on the shores of the island of lilies. To have left the dingy wharves of New York in midwinter, to have suffered for a day and a half with the humiliations of *mal de mer*, and to have emerged for this, was enough to dazzle any one.

At her side lounged Miss Richardine Sturgis, perfect in a sports suit of lemon-yellow flannel, a white felt helmet crowded down over her rebellious hair. Richardine had been a little miffed at her failure to put over the adventure solo, but she was not ill-tempered. If she had to be supervised, it might as well be Miss Sally Venable as any one.

Richardine was nineteen and looked like a fashion sketch, except that her feet were more substantial. She had grown herself

of bottle green. It was, she explained, between gusty sighs of anguish, about Richardine.

enough hair to do up a classic knot at the nape of her perfect neck, because all the girls in her crowd sniffed at old ladies with shingles.

I regret that I can not add she had a husky voice, as have had all heroines since *Iris March*. Otherwise she fitted the specifications.

"There's Dem," Richardine was fluting, waving an exquisite trifle of a handkerchief at an old-young man in flannels, as they came down the gangplank.

SHE flung herself into an exuberant tide of greeting. Miss Sally, used as she was to this sort of thing, with herself the only outsider, felt just a little more crowded out than usual.

She had hit on a mien for such occasions, a smiling, amused, detached air, as if to say: Well, my good people, the Venables of Virginia had grants of land from the king long before your forefathers thought of shoving off from the other side, I can tell you.

Now she found herself borne along on the tide of Richardine's young exuberance, sorting out the handful of well dressed people, most of whom owned what she called the American upper class voice.

Dem, it seemed, was Captain the Honorable Deming Tyler, Richardine's cousin. There was a young American woman of about thirty, a flamboyant beauty, whom every one called Boots. She, Miss Sally learned later, was one of Chicago's most dashing young matrons.

Lady Tyler, *née* Elspeth Sturgis, of Minneapolis and Washington, gave her three fingers and an abstracted, cordial smile. Lady Tyler had the same sort of voice as Boots, with the addition of some Mayfair overtones.

You can't, observed Miss Sally silently, marry into the British peerage without having it *take*, somehow. She wondered, idly, what such an alliance would have done to her own lazy, drawling speech, of which she was stanchly, scornfully (and inwardly) vain. On these reflections she and the luggage were swept into the courtyard of the Tyler manse, the others having gone on ahead.

LITTLE was required of her in the days that followed, she discovered, rather to her relief. With all the gentle consciousness of her excellent breeding (my grandfather, sir, was Colonel Hector William Venable, of whom you have doubtless heard at Antietam), she was none the less slightly intimidated by the Northerners with whom her lot was now cast.

Lady Tyler was kind in the most impersonal way. She was expected to appear at lunch, and at dinner, unless there were many guests. Then she had a tray in her room. Otherwise, her days were her own.

Ordinarily, Miss Sally would have been lonely in this comparative isolation. She liked to gabble on, of small and sundry things. But here it was different. She was content to think her own thoughts, to bask in the sunshine.

Sometime, she thought a little wistfully, she would waylay Miss Richardine, and they might "exchange impressions." But her young charge was hectically employed. If it wasn't tennis, it was frolicking on the shore, or doing the curio shops, or dancing at teatime.

She had her mother's own rigid conscientiousness about a dependent, though. She always stopped for a word, a bright look of concern. "Having a good time, Miss Sally? That's fine." It was kind, but it was so—so impersonal.

"Now, down home, we don't do that way," Miss Sally would reflect pensively. "Even the colored folks at Cousin May's kind of felt they belonged there."

But she was proudly chiding herself the next instant for comparing herself to servants. Of course, she was different. She was Miss Sally Venable: they knew she was sufficient unto herself.

She spurned contemplation of the life that would swallow her up, once this assignment was over. For this month, at least, she sighed, she would be a lotus-eater, dweller on the sort of enchanted island she had believed in in her innocent childhood.

How far away, then, had seemed the realities of bread and butter and a roof over one's head. She had thought, and others had, with her, that Miss Sally Venable would walk in silken ways and have her problems solved for her.

But things had not fallen out that way. There had been no Prince Charming. Her kinsfolk had drifted out of life, one by one; she was middle-aged and poor and tired—and nobody cared very much.

When she got to this stage in her reflections, she would administer a mental shake and go for a walk by the sea.

LADY TYLER greeted her in the garden as she came in, on the last Monday.

"Having a little dinner on the terrace of the Splendide tomorrow evening," she explained. "We sh'd be so glad if you'd come."

Miss Sally stammered with surprise and pleasure. This was the first time she had been bidden to a real party.

Yes, that black lace dress of Cousin May's would be all right. And her garnet necklace. She was glad she had never parted with her garnets. They were sweet.

She abandoned her walk that afternoon, paying tribute to the goddess of beauty sleep. She cold-creamed and manicured, rested and relaxed. She was dressed and waiting a full hour ahead of time.

Then round her door, on the heels of a hasty knock, popped the wind-beaten face of Lady Tyler.

"Oh, my dear Miss Sally," she began in unaccustomed volubility, and a trifle shamefaced, withal. "I am really too sorry—but you will understand. Boots—Mrs. Meredith's sister, Lolly Winsted—just blew in. I simply must have her tonight, and—well, you can

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Contest Closes August 25th

Find six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola and send in your entry.

The "six keys" are the six outstanding reasons, given us by the public, why millions like and drink Coca-Cola. We disclosed the first "key"—*taste*. The others are just as easily discovered. They have been illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and now—in many newspapers, in The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, Life, and in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find the sixth "key" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Five have already appeared—and you can check back and find them if you have not already entered the contest.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.*
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys?" Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

Follow these simple rules

Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

[A BREAK FOR CINDERELLA
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

see what that does to my dinner table—a woman too many."

She threw out her hands expressively. "It's too nice of you to understand—some other time—frightfully sorry—"

MISS SALLY sat idle for a long time after her hostess had vanished. She put up her hand to her cheek, almost as if she'd been smacked and expected to find a welt. The welt was there—somewhere; but not in her head—her heart.

Oh, these fine, careless people, how easy it was for them! *So sorry, Miss Sally.* What's one dinner party more or less, in a lifetime? What indeed? *Some other time.*

But then, there weren't so many other times when you were fifty, and hiding the streaks of gray under the brave blonde, and smiling when you were sad and when you were hungry, and sometimes, even, when you were cold.

Defiantly Miss Sally counted the money in her purse. She'd been jealously hoarding her slim four weeks' salary to stand her in stead on her return. But now she decided to make an inroad on it.

All dressed up, she was, and she'd been planning to sit out on the terrace and drink wine from a crystal goblet, and hear music dripping from the sad horns of the orchestra. Well, she might still do that, although there would be no merry party to keep her in countenance.

When Lady Tyler's party dawdled to its place in the dreamlike out-of-door dining-room, Miss Sally was before them. Assured, at ease, she sat at her lone small table, letting her glance drift over the hibiscus and bougainvillea richness in the garden below.

She returned Lady Tyler's rather startled bow with what she hoped was a smile of nonchalance. Anyhow, it was gallantry itself.

She tried to keep her eyes turned aside, but the party was so gay, its members so well dressed, the hateful Mrs. Winsted, especially, such a dashing beauty, that she was drawn to it again and again.

A stir and a commotion about Lady Tyler's chair marked the impromptu addition of three male guests, one of whom was a great, looming lad of sixty, the ruddy, snow-crested type of Englishman one sees in the colonies.

Not unlike portraits of Colonel Hector Venable, thought Miss Sally, innocently paying him the highest tribute she knew. He had a great barrel of a chest, heaving under his dinner coat. His teeth were the white, flashing teeth of a boy; his booming laugh was the mirth of a conqueror of serfs and women.

Miss Sally averted her eyes so as not to seem openly interested, since Lady Tyler was looking her way. She was *not* mistaken. A signal was being passed—something to do with her.

For one cold moment rage and fear possessed her. Was Lady Tyler sending that waiter over to ask her to leave? Her backbone stiffened. *Never!* said the spirit of all the Venables.

But, no; it was just a request: Would Miss Venable join madame?

Miss Sally's knees trembled slightly as she rose. Lady Tyler was rapidly and volubly explanatory. She'd been so stupid again. Sir Henry, an old friend of her husband, was joining them, with his two aides. Now they were thirteen. Would Miss Sally be so good?

Miss Sally found herself plunged into the chair at Sir Henry's left, his blind side, she thought comprehendingly, but with content. The dazzling Lolly Winsted was at his right.

Miss Sally flashed a shy smile down the table at Richardine, and prepared to devote herself to asparagus. She was content to let the talk flow round about her.

"WHAT'S this? What's this?" boomed a great voice at her ear. The aquamarine eyes of the British dignitary twinkled at her from their petal-pink setting of brow and cheek. The white crest of hair rose challengingly above them.

"Discovered!" rumbled Sir Henry (only he said "discovahed"). "A woman, by gad, who isn't afraid of eating hollandaise!" He eyed Miss Sally with ruddy interest.

She was thankful that Dem was telling a noisy story, so that the others did not hear; she was terribly confused and pleased.

She said, irrelevantly, "You remind me so much, sir, of my grandfather, Colonel Hector William Venable, of whom you may have heard at Antietam."

Sir Henry decidedly hadn't, not being up on American history. But he had discovered two things in his left-hand *vis-à-vis:* a soft voice and an appetite.

He began to confide in Miss Sally, a trifle too noisily for her peace of mind, his opinion of dieting females and American voices in general. What he said was entirely unflattering and included the vocal equipment of the devastating Mrs. Winsted.

AFTER that, they were off. Miss Sally listened mostly, but put in a purring word of agreement now and again. She glowed. She basked. The very garnets twinkled reflectively.

And down the table, Captain the Honorable Deming Tyler inquired of his mother: "Who is that—er—dashed good-looking woman talking to Old Socks?" He had passed Miss Sally in the halls every day for three weeks!

And the devastating Mrs. Winsted regarded, with a half-whimsical ruefulness, the upper rear half of an excellent outfit of Bond Street dinner clothes.

"Your old Casanova would have nothing of me, darling," she drawled later to her hostess. "He was all tied up with the dowager—who is she, by the way? They did hit it off. After all I'd heard of the old rascal, I'd been preparing to stage a tremendous killing."

"She's Miss Sally Venable of the Virginia branch," said Lady Tyler, who had just been apprised of this fact by Old Socks himself. "It's just as well, anyway, you didn't slay him with a glance, because he wants to marry again; he told me so himself.

"He's just old enough to find you gorgeous creatures a bit unsettling, in spite of his reputation, which is all perfectly deserved. What he really wants," went on Lady Tyler, sagely, "is a comfortable companion, not too modern, and a good listener.

"There are two sons back in England, and they won't like it, I can tell you," she concluded, somewhat irrelevantly.

"You're leaping ahead of me," drawled the exquisite Mrs. Winsted.

"Lolly," her hostess said with animation, "I've seen these elderly beaus fall before, and I know the signs. He's money, too, which is rather more than one need expect of a pre-war aristocrat. Isn't it perfectly amazing?"

"What?" inquired the toast of Minneapolis cynically. "Matrimony or autumnal love?"

"You're too tiresome," sighed Lady Tyler, rising. "I think I shall go and chin with Miss Sally Venable, who probably believes in such things as love at first sight and fairy tales—especially Cinderella!"

THE END

At this stage in her reflections, she would administer a mental shake and go for a walk by the sea.

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Cold and tingling with a delightful after-sense of refreshment. Drink Coca-Cola! You'll find it *refreshing*. More people agree on that than on electing a president.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

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LIBERTY is the *only* WEEKLY carrying the White House Coffee advertising in 1927, and the *only* MAGAZINE carrying White House Coffee advertising on a full schedule—and all advertising in two colors.

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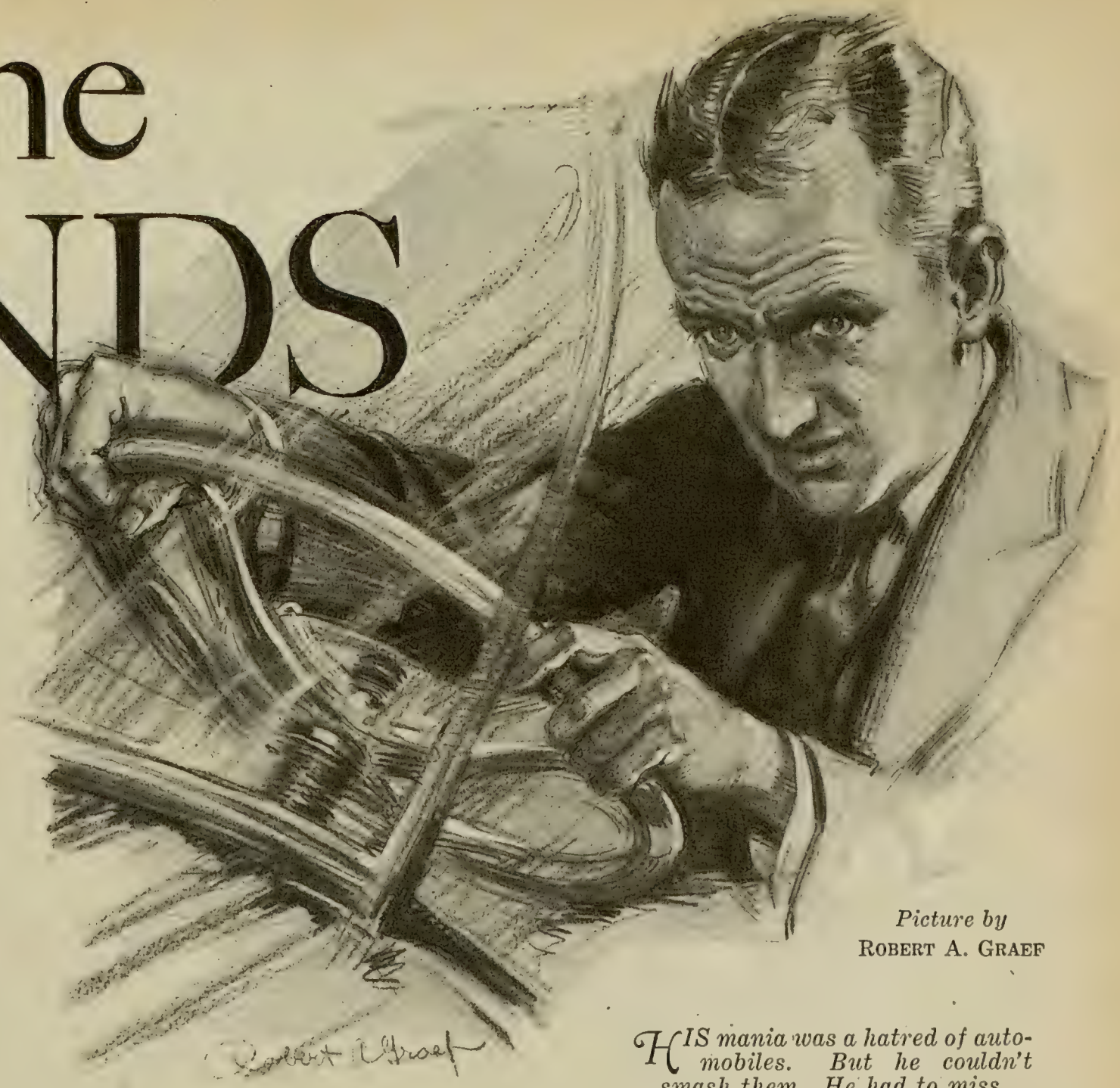
Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

WHITE HOUSE COFFEE
"THE FLAVOR IS ROAST'ED IN"

Sane HANDS

The Story of a Mad Racing Driver

By
PERCY MARKS



Picture by
ROBERT A. GRAEF

HIS mania was a hatred of automobiles. But he couldn't smash them. He had to miss.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 40 seconds.)

I WAS paying my first visit to Dr. Miner in fifteen years, and in the long interval he had become superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane. After he had shown me rather proudly through the huge and, to me at least, depressing institution, we returned to his sunny office and settled down for a chat.

Fascinated with his work, he discussed the treatment of mental diseases for an hour, when some remark of his led me to ask him a rather banal question:

"From your experience, just how much influence would you say that mind has over matter?"

He smiled and replied quietly:

"My experience has taught me mainly not to make generalizations on that question."

"But surely," I protested, "you have done little but generalize for the last hour, and some of your generalizations have been concerned with just that question."

"Granted. But if I had been talking to a psychiatrist I should have been careful to state the exceptions. Certainly I'm not going to make any sweeping statements about mind and matter for you. Fred Melton died here yesterday, and Melton alone is enough to restrain me."

"And who," I demanded, "is Fred Melton, and what has he to do with generalizations about mind over matter?"

"Well, one could generalize nicely from Melton's case, but if one were wise one wouldn't. I'll tell you about him and then you can make generalizations if you want to."

He drew deeply on his cigar for a minute or two and then began:

"You may have heard of Melton. He had quite a name as a racing driver a few years ago. But I'm beginning at the wrong end of the story—I'd better start over:

"Melton was born in Detroit about forty years back. He seems to have been fascinated by automobiles from childhood—absolutely daft about them. Apparently he drove a car long before the law allowed, and he was just a youngster when he began to work in one of the factories.

"From then on his history is nothing but automobiles. Nothing else seemed to matter to him, not even women; at least, he never married.

"Well, at one time or another he did about everything with automobiles that could very well be done. He worked in factories, in garages, as a chauffeur, and as a taxi driver; he was always changing jobs, but he always worked with automobiles.

"His restlessness was due to ambition: he wanted to drive racing cars. And he was prouder of his skill as a driver than any Follies girl is of her ankles. He practised driving as assiduously as a Heifetz practises on his fiddle; and in his own way he was just as truly a virtuoso as Heifetz is.

"Finally he got a chance to drive in a race, and managed to place. Then he got another chance, and another, until he was established as a racing driver. He even managed to have a racer built for himself. He wasn't driving his own car, though, when he smashed; he was driving for one of the manufacturers.

"The smash finished him as a driver. He suffered internal injuries that wrecked his health, and, although nobody knew it at the time, his mind was wrecked too.

"From the day of that accident, Melton was insane; but, since his insanity was of the quiet, brooding kind, there was nothing about it to arouse people's suspicions.

"Now, Melton had a mania; and a very curious mania it was, too. He had a hatred of automobiles and his hatred was active. He wanted to destroy automobiles, destroy them by the thousands.

"Insane people often have extraordinary ingenuity, you know, and Melton's was extraordinary indeed. He thought up a way of smashing hundreds, if not thousands, of automobiles at one time.

"He had his racing car and he had some money. He had that car incased in steel. There was a small windshield of non-breakable glass and a protecting hood of steel. He painted the car a dull gray. It was odd enough to look at, but innocent, too. Innocent? It was a steel bullet!

"You probably don't know Woodland Avenue. Well, Woodland has a straight stretch two miles long, and it is a one-way street. Now, here was Melton's devilish plan:

"He was going to drive that bullet of his down Woodland Avenue the wrong way. He figured that his car was practically indestructible and that he could smash almost anything in sight."

"Did he?" I asked excitedly, too interested to keep silent any longer. "Did he actually drive down the street the wrong way?"

"Yes. And everybody who saw him said that it was the most marvelous exhibition of driving they had ever seen. It was absolutely uncanny, they said."

"Uncanny? What do you mean?"

"Why, he drove those two miles without touching another car; he slipped through that traffic at fully thirty miles an hour without grazing a fender."

"But why? You said he had a mania to smash cars."

DR. MINER smiled and replied, "Exactly. But he couldn't smash them. He *had* to miss."

"But why?" I demanded again. "Why?"

"He had trained himself from childhood to miss. For years he had practised missing—prided himself on his skill in missing; and when he got into traffic, he could do nothing else.

"Perhaps," Dr. Miner added, a slight taunt tingeing his voice, "perhaps it was the control of matter over mind!"

THE END

FOR A BRILLIANT POLISH

Used by smart Parisiennes

Graceful finger tips depend on sparkling nails with bewitching half moons and transparent tips. So the smart Parisienne uses the Liquid Polish perfected by the greatest authority on the manicure—Northam Warren. And it is more used here too than any other.

So you may have becomingly tinted nails without fussing, he makes Cutex Liquid Polish in two lovely tints.

Natural Pink—a polish of elusive daintiness. Matches the rose petal color of the nail itself.

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Both last for days. Before a fresh manicure take off the old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Each is 35c. Or 10c and the coupon bring you a sample of the tint you prefer and the Polish Remover. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

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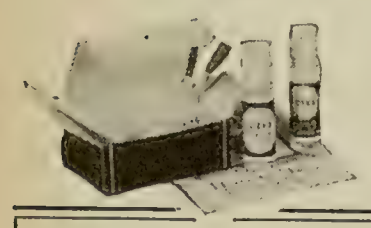

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The Upkeep *of the* *PERMANENT WAVE*

By EILEEN BOURNE

PERMANENT waves are inundating the country. And yet we're not altogether prepared for their advance. When one has passed over you for the first time, you get up a bit dazed and say:

"Now what? I can forget my hair for six months, can't I?"

Far from it. If you do, your hair will recede faster than the wave. You need a very special program of after care. And upon the faithfulness with which this course is pursued depends whether the process will be good for your hair.

It was first invented as a cure for oily and lifeless locks and can aid the health and beauty of your hair, but only if you neglect none of the half dozen measures laid out for you by experts.

First and foremost is the necessity of replacing the oils dried from your scalp by the electric process. The woman who all her life has suffered from oily hair will be particularly neglectful of this duty. In her delight at having entered upon a dry era, she is apt to let her hair become as brittle as glass.

As a matter of fact, after a permanent wave, every type of scalp needs a warm olive-oil treatment before each shampoo.

Part the hair, rub warm olive oil thoroughly into the scalp, and repeat this parting and rubbing until every part of the scalp has been treated. If you do this the night before you shampoo, and leave the oil on all night, so much the better. But you must wear a bathing-cap or an old bath towel to protect your pillow.

Now, as to the shampoo. At least every other one should be accompanied by an egg bath. First, wash out the oil in very warm water and a good lather made of one of those liquid pure-castile preparations that do not dry the scalp. When the hair is thoroughly rinsed, wash it again in egg—or, rather, in two of them.

Beat the white and yolk thoroughly, and pour the mixture slowly over the head, rubbing like fury the while. Be sure to get every little end of hair in. For it is especially the ends of the hair that need this softening element to prevent their becoming brittle.

When you have rubbed your head almost dry, rinse all the egg off in warm water without adding soap; rinse it again in cold; dry it—and brush!

Brush hard and long. For, as we pointed out not so long ago, one of the vast advantages the permanent wave has over the marcel is that you can't brush it out. Massage and brush the hair with vigor. Not only after a shampoo, but for a few moments both night and morning.

Never forget that the health of the hair depends on the happy condition of those cells buried deep in the scalp. These cells are nourished by the blood alone and to stimulate circulation is a primary means of achieving beautiful, lustrous, thick, strong hair.

The first time you wash your hair after being permanently waved, you'll think you've turned into *Fuzzy-Wuzzy*. But the wave can be reset in a few moments.

Of course, you can go to your hair-dresser for a water wave. But you may yourself train your hair to lie down and behave with almost equal authority. It requires only a little time and trouble. There are liquids prepared for smoothing and setting the wave, and there is brilliantine and white vaseline and water.

Dermatologists often tell us that the constant use of water to slick down the locks makes them brittle and rots the tissue. But certainly its occasional use could do no harm. If you prefer an oily substance, rub it on the palms of the hands and then on the hair.

NOW place a set of interlocking combs exactly in the position of the original wave. Clap on a coarse, elastic-fitted net, and let the combs remain in from fifteen to twenty minutes. Take them out, comb the wave in that staccato manner of the hair-dresser, giving a little back push each time, and you'll find the sleek, smooth contour of your head as chic as ever.

This comb-setting should be performed every day for a consistent look of perfect grooming.

Shampoo not less frequently than once every two weeks, with hot oil used every time and egg every other time; massage the scalp, brush the hair, adjust your combs under the net, and then your wish will come true. For long will your permanent wave!

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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AUTUMN TONIC for Drooping Wardrobes

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE time is practically upon us when all of a sudden we feel that we must have something new at once. Our winters are so long and cold, our summers are so short and hot, that both of them by their peculiar characteristics wear us out—and also our wardrobes. Just before the finish of every season, they seem to take a turn for the worse, and nothing will save us or our self-respect, we think, except a new costume.

This happens every year, and invariably we are surprised both at our so-called whim and our extravagance in gratifying it. The Paris fashion-makers have in late years instituted a whole new showing of styles to meet our situation, and this is called the mid-season collection.

Owing to the subtle change that has come over the spirit of the season by this time, the new costume has to be just ever so slightly different from those that have gone before. While appropriate in every way to summer, it must not have the evaporating flimsiness of those earlier creations, but should look for its inspiration toward fall.

For economic reasons, if for no other, it should do so; and we can scarcely deem it a drawback while saving money to come forth with the same gesture as one of the advance guard of the fashions, a standard- and color-bearer, so to speak, or, perhaps more accurately, a silhouette- and color-bearer of the new mode.

For the coming autumn, things ought, for instance, to have the polka-dotted and figured and flowered effects of summer, while carrying a note of beige and brown in their coloring, as in the jaunty little costume with the short coat.

The frock happens to be in blue silk voile spotted with creamy dots, and it is accompanied by a jacket of blue in the same material. The dress is run with crosstown lines (you might put it that way, at least) of the plain blue at the belt and at the high yoke that goes principally under the close little sailor collar, which is bordered in blue.

Needless to say, this dress is good for as long as it shall last, and is most effective under a long coat of either voile or wool. In brown it is particularly pretty with one of the fur coats that carry a note of this coloring.

But in parenthesis let us pause to give a warning, which is to watch your step in choosing shades this fall; for gray, from present indications, is going to dominate the season, and it does not always go well with brown. If you wish to act on this tip, the costume we are talking about would be excellent in either gray or dull blue, with the jacket or long coat in a deeper shade. Perhaps one would better say with the jacket *and* the long coat, for with both wraps and perhaps a fur coat, one would have a little condensed wardrobe, complete in itself except for the evening dress and the lounging robe.

ADVANCE notices advise us of a revival of covert cloth. Of course every wardrobe looking toward the future should now contain something tailored in effect, such, for instance, as a good-looking coat-dress.

SUCH a frock as this (left) should be in every woman's wardrobe. It might be worn under the coat at the right.

A DRESS of cream-dotted blue silk voile (above, at left). The jacket is of navy silk voile. The coat-dress (above, at right) is of gray covert cloth.

One is shown on this page that could well be made in beige, navy, or gray covert cloth. If you wish to economize space as well as money, it could be selected to harmonize with the spotted dress of blue silk voile, and worn over it for the long coat.

My personal choice, I think, would be to have this *en plus*, as the French say, to wear in the fall with a bushy fur piece, and to get a looser general coat to go with the dress. The costume favors the collarless idea, already launched in the present styles, and yet shows a faint semblance of revers, suggested in the band that goes around the V-shaped neck and makes the letter into a Y—by continuing in a diagonal tail effect down the left side front.

This slanting line, we already know, is one of the features of the *mode actuelle*, suggesting perhaps the wrap-around movement while lying perfectly smooth without surplus material to drape.

The artist, who is a very slim girl, is always suggesting what is good for those not so slender as they should be, and this dress is one of her recommendations. She favors it for others because of the double seams, once again suggesting the letter V on the costume, this time spread from a point in the neckline to a wide expanse at the tip of the shoulders, with the sleeves filling in the area between. The dress is further distinguished by two yokes, one of which goes across the hips and the other over the shoulders.

OUR first frock, of black georgette and écru lace, is one of the kind that no wardrobe should be without.

In a long-sleeved gown like this you will fit into almost any picture without attracting too much attention, and you can not, therefore, go far wrong.

The adjoining garment might do for the coat that you would wear it under. It is of beige kasha, which would look pretty over the écru lace, and it has incrustations, or in other words pieces sewed on it, of brown suède round the skirt to match the belt. It is further garnished with a brown caracal collar, and is fashioned from the shoulders on a very interesting yoke that is cut in the shape of an arrow-head, with the point coming down over the shoulder.

Remolding the Hipline to the Mode's Desire

By BETTINA BEDWELL

PAUL CARET uses crystal fringes in a series of Vs to give a slim effect to the one-piece beaded gown of yellow crepe.

Paris, July 17.

IT has been said that a hundred years are required to make a beautiful maiden. It might perhaps more aptly be stated that a hundred styles are what is needed. If the criterions of female beauty in 1827 had set out on a century-long process of creating a Venus, by 1927 she would be all out of date, according to present-day standards of ideal loveliness.

Nature, being stubborn, won't remodel the human body to bring it nearer to the heart's desire of the moment. So the clothes and beauty doctors have to undertake the job.

Women who refuse to be inveigled into anything strenuous prefer the clothes treatment, which today consists in removing handicaps of figure by the simple but clever device of camouflaging them. Since the criterion of beauty today has as a standard the slender sapling, all the efforts of the couturiers are directed toward bringing every woman to these proportions. They employ only one medicine—illusion.

Two important elements are used by Paris dressmakers to produce the illusion of slender hips—color and line. The greater factor is that of line. Color can usually be made to behave, if the line is cleverly manipulated.

LELONG adapts the sports mode to the large-hipped woman.

SMOKE-GRAY crepe marocain is used in this smart Lelong afternoon dress with slenderizing diagonal pieces.

Lelong has hit on an unusually successful method of slenderizing the hips by a series of shaded V-lines. He also employs color to increase the effectiveness of the line. This he employs in the sports costume, the most difficult of the smart costumes of today for the big-hipped woman to wear well.

THIS black-and-white printed silk frock may be worn by the lady of ample proportions.

LELONG goes farther. He employs a material that is soft, but with enough body not to immediately take on the curves of the body beneath.

Shantung, one of the fashionable summer silks for sports, or tussur, its sister fabric, is perfect for the smart sports costume which must restrain the too ample hips. Our photograph shows at a glance how Lelong arranged line and color in such a sports costume.

Four shades are used for this model. They are beige, with three tones of blue, ranging from pastel to navy. The cardigan jacket is of beige tussur, and the upper part of the jumper blouse is also beige.

Beginning directly under the arms, the shading process for shaving down the hipline begins. First a V-shaped band of light pastel blue, then another of deeper blue, and finally the lower bodice in navy blue. The back of this blouse is identical, to strengthen the effect, and a narrow belt of navy blue suède indicates a waistline without emphasizing it.

In our black-and-white printed frock for the large-hipped woman, Yteb chooses very heavy crepe de Chine in an almost solid pattern. The wide scarf of white crepe de Chine lengthens and slenderizes the side lines.

Our one-tone afternoon dress is designed for hip-reduction. Lucien Lelong made it of smoke-gray crepe marocain. Under the right arm Lelong places two diagonal pieces of marocain which descend to the left hip in front and the right in back. From the hip they fall in graceful, lengthening drapery over the skirt.

The evening gown for the perfect forty-six is a special problem. Paul Caret has successfully solved it by arranging crystal fringes in a series of Vs forming lines at the bust, at the hips, and below them.

Thus does Paris remold the figure according to the mode.

Lillian GISH

The Incomparable

Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

THE real Lillian Gish, as she looks today.

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

REEL SIX

(Reading time: 16 minutes 21 seconds.)

YOUNG, slim, fragile, apprehensive that the contemplated step might work havoc with her career on the stage, nevertheless Lillian Gish stood before David Wark Griffith in his little office in the Biograph studio at 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, and asked him for a steady job in the infant movies.

Mrs. Mary Gish and Dorothy flanked her, with a brave show of confidence. The two sisters, with a wealth of arduous stage experience in child parts, had decided to hitch their little wagons to the new amusement.

Griffith hired them as permanent members of the company he was taking with him to southern California—to the Triangle Films Corporation, which he had joined after severing his Biograph ties.

Lillian was to get a flat salary of fifty dollars a week. Dorothy was to be paid twenty-five dollars and guaranteed three days of work each week. If she worked other days she was to get five dollars additional a day.

So the whole troupe of youthful pioneers in the new adventure boarded a train and went to Los Angeles. Arriving there, Lillian Gish found a condition that must be explained a bit for the lay readers of this her life story.

MISS GISH in the tragic rôle of Hester Prynne *in The Scarlet Letter.*

The Triangle Corporation embraced three separate units. Thomas Ince ran his own company, and he had such stars in his Culver City studio as Bill Hart, Charles Ray, Billie

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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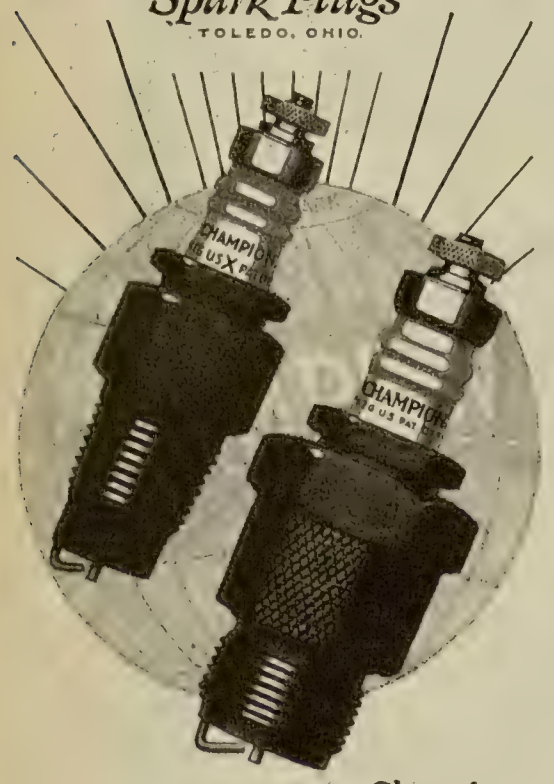

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for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box
75¢

[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Sixty-one

Burke, Enid Bennett, Dorothy Dalton, and Frank Keenan.

Mack Sennett was turning out his unforgettable comedies with the help of Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Wallace and Noah Beery, Mabel Normand, and Ford Sterling.

Under the name of the Fine Arts Company, Griffith was striding to immortality with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Bobby Harron, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Miriam Cooper, George A. Siegmann, Henry B. Walthall, Jack Pickford, Kate Bruce, Spottiswood Aitken, Courtney Foot, and Hattie Delaro.

All three of these historic companies were united in the Triangle and through it released their pictures.

MISS GISH smiled as she talked about those early days:

"The first two people I met when we reached the scene of our future labors were Mack Sennett and Norma Talmadge. I had never seen Norma, but I had worshiped her in the silence and darkness of the little motion-picture theaters.

"When we met I stood speechless before her. Then she smiled and held out her hands.

"'Oh!' I breathed. I could say no more. She put her arms about me—and there began one of the great friendships I have been privileged to form in my life. A fine actress, a model wife, a wonderful woman, Norma Talmadge Schenck is a lovely rose which for years has adorned the garden of the motion-picture world.

"Mr. Sennett, probably the richest man in the movies today, tossed me up in the air when I alighted from the train. We laughed as we commented on the difference between his standing then and when he first came into the films.

"It was long before my entry, and it's a rare story. Older men in the Biograph studios had told me a couple of humorous episodes of those early days.

"Sennett was a huge, awkward, aimless sort of Irishman with a priceless sense of humor. One day he stuck his head in the door at 11 East Fourteenth Street, and spied Bobby Harron sweeping out the front hall. Bobby then was making himself useful as janitor, movie extra, and errand boy for Mr. Griffith.

"'Shure, me bye, can ye tell me if this outfit needs a strong man? Oi want a job,' he whispered, his face turning red.

"'Come on in and I'll ask the boss,' said Bobby.

"'Oi'll not come in at all and be bounced out on me head. If the boss wants to hire me he'll have to come out here on the sidewalk. Go tell him.'

"Bobby went to the door and called to Mr. Griffith: 'Chief, do you need a strong man?'

"'A strong man!' Mr. Griffith echoed. 'What do I want a strong man for?'

"'Don't know, boss,' said Bobby. 'All I know is, there's one out here says he wants a job in the movies.'

"'Well, tell him to come in.'

"'No; he says he won't come in. If you want to see him you'll have to go out on the street. He's afraid of being thrown out on his head.'

"Mr. Griffith smiled and went out—to make history in the pictures. He talked with the shy Irishman, got a dozen laughs out of him, and promptly gave him a job.

"Sennett immediately attached himself to Arthur Johnson. Little is remembered today of this superb actor, but he was probably the greatest figure before the camera we have ever known.

"When the rest of us were getting twenty-five dollars a week, when Mary Pickford left Mr. Griffith because the Famous Players offered her $100 a week, Johnson went to Bauman & Kessel for $3,000 a week. That shows how marvelous he was. Unwise habits led to his untimely death.

"The devotion that he inspired in Sennett's wild bosom was one of the most ludicrous and one of the most beautiful things in our experience.

"Johnson was an exquisite wit, and one of his favorite pastimes was to imitate the pompous, deep-throated actors of the old school.

"He would walk into the bar at Lüchow's famous restaurant down the street, advance magnificently to the white-coated attendant, and speak in his thundering, resonant tones:

"'Bahtendah, two beers, sir, if you please. One large one for Mr. Arthur Johnson—myself; and one small one for my dog.'

"Then he would turn to the street door, raise his powerful voice, and cry out:

"'Dog, approach thy master, who is about to vouchsafe thee one small flagon of brew!'

"The door would fly open and Sennett would come bounding across the floor on all fours, barking and wriggling his body. When he reached Johnson's side, he would squat on his haunches, raise his paws, and beg.

"Then Johnson would lift the small glass and, with dignified gestures, pour its contents down Sennett's throat.

The winter atmosphere was very real when Miss Gish played in 'Way Down East.

"ONCE, after Johnson's precepts and example had smoothed down some of his worshiper's rough edges, Sennett invited Mr. Griffith, Henry Walthall, Johnson, and several other famous film stars to a luncheon at Lüchow's.

"They found a great round table near the front window. After they were seated, Sennett excused himself for a moment.

"Presently a motley crowd of men and women and ragged children began to parade to and fro on the sidewalk, peering in at the diners.

"This annoyed Johnson, who pounded on the table with his fist and called the head waiter.

"'My man,' the actor roared, 'pray explain yon rabble spying on gentlemen at meat. If it is to be thy custom to insult the guests of this indescribably vile provender dispensary by exposing them to uncouths along the curb, be informed, sir, that henceforth Arthur Johnson will fork elsewhere.'

"The head waiter wrung his hands and promised to disperse the growing throng.

"Then Johnson, who could read Sennett's mind as if his skull were glass, turned on the trembling comedian.

"'Thou canine yelper at my heels! I know that in some fashion thou hast contrived this disgraceful incident in my life. Afoot immediately, and explain—and see to it that only truth fall from thy jowls!'

"Blushing and stammering, Sennett confessed that he had gone out to telephone his boarding-house, filled with his countrymen, that he had great company at luncheon, and to invite them to witness his glory through the window.

"Johnson made him run the spectators away.

"What glorious days, those early ones in the movies! Not long ago Mr. Sennett thrust his head into Mr. Griffith's office and cried out: 'Boss, do you need a good, willing, honest strong man?'

"Mr. Griffith turned his head and laughed as they recalled the great comedy director's application for a job with the old Biograph Company.

"THE Fine Arts studio was an unpretentious lot on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. There we began to work.

"I have often been called a Griffith product. Well, in a way I am, of course, and proud to be so described. In a great many ways I am not. Nearly all my early pictures were directed by Tony Sullivan and Christie Cabanne, with the famous cameraman, Billy Bitzer, as valuable to the picture as the directors.

"The cameramen in those days were more priceless than rubies. They alone knew the mysteries of the strange devices they cranked; they alone could keep up with the new inventions that were leading to the early patent fights; only they had any idea about lighting.

"They were quite scarce, the good ones, and some of the most bitter battles of the pioneering movie days were the result of one company's kidnaping a cameraman from another.

"That is the only reason motion pictures were made in Chicago. By stealing the New York camera wizards and shanghaiing them out to Chicago, producers could coddle them and keep them from the fascinations of the metropolis.

"Of course, Mr. Griffith supervised everything, and Sullivan and

Cabanne really transmitted to me what the chief director wanted. In that way I am a Griffith product; and, of course, I am identified with the great pictures he was to turn out for an astonished world to make obeisance to during the next few years.

"But the first picture in which he actually directed me was The Birth of a Nation, and I had then been in the films for nearly eighteen months. My first picture in Hollywood was called The Lily and the Rose, and I was identified simply as *The Girl*.

"The names of the actors were not used, as a rule. I don't think my name ever appeared on the screen until The Birth of a Nation. Other early films were The Pirate and Daphne; but I forget the rest.

"Our hours were long, and not at all idle. From eight in the morning until seven in the evening we toiled, turning out in wholesale lots the two- and three-reel plays with the saccharine endings. After dinner we ran off the day's takes in the projection-room.

"But during all the days and weeks and months of our labors the great Griffith was dreaming his dreams and reveling in his visions—and in the fall of 1914 he began The Birth of a Nation.

"This was founded on a novel, The Clansman, by Thomas Dixon; and, from the moment he first broached the outlines of the picture to his backers until it was finished, Mr. Griffith's nights and days were one long, unbroken series of discouragements and difficulties.

"In the first place, no picture had ever run over four reels, and Mr. Griffith had battled for permission to make the first of that length, just as he had fought when he made the first two-reeler ever turned out.

"Finally the company grudgingly appropriated a sum far from sufficient for the daring experiment of making a *twelve-reel* movie.

"The assembling of the cast and the takes and retakes of the historic panoramas—the first time an army had ever been represented by anything more than two or three soldiers in line; the immense wardrobe requirements; and the brand-new elements which he introduced for the first time into motion pictures promptly reached a figure that exceeded his budget.

"The directors refused to put up another dollar; and Mr. Griffith began to split his interest in future receipts among the people from whom he had to buy things.

"HERE is an interesting illustration of what I mean:

"It was necessary to retake certain battle scenes in which Confederate uniforms were used. The money for their rental had been exhausted, and the Los Angeles costumer—his name escapes me, but it reveals his German ancestry—accepted a one-per-cent interest in the picture for the second use of his uniforms.

"Mr. Griffith was to pay that out of his share. This was late in 1914.

"Years passed and America got into the World War. We made Hearts of the World and several other Allied-propaganda films.

"Not long after the Armistice, two Federal Secret Service men visited Mr. Griffith's office and asked to see him. Jack Lloyd, the director's right hand ever since he went into the pictures, said his boss couldn't be disturbed. They insisted.

"It finally came out that the former costumer had backed several films during the war, and the government regarded them as pro-German propaganda. He had been arrested.

"'But what has this got to do with Griffith?' Lloyd asked.

"'We have examined the prisoner's books and we find that during the war Griffith gave him large sums of money.'

"'Nonsense!' Jack exclaimed. 'You know Griffith did nothing but make war films ever since we got into it.'

"The Secret Service men declared, however, that they must question Mr. Griffith.

"He came, and admitted giving the costumer the $150,000 they found on his books—but he explained that that sum represented the man's one-per-cent interest in The Birth of a Nation.

"Incidentally, the ex-costumer, I heard, was sentenced to prison.

"LLOYD, who handles most of Mr. Griffith's publicity, did not discourage the company's claim that the new picture cost $500,000. The truth is, it cost about $150,000. And the latest report I have heard about the box-office receipts of this first great motion picture is that more than $15,000,000 has been taken in. Most of it came during the first three years it was shown, of course.

"Thomas Dixon, who consented to the change in name from The Clansman to The Birth of a Nation after he saw it privately—because he said it was nothing like his book—had a twenty-per-cent interest in it.

"He tried to sell it for $10,000! The company wouldn't give him a penny for it, and Mr. Griffith was broke. Not long ago Mr. Dixon was quoted as saying that he had made more than a million in cash out of it and had bought a vast plantation in the South.

"That Griffith masterpiece was finished in nine weeks. Then nobody could decide what to do with it, because racial troubles and sectional hostilities were feared.

"Finally it was shown for the first time in Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles on February 8, 1915. The rest is history.

"It was at about this period that Dorothy made a bid for fame by discovering Richard Barthelmess and Rudolph Valentino.

"Dick was playing with Marguerite Clark in the East. Dorothy had never seen him in person, but had liked him in several pictures. So she 'sold' him to Griffith, and he was sent for. Dick's career really started with us.

"One day Dorothy noticed a handsome young Italian working beside her as an extra in one of Mr. Griffith's pictures called Out of Luck. He was clamoring for a chance to act a part.

"The director was looking for a leading man for Scarlet Days, and Dorothy described the extra, insisting that he had a personality the women would like.

"They sent an office boy for him. When he had departed, Mr. Griffith shook his head, saying:

"'Too foreign-looking for our audiences. Anyhow, he isn't experienced enough. We'll use Barthelmess.'

"I think Valentino went to Paramount just before he leaped to fame in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

"SO tremendous and stunning had been the success that greeted The Birth of a Nation that the Fine Arts people agreed to let Mr. Griffith make what I regard as the greatest picture ever produced—Intolerance. I have told you why I think so.

The tragedienne turns comedienne as Annie Laurie.

"In it I worked only one day in one small scene: I was the young mother rocking the cradle of Life.

"For two years I continued before the camera. None of my parts was of much importance, but I worked and studied and observed as earnestly as I was capable of. Then we went to war with Germany.

"Mr. Griffith was in London the night of April 6, 1917, sitting in a theater watching the English première of Intolerance. When the audience stood and cheered the news that the United States had joined the Allies, Griffith decided to rush home to help.

"While he was trying to book passage, the British Premier, David Lloyd George, conceived the idea of deluging America with Allied propaganda. He called in Shaw, Barrie, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Chesterton, to discuss the best methods with them.

"Somebody suggested that David Wark Griffith be commissioned to make a gigantic war film. Lloyd George sent for the American, and a few days later Griffith cabled to Los Angeles for a company of his actors.

"As quickly as possible we sailed: Billy Bitzer, the cameraman, Bobby Harron, Kate Bruce, Ben Alexander, Robert Anderson, George Fawcett, George A. Siegmann, my mother, Dorothy, and I. We reached London early in the summer, and went to the Savoy Hotel.

"Then we registered with the police, and were assured that the metropolis was so well guarded that there was no chance for Zeppelin raids. Three minutes after

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Yes Sir,!

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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

we returned to the hotel, the city was bombed.

"We looked up from a little balcony that gave on the Thames from our rooms, and high in the skies we saw the invaders — tiny airplanes circling placidly at 18,000 feet and dropping their explosives all over the city.

"I think we experienced more than twenty raids while we were in London making some of the exteriors of the propaganda film — and not a word about them was printed in the London press or permitted to go out to the world!

"We were not badly frightened during that first raid, and Dorothy and I went out in a taxicab afterward to hunt traces of the damage.

MISS GISH in a study of anticipation.

"TEN days later the Germans came again. This time we were frankly nervous. We heard that much havoc had been done in Whitechapel, and after the enemy aviators departed we went down there.

"It was horrible! One huge bomb had struck squarely in the midst of a kindergarten, and ninety-six little children were blown to fragments. Talk about acting—about emotions! Never have I seen such stark demonstrations of grief and terror.

"Poor mothers picked up pieces of bodies and tried to identify their babies! One woman ran screaming down the street with a little arm clutched to her bosom.

"The sense of helplessness, of hopelessness, of sheer heroism thrilled me as I watched the parents fumble among the shattered infants. Strangely, I did not then or later hear one word of anger against the Germans!

"It was war, and a part of it had come savagely home to them. Well, the Tommies and Lloyd George would exact dire vengeance. There was nothing to do but carry on and trust the authorities to accomplish their duty as best they could.

"Several of the women recognized us as the Gish girls, and took us into their pitiful homes. Some were in ruins. But nobody despaired. How great the English are in a crisis!

"No wonder they have painted so large a portion of the world's map in the ink that signifies their rulership. They actually seemed to admire the nerve of the German airmen.

"Then came a moonlight raid, the fliers far up among the stars following the reflection of the moon in the historic Thames! Not a light showed in the city—and somehow I have never felt the same toward the moon since the night the immense bombs rained down on a city standing terrified and helpless in the sheen of lunar radiance.

"Dorothy and mother were in bed, and I was brushing my hair in the dark just inside the little balcony, when the first explosion came.

"The French doors leading to the veranda crashed open and my mother and Dorothy bounded to the middle of the room. We held one another tightly as we stood looking out on the dim outlines of the Thames and the buildings on its banks.

"It was utterly quiet—a long, aching silence, broken only by the crash of explosives and the echoing rumble of collapsing buildings. Sometimes there were shrieks of anguish, ringing through the stillness like knife thrusts.

"A bomb struck in the street beneath our window. The wind rushed violently into the room, and we broke the bonds of our paralyzing panic and fled screaming down the hall toward the stairs. The other guests were stampeding through the corridors and down the steps.

"One woman ran back for her jewel case, dropped it, and ran madly to the basement as the gems clattered down the steps and were lost.

"Just as we piled through the doors to the cellar, I remembered that we had left Chu Chin Chow, our little Pekingese puppy, upstairs. Mother flew back, and got down on her hands and knees and crawled under the bed to drag him out.

"All night the planes came from across the Channel, waves of them, raining explosives calmly and accurately on all parts of the capital.

"British aviators soared aloft to meet them, and in the beams of the searching lights—the luminous fingers of England reaching up into the heavens to locate the daring invaders—foe and friend darted to and fro like little silver moths.

"Some of them tumbled like leaden plummets into the street as they shot each other to pieces.

"We sat on the cement floor in our nightgowns until five o'clock, when the sirens announced that the Germans had gone. Then we ran to our room and dressed to go out and see what had happened. I never saw anything like the Strand.

"I thought it had snowed that summer night—the street was white. But it was pulverized glass from the show windows! Not cracked or splintered, but simply pulverized from the concussions. You could pick it up and run it through your fingers like powdered sugar.

"At the foot of Cleopatra's Needle lay a wrecked bus. A gaping hole in the pavement half a block away showed where a missile had struck, the pieces of flying metal having demolished the vehicle. The fronts of entire buildings were crumpled in the streets.

"The top was missing from one edifice where a bomb had gone through the roof and three floors and exploded in the basement, the walls bulging out like a gigantic mushroom.

"DURING the subsequent raids we were further terrified by our inability to distinguish between a direct hit and the detonations of the defending guns on the roof of the Hotel Cecil, located next door to our hotel.

"When the sirens wailed their messages of warning that the planes were coming, we would rush shrieking to the basement, the great guns next door shaking the neighborhood as they fired at the tiny specks of silver revealed by the patrolling beams of huge searchlights sweeping the skies.

"The woman who had dropped her jewel case used to wait for us in the hall and we would all race to the cellar together.

"She was an American and, like the rest of us, was far more panic-stricken than the more stolid native guests.

"This woman was in an extraordinary predicament:

"She had been on the Lusitania when it was torpedoed, and had floated all night clutching a couple of deck chairs.

"She was afraid to stay in London because of the endless air raids, and she could not muster courage enough to go home, so horribly vivid was the memory of the submarines. I think she went mad during a later raid.

"After some of the raids, the British would gather up the German aviators and bury them with full military honors. Nothing was printed about this.

"I heard of one of the funerals, and you would have thought a great English ace was being interred, so solemn and beautiful and thoroughly military was the ceremony spoken above the bodies of the slain foes.

"WE made many of our exteriors in the army camps and hospitals of England. Actually, while Mr. Griffith was at work on the great war film he was to call Hearts of the World, it seemed to us that the war was run according to his orders!

"In England and in France he had only to ask to receive anything he wanted, from a pencil to a simulated major offensive involving 20,000 troops of all arms.

"When we finally told him we simply could not stand the air raids any longer—mother lost thirty-five pounds and has never recovered from the shocks; indeed, her paralysis for the last twelve months is a consequence of our experiences in London in 1917; and Dorothy and I were mere skin and bones—Mr. Griffith decided it was time to go to the front in France!

"And then, just as we were about to board a Dover train for passage on a little Channel boat, an official from the War Office came to the station and ordered the train held.

"He talked with our little party—Mr. Griffith, mother, Dorothy, Bobby Harron, Bitzer, several doubles who were to impersonate some of the principals who were not to go with us, and me.

"It seems that orders had come from Paris that our cameraman could not go across with us. Mr. Griffith asked why, and he was informed that France objected to Billy because his full name was Wilhelm Gottlieb Bitzer!

"Mr. Griffith's amused and then angry expostulations were of no avail. Billy could wander around England, but his name was too much for France.

"So we had to leave him in London, the War Office man promising to have French army cameramen detailed to work in the picture. We climbed aboard and started for the becrimsoned trenches where the World War was raging in all its lurid horror."

The wistful expression that makes her most appealing to many.

One of the fastest moving periods of Miss Gish's eventful life—from 1917 to 1922—is shown in Reel Seven of her story in next week's LIBERTY.

WHY YOU LIKE IT

The first and main reason why you like Heinz Tomato Ketchup so much is that it *tastes good.* The taste is the test.

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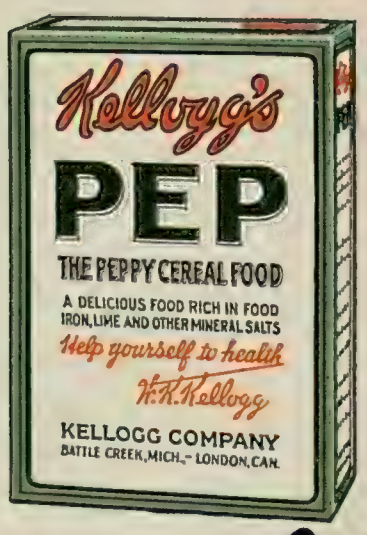

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Kellogg's PEP

A Baking-Day Saves TIME and FUEL

By ETHEL SOMERS

BAKING schedules that concentrate the week's baking into a few crowded hours are a household efficiency scheme well worth considering. Concentrated baking schedules are a great saving, yet they need not hamper a variety of menus.

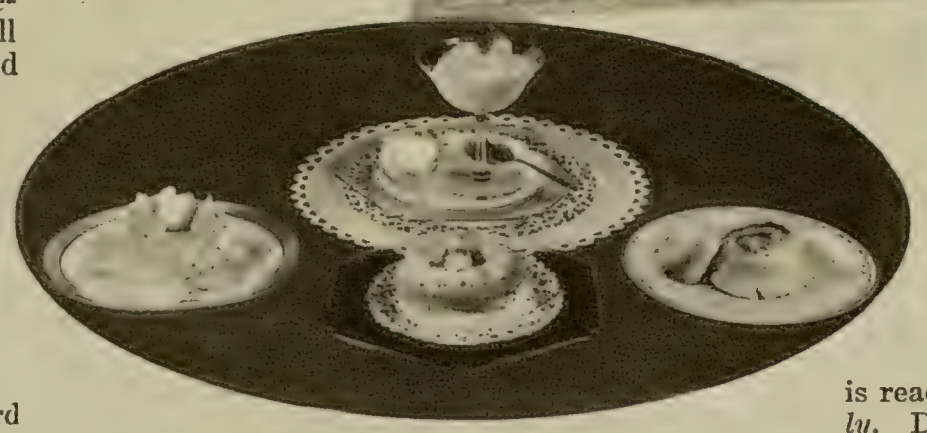
Wasteful heating of the oven day after day is eliminated, dish-washing is minimized, and many steps are saved when a baking schedule is put into effect. Scheduled baking-days require forethought, but little effort after the planning is done.

Work out menus with a series of baked foods requiring the same oven temperature. Some of the foods must necessarily have good keeping qualities so that they may be served still fresh in a somewhat distant menu. Angel Food, Sponge Cake, the rich butter cakes, many cookies, méringues, and pie shells keep admirably under proper conditions.

Cakes and cookies, if kept air-tight, may be served at any time within ten days. In fact, they all are better for keeping. Méringue and pie shells left open in a dry cupboard will remain fresh for more than a week. The pie shell is recrisped when the cream filling is added and baked.

Other items, such as breads and muffins, are easily freshened by moistening and rebaking for a short time just before serving. By adopting a baking schedule method of menu planning, two surprises are in store for your family. You will be able to get out of the kitchen to enjoy other activities and still supply them with enticing menus.

HERE we see Friday's jelly roll, Saturday's ice-box cake, Sunday's sponge drops, and Tuesday's peach shortcake all in one baking.



BELOW are four desserts the sponge-cake foundation of which is prepared at a single baking.

SPONGE CAKE—See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 29. Prepare by doubling the recipe.

Mock-Sponge Cake

3 egg yolks
1½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice or 1½ teaspoons vanilla
½ cup water
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 egg whites

MIX as for sponge cake. Add the water to the beaten egg yolks, together with the lemon juice and sifted flour and baking powder.

Lemon-Jelly Roll

JELLY ROLL may be made from the recipe on page 38 of LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes. Or, to consolidate the baking schedule, pour 1/3 of the Sponge Cake recipe into a shallow or jelly-cake pan, lined with well floured wax paper. Care should be taken that the cake remains in a thin sheet about ½ inch in thickness. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Turn out of the pan at once on wax paper that has been *generously* sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. A clean towel may be used if preferred. Cut off all four crisp edges, spread thickly with lemon-cream filling, and roll up, letting the cake rest on the last edge so that it will remain rolled.

Lemon-Cream Filling

¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons corn-starch
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
1 to 2 egg yolks
⅙ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon butter
Grated rind of one lemon (the yellow part only)

MIX the sugar, flour, corn-starch, and salt until thoroughly blended. Stir slowly into the boiling water, mixing well to prevent lumps. Boil and stir until the mixture is stiff enough to pile when dropped from a spoon. Place over boiling water and cook from 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from the fire. Beat in the egg yolks, butter, lemon juice, and grated lemon rind. Cool the mixture at least to lukewarm before spreading on the hot cake.

Sponge Drops

SPONGE DROPS may be made by dropping the Sponge Cake batter into tiny wax-paper cups or muffin pans, filling each not more than 2/3 full. Bake as Sponge Cake at 325° F. from 20 to 30 minutes, and *invert* to cool. When cool, or on the day of serving, dip into melted fondant or coat with powdered-sugar icing.

Powdered-Sugar Icing

1 to 1½ cups confectioners' sugar
2 teaspoons hot milk
½ teaspoon melted butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

ADD the other ingredients to 1 cup of the sifted sugar, gradually sifting in the other ½ cup until the right consistency is reached. Place over hot water and melt *slightly*. Drop the small cakes into the icing and remove to wax paper to drain.

Simplified Ice-Box Cake

BAKE individual sponge cakes in muffin pans or waxed cups for about 25 minutes in a 325° F. oven. When cool, scrape out the centers, fill with Ice-box Cake mixture, and set in the ice-box for twenty-four hours.

Peach Shortcake

2 layers baked sponge cake
¾ to 1 cup sugar
8 peaches
½ pint whipping cream
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

IF the peaches are sliced beforehand, sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent discoloration; but as this partially covers the fresh peach flavor, it is best to slice them just before using. Sprinkle and mix well with the sugar and arrange between the two layers of cake, reserving the best slices for the top. Whip the cream and season with 2 tablespoons of sugar and ½ teaspoon of vanilla. Top with the cream and peach slices.

PUTS PEP IN APPETITE

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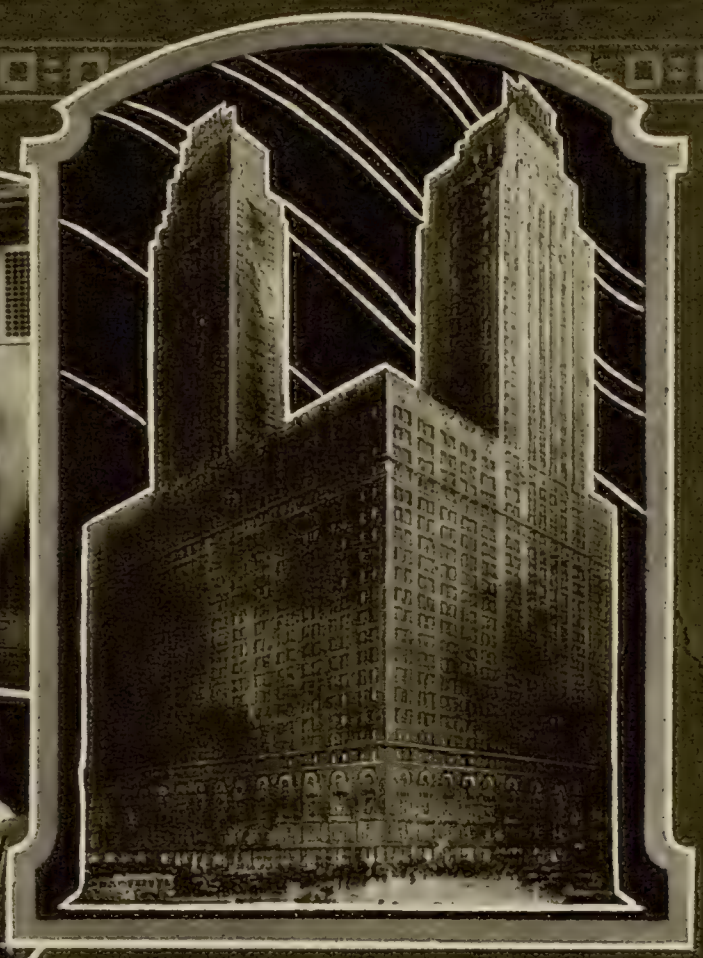
A View in the Boston Oyster House
Morrison Hotel



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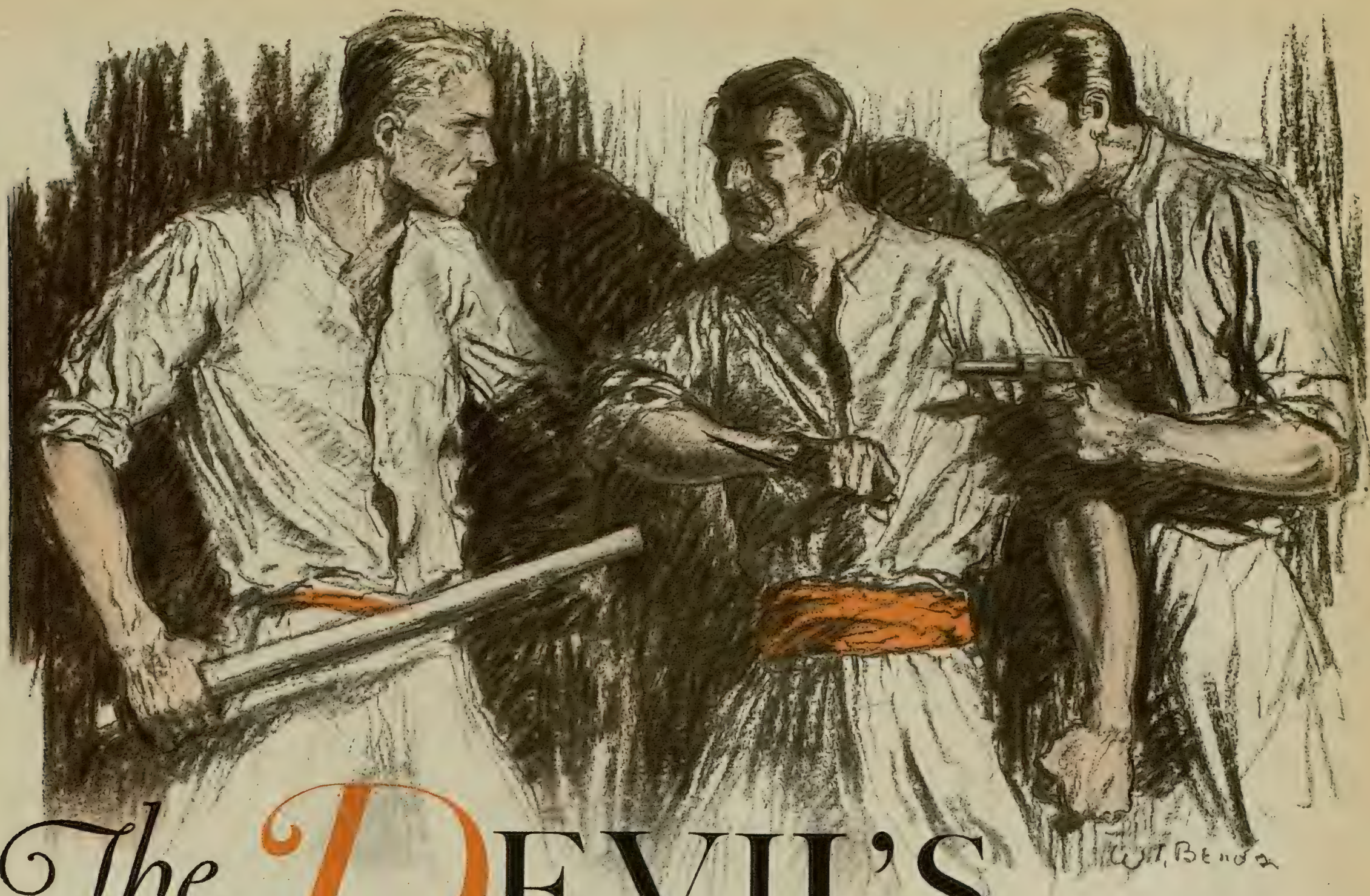

"IT'S one of Tajal Ali's men," gasped Lahat Khan.

The DEVIL'S Mantle

A Romance of the South Seas

A Serial by

FRANK L. PACKARD

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

(Reading time: 24 minutes.)

TAJAL ALI headed an Oriental band of piratical cutthroats. It was they who killed the planter, Tom Murchison, stole his pearls, then, knifing his assistant, Peter Blake, dumped him into the planter's launch for dead, and started to tow him out to sea. But Peter revived, cut the tow-rope—and drifted.

Naturally, he was thought to be the criminal, and Murchison's friend, the wealthy Humphrey Garth, offered a big reward for his apprehension. By ironic chance, Peter came eventually aboard the Isis, Mr. Garth's yacht, in which the millionaire was cruising with his daughter Marion and Herman Rand, the explorer.

It happened in this way: Captain Mumm, of the decrepit schooner Break o' Dawn, found Peter and, eager for the reward, took him as an enforced passenger. In a fog, the Isis rammed Mumm's old tub and picked up the only survivors: Peter and the Captain.

Even on the yacht, crime dogged Peter. Jaffray, Mr. Garth's secretary, was found murdered and near his dead hand the scrawled statement that Peter had killed him! On the heels of this, Tajal Ali's pirate band swarmed over the Isis. They captured Marion, transferred her to their brig, and demanded ransom.

In desperation, Mr. Garth agreed to return to Sydney and procure it, first dropping Rand at his island home.

As the brig and the Isis parted company, Peter lay hidden in the hold of the pirate ship, and when Marion was taken to the pirates' cave, he, having been helped by Aghar Pind, Ali's disloyal servant, walked near her, disguised as a native—"Rahim Dé." For Peter loved this girl. In a terrible fight in the cave, Ali and his servant killed each other. Marion was alone with Rahim Dé, whose real identity was revealed to her.

PART EIGHT (CONCLUSION)

"YOU—Peter! You!" Marion cried out in a broken voice. "You—you are Rahim Dé!"

"There was no other way," said Peter. "In the cabin I—"

"Wait!" she said, and a flood of crimson surged into her cheeks. "In the cabin you told me that it was—was love for me that had brought you there, and I said—I said what now I wish I never had said. And I wished it, too, Peter, before you left me there; for I believed you when you gave me that revolver, and—and when it was too late I—I called out to you to come back. Oh, Peter, Peter!"

And suddenly, like a tired child, she stretched out her hands to him.

He caught her to him, drew her close, and yet closer still. He lifted her face to his and kissed her.

And after a little while Peter spoke again; but now there was a sudden anguish in his voice.

"There—there is something I must tell you, Marion," he said unsteadily. "My innocence is not only still unproved, but something has happened here tonight which makes that proof now, I am afraid, almost an impossibility."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He stared at her, his lantern poised.

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

He paused, striving to control his voice; but; instead, it broke through all restraint.

"Oh, my God, Marion—Marion!" he cried out passionately. "How can I lose you! How can I let you go! But don't you understand? Don't you see what it means? If I go on with an almost hopeless search, I must be all my life a man without a name, a fugitive, a homeless wanderer."

She raised her face to look up into his—and for a long minute the tear-wet eyes seemed to bid him read her soul.

"From tonight," she whispered, "I go where you go, Peter."

II

BACK in Tajal Ali's cave, Marion was lighting Aghar Pind's lantern as Peter joined her again. He had sent her away with that little task as an excuse while he had carried Aghar Pind's body in through the entranceway and laid it on a divan.

When he returned, Peter's face was grave and troubled. He took the lantern from Marion's hand and—because he dared not trust himself—pretended to be in anxious haste, and, bidding her follow him, started instantly forward into the darkness.

He had thought it all over out there on the rock platform. She had given him her love, her faith, her trust; but he had never meant that she should unless he were a man free again, his name vindicated. Now that could never be! If he could get her safely out of here, safely back among her own people, safely out of peril and danger—after that their lives must lie apart.

He smiled back at her now over his shoulder, as if to make amends for his brusqueness.

"We must hurry, Marion!" he explained. "We may have all the time we need; we may not have nearly enough. But, in any case, we must not lose a minute."

Yet he came to an abrupt halt the next instant, and swept his lantern around a rock chamber that, unlike any of the others through which they had passed, was utterly bare of ornamentation. "Look!" he exclaimed. "Wireless, radio—a broadcasting set! Powerful and long-ranged, from the look of them."

"Peter"—Marion reached out and touched his arm—"*is* there a way out through here?"

They were walking quickly forward again, and now the cave had narrowed into much smaller proportions.

"I only know what Aghar Pind told me—what he probably told you as well," he answered slowly.

"He did not tell me very much—Tajal Ali came too soon," Marion answered. "He said—and it was so strange a thing to say—that the cave was opened with a key."

Peter stopped again. He thrust his hand into his pocket. Yes, there it was—among his six shillings.

He took it from his pocket, and held up the lantern that she might see.

"What a curious-looking key!" she exclaimed. "I never saw one that was anything like it before!"

"No," he said; "but that's in its favor now. I should say it would require a very curious-looking key to open a cave!"

He replaced it in his pocket, and led the way forward again.

"But," Marion asked in a puzzled way, "what makes you think it might be the key we need?"

"Because tonight," Peter replied, "I discovered that Tajal Ali was present when I was thrown, half unconscious, into the motor boat, the night that Mr. Murchison was murdered."

THEY made their way along, then, for a little while in silence. The cave had become so narrow now that they were forced to walk in single file. And at times the roof dipped sharply, and they were obliged to stoop, and once almost to crawl for a yard or so. Though the trend always seemed to be in the same direction, the cave made many turnings.

"Peter," Marion said suddenly, when they had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, "you—you said a little while ago, before we came in here, that something had happened tonight to make it almost an impossibility for you ever to—to prove your innocence; and yet, just a few minutes ago you said you had found out tonight that Tajal Ali was one of those who—who killed Daddy Tom. I don't understand, Peter. Surely it is just the other way around—since you know that Tajal Ali was one of the murderers."

"Tajal Ali is dead," said Peter grimly.

"But, Peter," she cried, "even if he is dead, he was not alone at Daddy Tom's island. When you told me your story, you said there were a lot of natives and a ship; and if you know that he was there, then it must have been with this same ship and these same men who are here now. If we can manage to get away from here, from this island, surely we can find our way back and—bring the authorities—and capture them."

Peter shook his head.

"We might do that," he said; "but there is no proof against any one of them. With Tajal Ali it was a different matter. I *knew* him to be the man. Not much in the way of proof: only a laugh—but a laugh one could never forget and—"

"I—I heard it tonight," Marion said in a low, strained way.

"Yes," said Peter. "Well, Tajal Ali would not have escaped being convicted. With him cornered, some of these others might have been *made* to talk if they thought they could save their own skins. But with Tajal Ali gone—And even if he were still alive! I am a fool! I have lost my head tonight because I heard Tajal Ali laugh. There is still the murder of Jaffray on board the Isis; and there is no connection in that, for Tajal Ali wasn't there—and none of these men were there!"

He felt her hand reach out and creep into his.

"Oh, Peter—Peter!" she whispered. "What does it all mean?"

But Peter shook his head again and made no answer. Only, for a little while, he held Marion's hand tightly in his as they went on.

After a while they turned a corner in the cave and were faced by a blank wall.

"It doesn't go any farther!" Marion exclaimed in dismay.

"No," said Peter gravely; "and there isn't any opening—or any keyhole!"

Peter's lantern was sweeping in all directions around him—and suddenly he stooped and picked up something from the ground.

Marion leaned forward.

"A burnt match!" Her brows knitted and she stared at Peter.

"Yes!" said Peter, and there was a note of excitement in his voice. "Somebody has been

here, and Aghar Pind said that no one except Tajal Ali and some of the other chiefs were ever allowed to come into the cave."

"Then the opening *is* here!" cried Marion eagerly. "I'm sure of it now! Search, Peter—search every inch of the walls! Use your matches!"

Peter nodded, struck a match, and bent close to the section of the wall nearest him, passing the little flame carefully over the surface of the rock until the match burned his fingers and went out.

He struck another match—and another. Solid rock everywhere, seamed and scarred and jagged!

There were not many matches left. He counted them. Eight! He dared not use them all. Well, two more, then—that would leave a little reserve for any emergency and—

"Peter!" Marion's voice came shaken with excitement. "I've got it! I'm sure I have. Give me the key, Peter! Quick!"

He stared at her, his lantern poised, then ran instantly to her side.

"See!" she said—and he held the lantern up to what appeared to be no more than a minute fissure or tiny fault in the rock. "Let me try the key!"

She thrust it into the little aperture.

"It's *moving!*" she cried. "See, Peter—see! We've found it!"

A great irregular slab of rock, as if it were falling away from the wall where its seams ran deep, swung slowly and silently inward. The other side was wood-covered, obviously a section of a panel; and through the opening, which was some four feet high and three feet wide, they could see into a room flooded with moonlight.

"It leads into a *house*, Peter," Marion whispered.

"We must take care not to make any noise," Peter said.

He extinguished the lantern, then gave it to her.

"We'll get the trick of closing this panel first—in case we have to bolt back in here."

PETER pressed gently at first, then with all his strength against the slab of rock; but he could not move it. Nor did any manipulation of the key have any effect upon it.

Marion was leaning through the opening, staring into the room beyond; and now, suddenly, she reached back and, clasping him feverishly by the arm, pulled him forward until they both stood in the room itself.

"Look, Peter—look! Out there through the window!"

The window, low-silled and giving on a veranda, was at one end of the room, quite close to where they stood. It was wide open, and through it Peter's startled gaze fixed upon the placid surface of a lagoon a short distance away, where a ship lay at anchor a few hundred yards out from shore.

"It's—it's the Isis!" Peter whispered.

For a moment they stood as if spellbound, staring out through the window; then Marion spoke again:

"Then—then they've brought the Isis here too, and father—"

But Peter suddenly had become aware of a low murmur of voices, and he laid his fingers quickly upon Marion's lips.

He looked around the room. It was very large, and in the moonlight he could see that around the walls, and making two aisles down the center, were long rows of glass cases, while the walls themselves were hung with all sorts of native objects. A little way down the room on the opposite side was a partially opened door through which seeped a faint glow of light; and it was from this doorway, he now discovered, that the voices came.

A voice, no longer in a murmur, but as if raised in exasperation and impatience, came suddenly from the room with the partially closed door:

"Curse it, what's keeping Tajal Ali? He should have been here by now!"

"Peter!" Marion's voice came shaken with excitement. "I've got it!"

Peter felt his arm grasped quickly, almost convulsively.

"*That's Mr. Rand's voice!*"

She was trembling violently.

"This is *his* house—here—connected with that awful place back there!"

RAND'S voice—yes! Peter realized now that it had sounded vaguely familiar.

"How do you know it's his house?" he whispered back excitedly.

"Because of this room," she answered instantly. "I am sure of it. Look at all those glass cases, and those curious objects on the walls! It can't be anything but a museum, or part of one! Don't you know that Rand is recognized everywhere as an authority on native life, and that his collection is famous?"

"No," said Peter; "I didn't know it."

"That—that was really the reason for our visit—to spend a few days on his island and see his collection."

Marion was staring wildly now across the room at the lighted doorway.

"Oh, Peter!"

The voices were murmuring again.

"If it's true!" The words came in a rush from Peter's lips. "My God, if this is true, then Rand is the head and front of these beasts and the murderer of Tom Murchison!"

"And—and if it's true," said Marion, horror in her voice, "he was responsible for the whole trip and the capture of the Isis. Peter, what are we to do?"

"We're going to see who's in there with Rand, if we can," Peter answered grimly. "Be very careful—we must not let them hear us!"

Silently they stole across the room and came to the lighted doorway—and halted there, crouched back against the jamb of the door.

The door was little more than ajar, but through the opening they could see the corner of the room where two men sat at a table.

Rand and Lahat Khan! And between them, on the table, was a heap of pearls. Rand was counting the pearls, and now the voices of the two men came distinctly:

"Not all in Sydney," Rand was saying; "and only a few to each man on the list that Tajal Ali and I will make out for you when he comes. You'll have time to go to Melbourne; for Garth can't pick up two hundred thousand pounds in gold in a hurry, even if it is for his daughter's ransom, and no matter how much he's worrying about her safety.

"And see that you get a good price! You're dealing with thieves, but it's just as safe for them as it is for us. There could never be any suspicion that these were Murchison's—Blake's standing for that little job!—and there's no possible means of identifying them, in any case. You don't have to sacrifice them—and see that you don't!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

Lahat Khan grinned avariciously at Rand.

"I will get the price," he said.

"And look out for your own hide," cautioned Rand bluntly. "Down and back, you'll be alone on the Isis; and, though they'd take intense delight in throwing you overboard instead of taking orders from you, you're safe enough with the girl in our hands.

"But you've a few little peculiarities ashore that have sometimes got you into trouble before. You keep away from drink and the dives!"

"Have no fear!" answered Lahat Khan complacently; and then, blandly:

"But perhaps there is a warning for you too. Look out that the girl doesn't see you here on this island!"

Rand laughed contemptuously.

"Do you think I am a fool? That's why Tajal Ali is staying ashore. I shan't go near the place."

"And so she will be with Tajal Ali—and you made love to her!" Lahat Khan was grinning again. "Do you think it is quite safe?"

"Bah!" Rand leaned back coolly and lighted a cigarette. "I made love to her because it was the surest way of forestalling even the possibility of suspicion. If she'd fallen for it, I would have gone back to Sydney, after we had got the ransom out of Garth—for that had to be divided among all of you—and married her."

"And after that," purred Lahat Khan, "very soon after that, an *accident* might have happened to her father, and you would have had a great fortune! Is it not so, O *Tuan* Rand?"

"You have an imagination, Lahat Khan," said Rand smoothly. "But, as it is, in spite even of that fool Jaffray's murder that we saddled on him as well as Murchison's, I believe she is in love with Blake."

"That was a neat trick!" Lahat Khan exclaimed. "That paper you wrote!"

"And a blundering fool trick of yours to talk with an open door near you!" replied Rand, with an unpleasant smile.

LAHAT KHAN'S brows drew together.

"It is true Jaffray's door was open, but the cabin was dark. Who would have thought he was inside? It was only a little after midnight, and I had seen him a few minutes before on the upper deck.

"And is the blame all mine? Is it not true you also knew the door was open? He must have seen us in some way out there, and crept to his door to listen, and—"

"And was well repaid," Rand growled, "since he learned you had recognized one of the survivors from the Break o' Dawn as Peter Blake, the man you had seen through the window blind in Murchison's room on the night—as you were also careful to mention!—that you and I and Tajal Ali and our men murdered Murchison and stole these pearls. That let Blake out, and Jaffray had us cold.

"After that it was Jaffray's life or ours, not only on account of Murchison's murder, but so that we could keep in touch with Tajal Ali and bring the Isis and the brig together."

Rand laughed out suddenly in ugly mirth.

"Thanks to Blake, though, it was safe enough to get rid of Jaffray. Blake has been very useful to us!"

"Even so," said Lahat Khan, still with a sullen note in his voice, "it was *my* ears that were sharp enough to hear that little sound like the shuffling of a foot with which Jaffray betrayed himself in his excitement. If it had not been for me—"

He broke off abruptly.

"It is strange that Peter Blake has not been found!" he exclaimed. "Where has he hidden?"

Rand shrugged his shoulders.

"What does it matter?" he replied indifferently. "He's probably still on the Isis, and Mumm's helping him. If he manages to get away it will make no difference to us—he has served our purpose. If he got on the brig, or gets on this island, he'll be found sooner or later, and we'll make short enough work of him; so that—"

The voice seemed to Peter to have become lost, engulfed in some mad upheaval and commotion in his own brain. It was as if some monstrous weight that had once crushed him down and pinioned him in impotence and tortured him was suddenly removed, and he was—free.

He felt Marion's hand open and close with queer, spasmodic clutchings at his arm as she clung to him; and as she stood close beside him he felt, too, the wild beating of her heart. But her face he could not see, because it was in shadow.

AND then the voices floated in upon his consciousness once more.

"Curse it, what's keeping Tajal Ali?" snarled Rand impatiently again.

"There is yet plenty of time, for there is still an hour to daybreak," Lahat Khan answered unconcernedly. "Tajal Ali has much to do, for there were stores to land and orders to be given before he let the brig sail away, and—"

But now Peter heard no more, for suddenly his brain was clear and coldly remorseless, intent upon a plan that had flashed into his mind.

Drawing Marion with him, he edged noiselessly back from the door—and, still guiding her, moving as silently as they had crossed the room in the first instance, he led her to the open window.

And now he could see her face again; and, though it was pale, it was alight and radiant, and her eyes were wide and shining, as if mirroring a great thanksgiving that had suddenly filled her soul.

Peter took her in his arms and held her close to him—for he was afraid that what he had to say might bring her dismay and fear.

"You understand, don't you, Marion, that neither of these men must be allowed to get away—or even have a chance to hide those pearls?"

"Yes, Peter," she answered; "I understand that—if there is a way to do it."

"There is a way." Peter pointed through the window. "We must get word to the Isis. It's quite likely that Lahat Khan has got a boat down there on the beach; but if not, then—"

"I see!" she interrupted quickly. "Then we must swim out to her."

"That is what I was going to ask you," said Peter. "Could you swim out to the Isis?"

"Oh, easily!" said Marion confidently, after a quick glance through the window. "Of course I could! It's not far."

"That's splendid," said Peter quietly. "Because that's what I want you to do, Marion, if there is no boat; and as soon as—"

"You want *me* to do!" she echoed in a puzzled way. "But you, Peter? You speak as if you—"

"I am going to stay here," he said.

"*Peter!*"

She clung to him in sudden fear—and with wide, anxious eyes stared up into his face.

He drew her still closer to him, his arms around her.

"There is not the least danger," he said reassuringly. "But I can not take a chance of either Rand or Lahat Khan getting away at the last minute through that passage—there is the possibility that the brig hasn't sailed yet; and if Rand or Lahat Khan by ill luck took alarm, the first thing they'd do would be to make a dash for it through the cave, and if the brig were still there they would certainly escape. We could sail away on the Isis ourselves, of course, for the brig could never catch us—but that would be the last we should ever see of Rand or Lahat Khan. You realize that, don't you, dear?"

"Y-yes," she said, with a little catch of her breath.

"There really isn't any danger," said Peter again—and smiled at her now. "All we need to do is to get half a dozen men ashore as quickly as possible. If they land on the beach behind that little fringe of trees out there to the left, they can get up to within at least fifty yards of the house without the slightest chance of being seen. You must arrange to have two of them come directly here to me—they can slip in through the window. The others, of course, must guard the outside of the house, so that when we spring the trap there will be no escape anywhere. All that counts is speed and silence. If Rand or Lahat Khan gets no warning, the rest will be child's play."

"But—but *why* are you staying, Peter?" she asked tremulously.

"Against the thousandth chance that, for some reason or other, they may come into this room and find the panel open, and, with their suspicions aroused, take alarm," Peter answered—and smiled at her reassuringly again.

"And then?" she breathed anxiously.

"And then," said Peter, "in the cave, at this end of it especially, where it is so narrow and there are so many turnings, it would not be very difficult to hold them back until your men could take them in the rear."

Her voice broke with a little sob.

"I will go, Peter. But I am afraid—terribly, terribly afraid for you!" she said—and suddenly her arms were around his neck and she lifted her lips to his and kissed him.

Then, turning quickly away, she stepped out over the window sill and was gone. A moment later he saw her disappear behind a fringe of trees near the lagoon.

FOR a moment Peter stood motionless. Then he stole cautiously back across the room and took up his position just in front of the open panel that led into the cave. From here he could still command both a view of the window and the door of the room from which the voices of Rand and Lahat Khan still reached him.

The thousandth chance! He shook his head grimly. It had served to reassure Marion—that was all. He was not at all sure it was an *even* chance that the men from the Isis would get into the house without being discovered—the mere kicking of a pebble as one of them came along, for instance, might upset it all.

And, long before they came, either Rand or Lahat Khan, for some reason or other, or for no valid reason at all, might easily step into this room—and the open panel was here for them to see.

The thousandth chance! Well, perhaps. So much the better if it was. He was sure of only one thing—that, while he lived, neither of the two would get back through the passage to join their men in the cavern or on the brig!

If only that revolver hadn't been lost! If only he had a weapon of *any* sort now!

He looked around him. Many things, queer and fantastic, decorated the walls—and the moonlight made them look queerer still. A little to one side and well above his head was a cluster of what he took to be blowpipes, and hanging from the center of the cluster was what looked like a native club. He reached up and, finding that the club was merely suspended from a peg by a thong fastened to the handle, he took it down. It was a weapon not to be despised. He balanced it in his hand.

The minutes passed—five, ten, fifteen of them. Surely as many as that—perhaps more!

Constantly he heard the voices from the other room—sometimes they were raised as in heated discussion. At times he heard one of the two, Rand probably, pacing up and down the floor with quick, nervous strides—and at such moments he crouched low, keeping the glass cases between him and the lighted doorway.

They were coming now, coming from the

Isis! His eyes, straining through the window, could make out a number of forms emerging from the fringe of trees, and, spreading out fanwise, begin to run toward the house.

Rand's voice came with a grumbling oath, as the door of the other room was flung suddenly and impatiently open, and Rand, with Lahat Khan beside him, stepped out over the threshold.

"Damn it!" Rand snarled. "He wouldn't keep us waiting all night without some good reason—and if he hasn't a good one he'll answer to me! Back you go in there, Lahat Khan, and find out what's the matter! I can't take any chance of the girl seeing me, and—"

The sentence was never finished.

Peter, crouching now, saw Rand halt suddenly and stare out through the window.

"*White men! White men!*" Peter heard Rand mutter in a dazed and puzzled way; and then in a sudden shout:

"Quick, Lahat Khan—there's something wrong! Quick—the panel! They've landed from the Isis and are making for the house! Quick, you fool! Do you hear? The panel! They'll be on us in a second!"

But Peter now was on his feet—with his club grasped firmly. And Lahat Khan, the first of the two forms that came rushing toward him, halted abruptly.

"It's one of Tajal Ali's men," gasped Lahat Khan. "He's got the panel open!"

And then Peter laughed.

"No!" he said. "It's Peter Blake."

There was a flash, the roar of a report as Rand, behind Lahat Khan, fired—and the shot missed—and Lahat Khan went down as Peter's club crashed full upon the man's head.

And only Rand was left.

Peter leaped for Rand and staggered back with a queer singing in his ears, a flash that blinded him, and some strange, stabbing hurt as if something hot and burning had been thrust through his body—and, recovering himself, he smashed at Rand with the club, and hurled the other backward. A glass case toppled to the floor and crashed in splinters.

Then Peter fell—and, in falling, he saw forms leaping through the window—and then blackness came.

III

PETER opened his eyes and stared around him. The surroundings were very strange, and he was in bed. He could see that it was bright sunlight outside, though the window shade was drawn. Where was he? What had happened?

He stirred a little. There was something bound tightly around his body. He felt under the bed covers with his hand. It was like a bandage.

His eyes wandered around the room again. Beside the bed was a little stand, and on it were a number of medicine bottles, and there was a small glass with some ruby-colored fluid in it, and a clinical thermometer sticking out over the edge.

Yes, of course! He remembered now. It was incredible that he could have forgotten!

That passage through the cave—the open panel—last night in Rand's house—the fight. Rand had shot him, and then Peter had leaped at Rand, and flung the other back against one of the glass cases, and knocked it over just as the men from the Isis had come in through the window!

Of course! It was all quite clear now—and this, of course, must be Rand's house. Perhaps, if he could look out through the window, he could see the Isis in the lagoon. What had they done with Rand? He was quite sure, very grimly sure, that Rand hadn't got away; but—

The door was being opened—very slowly, very carefully, very quietly. And then a golden head appeared in the opening, and blue eyes met his across the room. Marion! It was Marion—Marion!

Peter said no word, but suddenly stretched

"You understand, don't you, Marion, that neither of these men must be allowed to get away?"

out his arms to her—and saw the color come and go in her face, and heard her repeat his name over and over in a low, glad way. And then she was kneeling at the bedside and her face was hidden on his shoulder.

For a moment neither spoke. Then Peter broke the silence.

"Last night," he said, "when you went out to the Isis, Marion, I—"

She stopped him with a little cry.

"Oh, Peter dear," she said, and raised her head, and he could see that the blue eyes were dewy and that her lips were quivering, "your 'last night' is nearly five days ago! And so—and so—" She laid a finger in pretty authority on his lips, and then kissed him softly. "And so, you see, you must not talk, for you have—have been very ill."

"Five days!" echoed Peter helplessly. "Do you mean it is five days since—"

"Yes," she broke in quickly. But now there was a sudden faltering in her voice. "We—we were afraid, Peter, that we would not get here in time, and that—"

"Here?" Peter interrupted in a puzzled demand. "Where is 'here'?"

"In Fiji," she answered. "We came as fast as the Isis could travel—to—to reach a doctor. And once we thought that you were—were—But oh, Peter, I do not want to think of it ever again—ever again, dear!

"And now, you must not talk. Haven't I already told you that you must not excite yourself?"

"I'll excite myself a great deal more if you don't tell me a lot of things I want to know," he answered her.

"No, Peter," she said firmly.

"Yes, Marion!" he mimicked her tone. "I'll get out of bed and walk around the room if you put on airs!"

"*Peter!*"

"What happened to Rand and Lahat Khan and the rest of them?" demanded Peter.

"Rand was killed by one of the men from the Isis," Marion said in a low tone. "He wouldn't surrender. He barricaded himself behind some of the cases in the corner of the room, and wounded two of our men. Lahat Khan is a prisoner, and there's a gunboat on its way now to the island."

"And Captain Mumm?" Peter persisted. "God bless his ugly face!"

"He's going to buy another schooner with his insurance money as soon as he stops worrying about you!" She smiled tremulously. "He has been practically sleeping on your door-step ever since we got here, and he was one of your nurses all the way over."

"One of them! So there must have been another. Who was it?"

No answer.

"Dear heart!" murmured Peter.

HER fingers crept into his hand and nestled there.

"Peter," she said, "you simply mustn't talk, and I mustn't talk to you; but if you'll promise to be good I'll tell you one thing more. Will you promise, dear?"

"I promise," said Peter with mock gravity. "Cross my heart!"

"Then," she said, "as soon as you are well enough, we are going to England, you and father and I, on the Isis."

"But I don't want to go to England," objected Peter.

"Oh, yes, you do!" Marion answered. "It seems that your old family solicitor had been cabling everywhere to get track of you, and just about the time that the wireless was sent from the Isis stating that you were on board, the chief of police of Sydney received one of these cables asking for information about you.

"Naturally, he followed that cable up. I don't know all the details, but your solicitor has been able to sell some land that belonged to your father's estate quite advantageously, and he wants you to come home."

"Good old Sir Martin!" ejaculated Peter. "Well, I'm glad he has. I should have had the nerve to ask for you from your dad; but I should never have dared ask you to set the day until I had got a topping job and—"

"Hush, Peter!" she said. "As if that mattered! And now, that's positively all! You have made me a promise, you know."

"But I'm going to amend it," said Peter. "I'll keep quiet if you'll stay here beside me."

"Very well. But you must go to sleep!"

Peter hid a little smile.

"I'll try," he said meekly.

"Then close your eyes!"

Peter closed his eyes obediently.

For a long time he lay there without moving. And then, very carefully, with gentle stealth, he felt her fingers begin to disengage themselves from his hand. And he let them go until almost they were free, and then he closed upon them and held them tightly.

She looked up quickly—with a little gasp.

"Oh, Peter—you haven't been asleep!"

"I was afraid you would go away," he said.

And then her eyes were full of sudden tears.

"Peter!" she whispered. "I shall stay always—for always and always! *My* Peter!"

THE END

Wake Up, Everybody!

As Dictated by Toni, Jr. *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I just made up a song, which maybe I oughtn't to brag about, because I notice every time I do something that a two-and-a-half-year-old isn't supposed to do, it is mistaken for a symp-tum that something serious must be wrong with me. I can't let out a loud holler, which I often do just to see how loud I can holler and how many people I can bring on the run with it, but they think something is wrong with my machinery, inside or out, and I'm in for an overhauling from head to foot to locate pins or pains what aren't there at all.

My Aunt Toni says that writing poetry at any age is dangerous, because it is always a symp-tum of something or other—love, or a broken heart, or a heart dying to have something happen to it, no matter what. Sometimes, she says, it is a worse symp-tum than that! Some poetry she's read, she says, might be ascribed to anything from colic to delirium tremens. (Whatever dreelium trimmins may be.)

Anyway, I think mine is a nice song, not only because I made it up myself, but because it is such fun to act out. Which I do every morning early in my pajama costume. It goes like this:

How I love to get up,
How I love to get up,
How I love to get up in the morning!
And run up the halls
And run down the halls,
Pounding on doors
And making loud calls:
Every-body, get up,
Every-body, get up,
Every-body, GET UP, for it's morning!

I've been trying to teach it to my in-tim-ate relatives with whom I live, because it makes it most difficult bringing up parents and aunties if they start an hour or two behind you every day. I'm afraid we'll never catch up on each other if they don't learn soon.

I'm having a discouraging time of it, though, as I find grown-ups don't seem to be able to catch the early-morning spirit at all. They won't sing the song the way it ought to be sung—somewhere around five-thirty or six—with a lot of pep and dancing feet.

Instead of pep, what they put into it when I tug at their bedclothes sounds so terrible to me that, if I didn't know they were nice people once they get their eyelids pried open, I'd think maybe I had better not stay in this en-viron-ment any longer. Well, you can just imagine from what they did to my nice song how dangerous it is to trifle with sleepy-headed lazyboneses early in the morning. They mixed it all up:

How I hate to get up,
How I hate to get up,
How I hate to get up in the morning!
But she tears up the halls
And she tears down the halls,
Pounding on doors
And making loud calls.
What shall we do with her?
Give her away? Yes, let's give her away,
And get a new Toni who knows that a day
Doesn't start before six in the morning!

Photo by Lazarnick

Ordinarily I have to do considerable yelling before I can rouse anybody.

Personally, I think my song's lots nicer than theirs, because when you've got to do a thing anyway, you might just as well love to do it, for what you love to do always comes easy. I've discovered that already.

For instance, it is lots easier for me to get up than it is to go to bed. And that reminds me that I've got to think up some new tricks to help me stay up later at night. They're all on to the one about asking for another drink of water. And last night I really did want another drink—I *think* I really did—but all I got was "Woof! Woof!"

I don't know how it is, but bedtime just seems to me to be the one time of day when you could have more fun than any other time if you were let. Maybe it is because Daddy comes home, and we haven't nearly so much time together as I feel a girl should have with her best friend and entertainer.

And I think he feels the same way about it; only, being just a daddy—well, you know how it is with daddies. They're not supposed to know what's good for children even though they may have at least a half interest in them.

I suppose it is because women are trained to believe men are nothing but big babies themselves that they are thought so in-com-pet-ent. But it seems funny to me how men are so important all the rest of the time, except on their wedding-day and when they get to be daddies, when the expenses they take on on both occasions ought to entitle them to more consideration.

Maybe it is because they go into both so recklessly that women think they can't have very much sense. But I do know Daddy can show me an awfully good time when he comes home at night, and it makes it awfully hard for me, right in the middle of a horseback ride, to be grabbed off and to be expected to kiss everybody nighty-night without tears.

I still have to have some one help me out of my crib in the morning, because it has such a high fence around it and I'm not much of a climber—*yet*. I tried a couple of times to get over, and once got my foot caught on a picket and nearly hung myself to death. That time I didn't have any trouble waking my Mom. Nor the time I collapsed on top of the fence, with one half of me going one way and the other half another and me in the middle, not knowing which way to turn.

Ordinarily, I have to do considerable yell-ing before I can rouse anybody, and when they come, it isn't on the run, like I go when I first get up. A kind of shuffle down the hall, then a funny face at the door. Its eyes aren't sure they're up yet and its smile doesn't come on until I wrap my arms around whoever it is, when all is forgiven.

MY Daddy says this is the time he loves me best of all, if there is such a time. I come up so fresh and rosy and smiling, he catches the joy of living all over again. Which just proves what I've been trying to teach them.

You catch a lot of things nicer than worms if you're an early bird. There's the gold in the mouth of the morning, as Sambo says, and the extra hour worth two later on, and seeing the milkman and getting the biggest glass of orange juice, and a whole lot of things.

I'm wondering if, when I'm a full grown-up, I'll be able to sit up and never have to go to bed at all. I've discovered already that the older you get, the less sleep you need. When I was a tiny baby, new and red, and terribly ignorant, I slept nine-tenths of the time. If it hadn't been for hunger pains I never would have bothered waking up at all.

My Aunt Toni says there's a good fairy appointed every time a baby is born to see that it sleeps so much it won't hear any of the dreadful charges made about whom it resembles. She says if the good fairy didn't protect the baby this way it would be just too discouraged to ever want to grow up. Maybe the good fairy really makes the baby sleep ever and ever so much so she'll grow up beautiful and fool them all.

When I got to be six months old I only slept two-thirds of the time, all of which the doctor says is the ideal way to spend that difficult first year.

In my second year I gradually got down from two-thirds of the time sleeping to fourteen hours a day; and now, at two-and-a-half, twelve hours seems to be about all I need, except for the afternoon nap, which I'm not crazy about, but which the doctor says will keep my busy little legs from wearing out too soon.

He says that healthy children never sleep too much, but that if a baby's sleep is constantly disturbed, there's something wrong with her insides that needs mending.

Mostly it is the food that causes us to cry and wake up at night. Sometimes we're fed too much, and sometimes it's hunger pains, or being cold, or not having enough fresh air in the room. And too much romping play and excitement just before going to bed.

Oh, dear, I shouldn't have mentioned that last out loud—because if I admit it myself, it is going to go pretty hard on me and Daddy when we want to play rough-house again.

Other family reforms will be described by this authority in next week's LIBERTY.

How "Sure Things" Go Wrong

Fifty Honest Reasons Why the Best Horse May Lose a Race

An Article by

W. O. McGeehan

Pictures by Paul Brown

(Reading time: 11 minutes 20 seconds.)

THERE are at least 150 ways in which a horse-race can be lost honestly. Of course, if you are ultra-skeptical as to the integrity of the Sport of Kings, you may consider them as 150 alibis.

Students of the "dope," who pore over past performances far into the night and, after making some cabalistic calculations, arrive at the conclusion that a certain horse is a "sure thing," always are inclined to intimate the worst when their figures fail them.

But you can not reduce flesh and blood and nerves to figures, and the thoroughbred is of all three, especially the last.

This is not a defense of the race-track, nor is it an arraignment of betting. It merely is a reminder of the fact that if you bet on a horse-race you may lose, and that you are quite as likely to lose through an honest and unavoidable mishap as otherwise.

We shall take up only the fifty basic ways in which a horse-race may be lost honestly. The others are variations of the fifty. All of these accidents have happened, and as I write the racing news of the day cites a case.

The saddle-girth of the "good thing" loosened. The saddle slipped. The jockey kept his head and his seat. His mount led the field past the judges' stand. Actually he won the race. But when that saddle slipped the horse shunted from side to side, bumping two others. He won the race, but was disqualified for fouling.

Sometimes a horse gets a bad break from the assistant starter at the getaway.

Before going in for instances of concrete cases, let us run over the list of things that may happen to your sure thing and cause it to go wrong. You may have information right from the stable, from the feed-box, from the jockey's twin brother, a straight tip from the owner—all of it may be accurate, but here is what might happen to your horse:

He might be left at the post.

He might be fretted into a fever by the delay at the post.

He might be kicked by one of his mates.

He might be caught in the barrier webbing.

Wide World photo

BOOT TO BOOT, Arthur Johnson up, after winning the $89,000 American Derby in Chicago last year. Nothing could stop him.

He might be whipped by an assistant starter. Some horses will not run if whipped.

He might be knocked off his stride.

He might break and run before the start.

He might sulk.

His saddle might break.

His stirrup might slip.

He might throw his jockey.

He might shy at paper blown on the track.

He might shy at holes in the track.

He might try to leap over shadows cast by the furlong poles.

He might lose a tongue-strap.

He might be whipped too much by the jockey.

He might be "savaged" by another horse.

He might lose a shoe.

He might be forced into the heavy going near the rail.

He might be carried wide at the turn.

He might be pressed too hard before hitting his stride.

He might bow a tendon.

He might "buck" his shins.

He might be ridden too hard for too long at the wrong point of the race.

He might be "taken back" too abruptly.

He might step into a hole.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[HOW "SURE THINGS" GO WRONG
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

He might become frightened by a thousand different things.

He might have contracted fever or other illness between the paddock and the post.

His jockey might be overconfident.

He might have an attack of nerves.

He might work too fast in warming up.

He might "pop a splint" in the race.

He might bleed.

He might be weak from "car fit."

His jockey might lose his whip.

His jockey might lose a stirrup.

He might get dirt in his eye in the race.

His jockey might get dirt in his eye.

He might get a stone-bruise.

The saddle might be too tight.

The jockey might make the run too soon.

He might be "cut down"—his rear feet injured by the hoofs of the horse behind.

He might be interfered with by a riderless horse.

He might stumble.

His bandages might come loose.

He might be "caught in a pocket."

He might draw outside position in a numerous field.

His blinkers might come loose.

He might be interfered with by a dog on the track.

He might hurt or even lose the "frog" in his foot.

GRIZZLED James Fitzsimmons was enumerating for me the ways in which a horse-race may be lost honestly.

Fitzsimmons has ridden or trained at all of the tracks in the United States. His sagacity has been established and his integrity never has been questioned. As a result, he is training now for the Bellair Stud, founded by George Washington.

He was summoned in the midst of the interview to soothe a temperamental thoroughbred. As he hurried away the trainer added:

"That's fifty and—oh, remember that he might drop dead. That's happened more than once."

Let us consider the case of Kimbal Patterson, trainer for Edward Simms, and the colt Draft, one afternoon at Saratoga. Patterson knew by every process a trainer has at his command that Draft was the best colt in the race.

Yet the book-makers, because Mr. Patterson had been able to fool the clockers, knew nothing of Draft's fitness. They made the colt twenty to one. Smiling over their ignorance, Mr. Patterson put down $400 at that price, which is a very big bet for a trainer.

Draft was to be ridden with blinkers. Patterson had bought a new set and had them fitted perfectly. Naturally, he saddled the colt, adjusted the blinkers. As he did this he was making some mental investments with the $8,000 he stood to win.

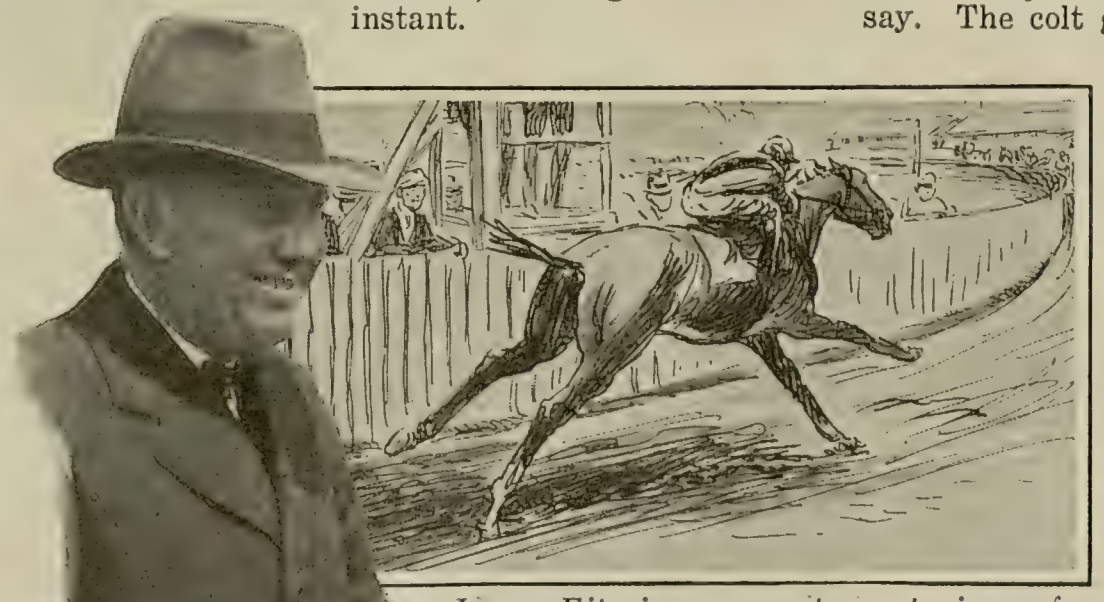
Draft was what is called a high-headed colt. At the post he would toss his head and hold it high until he swung into his stride.

Mars Cassidy had his field aligned. Just as he shouted, "Come on," Shuttinger, Draft's jockey, hunched him forward. The colt tossed his head and it hit the rising barrier.

The impact was not heavy, but it caused the clasp that held the blinkers in place to spring. The blinkers began to slip, and before Draft had gone a furlong the cups covered both of his eyes, leaving him sightless and terrified. He galloped home behind his field.

THERE was the case of Thomas Fortune Ryan's Mino at Belmont Park. With Sande up, Mino was a favorite. It was noticed that after Mino had gone three-eighths of a mile with smooth and faultless action he suddenly threw up his head and tried to stop. Sande shook him back into his stride; but this wavering lost the race.

Sande reported this occurrence at the finish. Johnny Loftus, the trainer, went over the colt carefully. He noticed that one of his eyes was bloodshot and that there were traces of dirt in it. A small stone with dirt clinging to it had been thrown into the eye during the race, blinding him for an instant.



James Fitzsimmons, veteran trainer of the Bellair Stud, which was founded by George Washington.

It is no wonder that even a colt with his stamina wanted to quit. That he did not finish last was astonishing. How many human runners would have stayed in the race if they had been struck in the eye by a stone?

Bill Clancy, trainer and occasionally an owner, lost a race at the Jamaica track a few years ago because he forgot to chain his Dalmatian dog. All of the clocker's information and all of the signs and portents with which Mr. Clancy was familiar indicated that his horse Hullabaloo was a cinch.

Hullabaloo's particular friend around the stables was the dog, Ace. They played an improvised game of tag that used to amuse the stable help. At night Ace shared the stall.

On the day of the race Mr. Clancy noted with considerable satisfaction that Hullabaloo was off in front and running smoothly.

As he rounded the turn, Ace dashed out on the track. He shot across in front of Hullabaloo, who swerved to avoid hurting his friend. Hullabaloo never could make up what he lost.

"CAUGHT in a pocket" is an expression familiar enough, even to those who do not see many horse-races. The perfect example of the best horse caught in a pocket was the only race ever lost by the great Man o' War.

At the start Man o' War was held against the rail by Donacona, with Upset and Golden Broom ahead of him. There was no way out, except to pull up and go around. When Donacona fell back, Golden Broom was at his flank and Upset directly ahead.

As Man o' War, the mighty, lost through one of the most frequent of mishaps, so did his son, Crusader, win the Belmont last year through another common mishap to a colt that rated better, Espino.

As the barrier was sprung Espino was left flat-footed at the post. The field had run 100 yards before he really started. Then he flew. He was pressing the son of Man o' War at the finish, and flashed by him just the fraction of a second too late.

At Bowie this spring, Priceman was "ready for a killing," as they say. The colt got away with his field, but there was some "tight riding" at the start. In this swirl the feet of Jimmy Stevens, Priceman's jockey, were knocked from the stirrups. To regain his foothold he was forced to pull up his mount for a brief interval. This cost him several lengths and the race.

Prattle, a beautiful filly, was the sure thing of a race at New Orleans. She was trained to perfection by the former jockey, Clarence Turner. She was flying ahead of her field against a heavy wind which suddenly lifted a sheet of newspaper and whirled it across the track. Prattle was wearing blinkers. The paper caught in them and blinded the filly.

Naturally, she slowed down, and for a few ticks of a watch fought to dislodge the paper. When it blew free again she leaped forward; but the field had passed her.

At Empire City, Jim Fitzsimmons—who bets five dollars when his horse has a fair chance, ten when it has a good chance, and twenty when it is a certainty—bet twenty dollars on Jean Marie.

The filly was eager and rushed the barrier at the start. As they were off, part of the webbing of the barrier caught in her head. She sprang ahead, dragging the webbing with her, and she carried it through the race fluttering like a pennant. In spite of this decided handicap she finished second.

At Havre de Grace, Jopagan, a two-year-old, was lashed literally to defeat. The jockey was young and over-eager. The colt, instead of responding to the whip, sulked and fought. He finished nowhere.

A few days later the same Jopagan, with another jockey who did not even flick the whip at him, won a race easily against an even better field.

Assistant starters are given more than their share of blame for good things that go wrong. Frequently enough, the blame is placed correctly. Sometimes, when they hold a fractious horse's head, they are unable to set him free until the rest are well away.

This happened at Jamaica to William Woodward's Amberjack. He was held by one of the assistants until the others were half a dozen lengths away. He straightened out quickly, but he had worn himself out in the futile struggle and he could not make up the ground.

Many horses hate these assistant starters instinctively and will fight and struggle with them, burning up nervous energy that is needed for the race.

INVARIABLY two-year-olds will suffer from "buck shins." Valkyr, one of the daughters of Man o' War, was figured to win a race for two-year-olds by figures as well as sentiment.

At the start she seemed to run like her sire. But suddenly she wilted and was passed by Princess Tina. Then they said that she was no true daughter of Man o' War.

But Harold Duke, her trainer, knew that there must be some reason for this bad race. He started to go over her. As he touched one of her shins she reared suddenly in pain. She had buck shins, caused by the previous race.

The throwing of a frog is not common, though it has happened. There was the case of Zev, who beat the English colt Papyrus in the international match race.

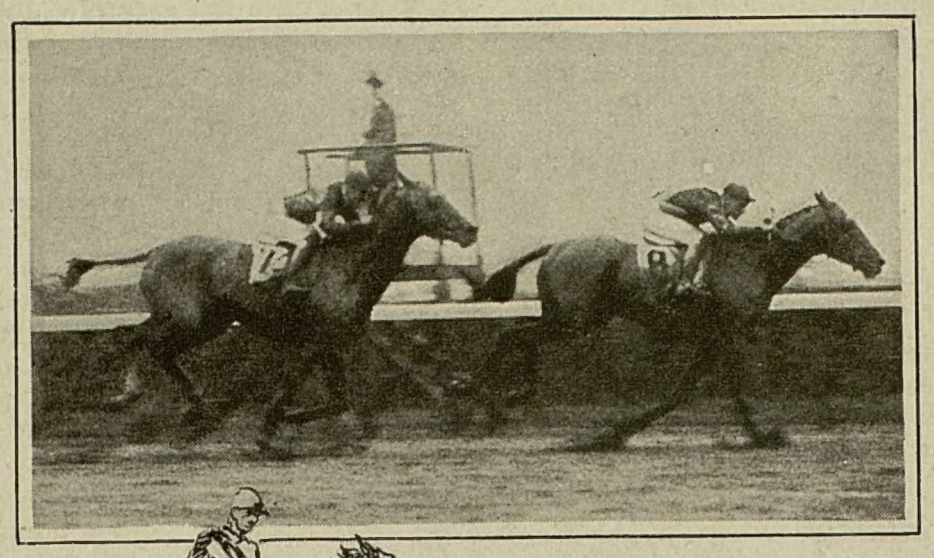
The frog is the soft cartilage in the center of the hoof, and is very sensitive. In the Lawrence Realization Stakes, held at Belmont Park, Zev finished a winner, but Sam Hildreth, the trainer, discovered that he had gone lame.

An examination of one hoof showed that he had thrown a frog. They found it on the track. There was no doubt that the game colt had suffered excruciating pain, but he finished his race in front.

George Odom, who now trains for Robert L. Gerry and Marshall Field, once lost not only a race but $30,000 through the "popping of an osselet"; that is to say, a small bone in a horse's leg was sprung during a race.

In those days Odom owned a few horses. Among these was King Plaudit. On the eve of the fatal race Odom was offered $30,000 for the animal. He accepted, but the deal was not to be consummated until the next day.

The clockers had caught King Plaudit in his trials. These were so sensational that he was made a one-to-four favorite. He could not lose, they said. Odom and the prospective buyer were so certain of this that they wagered heavily on him.



Crusader winning the Belmont last year, with Espino pressing him.

He was flying from the start; but as he came into the stretch, he stopped as if he had been shot. He came on again, but limped badly, and finished second to a very ordinary colt.

Odom thought that he had broken down completely until he located the trouble.

"Popped an osselet," said Odom. "It is the most expensive osselet I ever have heard of."

BRAINSTORM was one of those sure things at Jamaica. Joseph Edwards had instructed his jockey to have the horse make his run at the eighth pole. At this point Brainstorm, instead of making his run, faltered, and then limped through the remainder of the race.

In looking him over, Edwards discovered that he had only three plates. The missing shoe had been thrown at the eighth pole, where Brainstorm was to have started his run.

Jack Richardson had Sandswept all ready to make a million. Sandswept was an under-cover horse, and all ready for the big thing. He was moved in a van from Bowie to Havre de Grace. In the race, Sandswept showed nothing of what he had promised.

The failure was diagnosed as "car fit." It had been incurred in the short van trip. Sandswept could run on occasions, but he was a poor tourist.

The symptoms of car fit are not easy to detect until the money is down and it is too late.

The bowed tendon is one of the most common mishaps that cause the good things to go wrong. Sometimes they can be patched up after the race, but they will bow again. Some of the greatest have come hobbling home with bowed tendons.

THE kickers at the post have lost races not only for themselves but for others. There was the Brooklyn Handicap of 1903. Everybody said that Articulate was the best horse in that race.

There was a kicker at No. 1 position at the post, and another kicker on the extreme outside. As they were jockeying for the start, the kickers became fractious. There was a general crowding toward the center. When the barrier flew up, Articulate was pinned between two of the others. He could not get off in his stride.

They were off, with Articulate, bumped, indignant, and bewildered, many lengths behind. When he could get into his stride they were farther away.

Three-quarters of a mile from the finish Articulate was twenty lengths in the rear, but he was coming up like the wind. Gunfire and Old England were leading. Articulate was almost up to them as they surged past the judges.

He had run a sensational race and demonstrated that he was the best of the lot. But there are many odd ways in which the best horse can lose.

At Pimlico, Bill Sheedy was counting the small fortune he was to win on Perthrock. The morning trial indicated that he could win from anything in that field in a mild gallop.

With Joe Byrne up, Perthrock had worn down the filly Ella Bryson, and was stepping easily into the lead. Just then Byrne went over the fence. Perthrock had stepped into a hole in the track and stumbled. The fortune was not collected.

Last year, at the Derby at Epsom Downs, I bought a ticket on Lex, which had been recommended by Lady Nancy Astor to the coal-miners.

As they swept by I looked for Lex. He did not arrive until the others had been hidden by the sheets of rain.

I thought it rather rough of Lady Astor to spoof the coal-miners and other credulous seekers of racing information, until I learned that Lex had been cut down. This is another of those frequent mishaps that will make your sure thing go wrong.

When the thoroughbreds do not run with the precision of machines and according to their calculations, the handicappers and the professionals intimate larceny, frequently with no justification whatever.

There are no sure things. Even Man o' War, the horse that could not lose a race, did lose one.

THE END

"Mum" is the word!

THE dainty toilette! The delightful frock! The alluring charm of the whole effect!

What a pity that even a hint of perspiration odor should come to spoil that confident sense of being always at your best.

"Mum" is the word! As you dress for the day, a touch of "Mum," the personal deodorant cream, applied to the underarm, keeps you fresh and sweet all day and evening.

In fact, "Mum" is so effective, and so safe, it is used regularly with the sanitary napkin.

"Mum" is 25c and 50c at all stores or from us postpaid. Also special size of "Mum"—10c postpaid.

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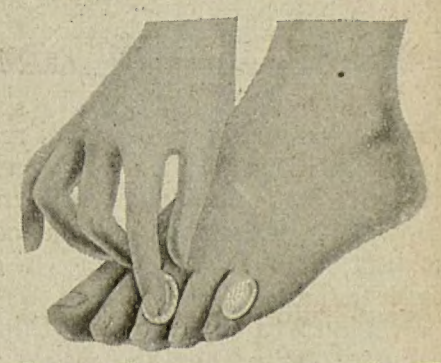


CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain in *one minute*. Once the corn is gone it can't come back. If new shoes start irritation again, Zino-pads stop it instantly.

No other method does this. Paring corns gives only temporary relief. Caustics, or liquids, also dangerous, don't do anything to prevent corns from growing again. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *remove the cause*—rubbing and pressing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing, absolutely safe and sure. At all druggist's or shoe dealer's—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

VOX POP

Doctor, Examine His Ears!

EVERGREEN, ALA.—You call LIBERTY "A Weekly for Everybody." Haven't you misnamed it? Isn't it, rather, a journal for the cussers and female cigarette smokers? To my mind, it is not a journal for those who call themselves Christians, or even for ladies and gentlemen.

Or is it a geographical difference in moral and social standards? Down South, ladies do not interlard their conversation with "damns"—and even a man who does so imperils his reputation as a gentleman. In fact, if he is caught "swearing in the presence of ladies," we slap him in the lockup.

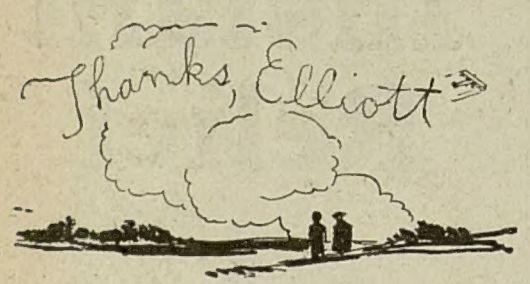
I would not say that no Southern lady is guilty of cigarette smoking; but, having traveled recently in Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, I have yet to see a woman smoking.

Though I am well along in years, I have never heard a cuss-word from any woman, high or low, white or black. All of which seems to indicate a radical difference in moral standards between South and North.—*J. S. Collins.*

That's Fine; But Remember the Law of Gravity!

SCOTTSBLUFF, NEB.—My enthusiasm over Elliott White Springs' stories has grown to the extent that I just have to say a word.

I am an amateur flier and very enthusiastic over aeronautics in general, so naturally his stories are all very appealing to me. But particularly his last one, Be Your Own Sky Pilot. It was not only excellent reading, but rendered me a great service.



Previous to my reading this last story to my mother she would absolutely never hear of my having an airplane. But after hearing this wonderful article, she said, "It's different after you really understand more about it." So now I'll get my ship!

Thanks, Elliott, ole man!—*R. R. P.*

Sure! Permission Gladly Granted

NEWARK, N. J.—The authors of our Pathway to Reading are now preparing the manuscript of the Seventh and Eighth Readers, the final books of the series. They would like to include in these books the following selections, which, we understand, are copyrighted by you:

Secrets of the Deep, by Mack Sennett; LIBERTY, June 18, 1927.

Bunker Hill—The True Story of the First Real Battle of the Revolution, by Clifford Raymond; LIBERTY, June 18, 1927.

We shall appreciate it very much if you will grant us permission for the use of this material.

The authors of our series are Dr. James Fleming Hosic, Teachers College, Columbia University; Dr. Willis L. Uhl, University of Wisconsin; and Miss B. B. Coleman, New York City.—*Robert D. Williamson, Editor-in-Chief, Silver, Burdett & Co., Publishers of School and College Textbooks.*

A Flier in the Ointment

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—Give that man Springs another drink and send him back to writing fiction!

His article, Be Your Own Sky Pilot, was bunk. Not all of us have sprouted wings or are about to.

Remember, Rome wasn't built in a day. Neither is aviation!

The Associated Press *does not* feature airplane accidents, as the esteemed Mr. Springs says. As a newspaper editor, I know something of the policies of the A. P.

Moreover, we all must admit fools are in the air as well as on the ground!—*Richard F. Williamson.*

Birds of a Feather . . .

OMAHA, NEB.—Elsie Janis exposes her lack of perception when she tries to discuss religion. I have worked in theaters, both off and on the stage, and if there were any religionists there, I never knew them.—*Frank Jourdan.*

We'd Choose Her, Too

NEW ALBANY, IND.—Your article by Miss Elsie Janis, entitled Religion Behind the Scenes, was food for thought. It's a shame that this country is not filled with more people of her type instead of bigoted reformers.—*E. J. B.*

Just to Win the Argument?

MUSKEGON, MICH.—Don't forget, you can't please all the people all the time, no matter whether they live in Paris, Illinois, or the Canal Zone. You please me, and my wife says that's an utter impossibility!—*James C. Knevitt.*

You Demand; We Supply

PORTLAND, ME.—When I saw that you were publishing the series, The Red Knight of Germany, I was delighted, for I had seen so many references to Von Richthofen that I was curious to know something about him, but had never anywhere seen anything that gave me any information.—*A Reader from Maine.*

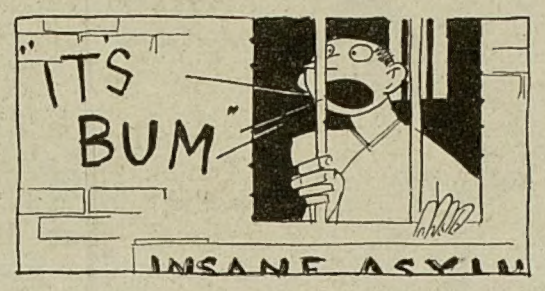
For Fun or Fatherland?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Richthofen the Red Knight of Germany? No! Richthofen the Red Killer of Germany would be more appropriate, for Richthofen did not kill for the Fatherland, but for the sheer lust of killing.

This fact can be best illustrated by noting that Richthofen hung Major Hawker's machine gun in his bedroom—a constant reminder that he had killed a brave man.

No! There is nothing knightly in Richthofen's character that I can see. It is an interesting story, nevertheless.—*R. J.*

The Beginning of Wisdom



CHADRON, NEB.—I'm only twelve, but, believe me, LIBERTY is one magazine that suits me. Whoever says it's bum is bats in the belfry.—"*Me.*"

It's True, Pigs and All

CHICAGO, ILL.—I'm expressing my views on the serial you are running in LIBERTY, entitled The Red Knight of Germany. At the present writing I have read the first two installments. This is about one of the ghastliest stories I have ever read.

If this man Richthofen was, in real life, anything like you have him pictured here, I am sorry to say that I could not have an ounce of respect for him.

According to your story, he had to be killing all the time in order to be contented, and if he could not kill enough men at the front to suit him, he had to go behind the lines in his spare hours and kill wild pigs to satisfy his craving.

I take it for granted that your story is truthful in every way.—*L. G. Harrison.*

He Laughs at Us

EAST SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I have hesitated for some time to write, but just can't let it go any longer! I think Vox Pop is the best comic page of any magazine, and it is always the first thing I read.—*A Friend.*

Mr. Clark Corrects an Error

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your article called Let's Go 'Round the World says that the Hamburg-American Line ran the first regular Around the World Cruise in 1911.

This is untrue. I chartered and ran the first public Cruise Around the World in 1909, going eastward through the Suez Canal to San Francisco, with 630 passengers, on the S. S. Cleveland, and I personally left San Francisco February 4, 1910, with the second Cruise Around the World—756 passengers—from San Francisco westward through the Suez Canal to New York.

In other words, I was the absolute originator of Around the World Cruises.—*Frank C. Clark.*

Love Expert Speaks

TORONTO, CAN.—Good for you! I enjoyed very much The American Girl in Europe, which was quite true. And the article about Mussolini. I am a Frenchman and LIBERTY is the only one reasonable price magazine that I buy. The others are rotten.

Give us some more like The American Girl in Europe—and my congratulations to the author. His convictions about love in the two countries are mine.—*G. Eissa.*

Hush! Don't Tell the Customers What's Wrong

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We sell your magazine and never have any complaints from our customers. We only find two things wrong with LIBERTY.

First: There are not enough mystery or adventure stories for boys to read. Second: You don't have any more contests.—*L. B. S. Team.*

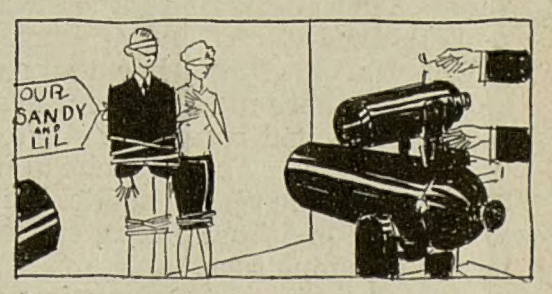
Chalk Up Another Vote

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Please permit me to compliment your editorial entitled The Blue in Laws Fading. It contains some of the soundest governmental philosophy I have read recently.

I think your view that laws affecting crimes and morals should be left to the States to enact is entirely correct. I also agree with you that the Federal Prohibition Act is the most colossal blunder ever perpetrated by a government.—*J. R. Cormany.*

Until Death Us Do Part

MARSTON, N. D.—I wish to ask you a question: Will the present readers of LIBERTY be greeted by the



unattractive mugs of the two creatures whose faces mar your otherwise good magazine until the death scene of the aforesaid has been graphically portrayed in brilliant colors?—*Aloyious Cohan.*

And You Don't Need a Prescription

CLEVELAND, OHIO—To the knockers of LIBERTY:

This magazine can't be so bad. There is always an increasing demand for LIBERTY here in our drug store. We can't get enough of them. It's the best seller we have. So, you see, most of the folks aren't knockers.—*S. B. Schweitz.*

Chorus: we want home-made candy!

And here's how to make IT

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Eager appetites clamor for this famous home-made candy that has satisfied the urgent palates of millions!

It's Oh Henry! — originally home-made and still made the home-made way. Oh Henry! is like home-folks — "diamond in the rough" — no frills or tinsel — but when that urge for real home-made candy is upon you just walk up to the nearest candy counter and say

Oh Henry!

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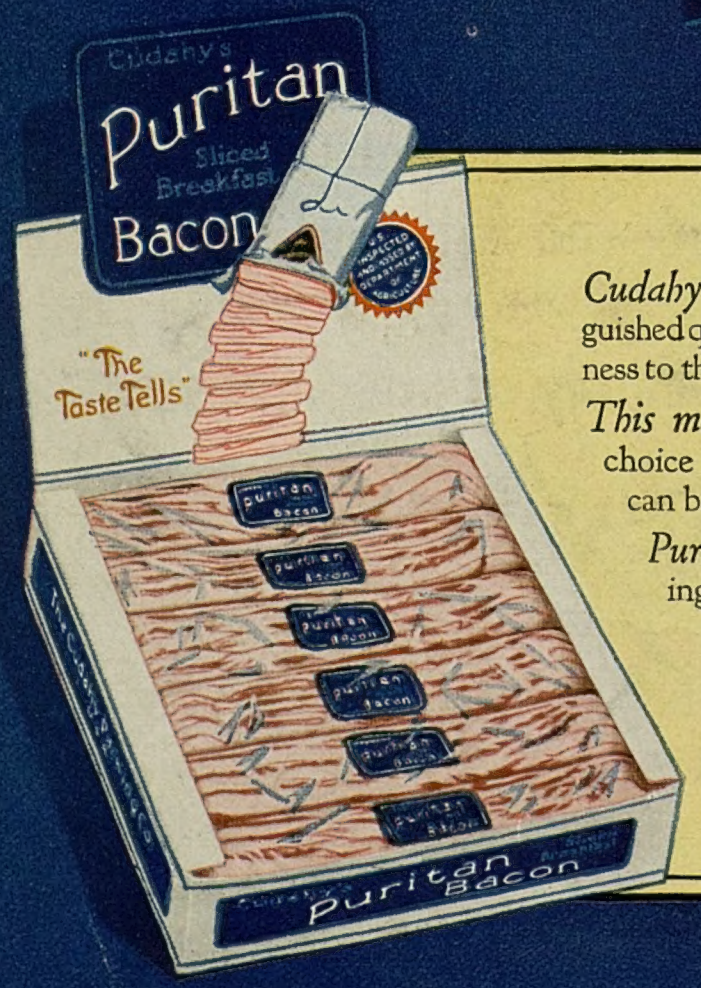
Cudahy's Puritan Bacon



Famous for Finer Flavor

Cudahy's Puritan Bacon owes its distinguished qualities—finer flavor and greater tenderness to the Cudahy Special method of preparing.

This method diffuses the rich juices of the choice young meats in a natural way. There can be no forcing or hurrying.

Puritan is temptingly delicious in any serving. Broiled or fried, its delightful aroma makes appetites more eager.

At your dealer's, ready for the pan—uniformly sliced—no waste—and wrapped in the new scientific sanitary transparent wrapper enabling you to see just what you are buying. Put up in 1 lb. and ½ lb. rolled parcels and packed in our special display carton. Also in strips or sliced in cartons. "*The Taste Tells*"

Puritan Book of Recipes
gives many new and delicious ways of serving Cudahy's Puritan products.
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